



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 39– Number 1

May/June 2021



Shiver Me Timbers
by Robert L. Summers



messing about in BOATS

29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906

Volume 39 – Number 1
May/June 2021



US subscription price is \$40 for one year, Canadian / overseas subscription prices are available upon request

Address is 29 Burley St
Wenham, MA 01984-1043

Telephone is 978-774-0906

There is no machine

Editor and Publisher: Bob Hicks

Magazine production: Roberta Freeman

For subscription or circulation inquiries or problems, contact:

Jane Hicks at
maib.office@gmail.com



Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

Here we go into our 39th year, can the 40th be far behind? The way this past year has upended so much we had taken for granted in our daily and business lives, this question has acquired some substance. As I'm not yet ready to call it quits doing this despite the situation in which we have to function, you are now looking at my solution to our carrying on. This "fatter" issue with 76 pages also carries a date of May/June 2021. Yep, we're going to six times a year henceforth in order to substantially reduce the major costs of monthly production, printing and mailing. Fewer issues yearly, more pages in each. No other solution we considered would enable us to keep on keeping on once our small cash reserve ran out making up for growing losses.

Six times a year is hardly unusual, we are joining others we exchange magazines with in our field of interest like *Wooden Boat*, *Small Boat Advisor*, *Good Old Boat*, *Maine Boats Homes & Harbors* and *Watercraft*, while not yet falling back to quarterly publication as do many club and association journals we exchange with such as *Wooden Canoe*, *Ash Breeze*, *Dinghy Cruising* and *Power Ships*.

So be advised that your next issue will be the July/August issue to get to you around July 1. We may get the magazines into the mail even earlier than the current two weeks prior to the cover dates to adjust to the ongoing erratic mail delivery delays of the 3rd Class Bulk Mail we have to use for cost reasons. There'll be no change in the subscription cost of \$40, but you'll get six double issues instead of 12 monthly issues.

So, on to other things. This month the John Gardner Chapter of the TSCA will try once again on Memorial Day weekend to host that 50th Anniversary celebration of John Gardner's original Small Craft Work-

shop summarily cancelled last year as the covid scare swept the nation. Last year I published quite a lot of publicity encouraging those so interested to attend, only to find it cancelled after much advance publicity had already been published.

The following three pages comprise our one shot effort this year where you can learn all you need to know about the gathering, including again some background on why it is so significant to our ongoing activity. I surely hope that between this writing on March 31 and May 29-31 that the ongoing covid pandemic doesn't again interrupt our looked forward to gathering with like minded small craft folks.

I never met John Gardner one on one, but he greatly influenced what got me to where I am today with this small boat magazine. His *Dory Book* introduced me to an appealing way to get into small boats after over 30 years in motorcycle sport, riding, racing, organizing events and publishing two magazines devoted to that activity. The "been there...done that" aura had come over me at 50 and my search for a more sedate activity in which to become engrossed was answered by Gardner's writings. I subsequently read all his books as they became available, organized a local small craft group, which eventually became (and still is) a TSCA Chapter, and then launched *Messing About in Boats*.

Since 1983 this has been a great way of life and continues to be so as our 40th year of publication approaches. I find my eagerness back then for small boat news that caused me to choose a twice monthly publication schedule has, over the intervening years, dropped back (for publication costs reasons) to yearly (in 2008) and now to bimonthly. But it does enable me to carry on with your ongoing support.

In This Issue...

- 2 Commentary
- 3 *Ash Breeze* - The Small Craft Revival
- 4 Mystic Seaport Museum, John Gardner
Small Craft Workshop
- 5 *National Fisherman* - Pete Culler's Influence
Widely Felt; Coast Guard Strikes Again
In West
- 6 At Sea
- 7 Meet Iguana, An Amphibious Experience
- 8 Stories
- 9 You write to us about...
- 10 Spring is here, so here I am... I wonder where
the ocean is?
- 12 New Zealand Retains the Cup
- 13 Sailing the Texas 200
- 16 Road Trip
- 20 Schoolboy Epic Supreme
- 24 25 Years Ago in *MAIB*; The Hudson River
Cruise and Lake George Saga
- 27 Just a Little Song
- 28 *Dinghy Cruising*; Pignonneau's Viking Voyage
- 33 Meandering the Texas Coast
- 34 Las Vegas Sailing Lessons
- 35 Building a Wharram Tiki 21' Catamaran
- 36 Our Coast Guard in Action
- 39 Boat Dumping
- 40 Over the Horizon
- 42 Norumbega Chapter ~ WCHA
- 44 Frame Up
- 46 Frame Up - Topsfield Vocational Academy
- 47 *Mary W Somers* - Phase III
- 48 Time, Tide and the Rehabilitation of the
Sylvina W. Beal
- 50 Buffalo Maritime Center
- 52 Twelve From Two
- 55 *Watercraft Magazine* - Build Your Own 16'
(4.9m) Rowing Skiff
A Covid Restoration
- 60 Applying a Barrier Coat
- 64 *The Rudder Nautical Library*
- 65 From the Tiki Hut
- 66 Phil Bolger & Friends on Design: Box Keel
Garvey
- 68 Ship's Log
- 69 From the Lee Rail
- 70 Trade Directory
- 74 Classified Marketplace
- 75 Shiver Me Timbers

On the Cover...

Our January 15, 2004 issue saw the first appearance of Robert Summers' "Shiver Me Timbers" cartoon page on our inside back cover. I chose that spot as it is pretty well understood in the mag biz that a magazine needs something to look for back there so readers won't quit when they get toward the back pages where normally lots of ads can be found. I also recall from my childhood years that the "funnies" could be found on the back pages of the daily newspaper.

Since then Robert hasn't missed an issue, 279 to date. It took a while to count 'em up on my fingers but the count is correct. Time now, I thought, to move him up front for this issue starting our 39th year. On our cover he has assembled a gathering of some of the many characters who people his pages, usually enacting scenes that those of us who mess around in boats can recognize. He describes his work as, "the same old jokes, but in boats!"



THE LEAD STORY FROM THE INAUGURAL ISSUE OF THE ASH BREEZE, VOLUME 1, NUMBER 1, JANUARY 1978 THE SMALL CRAFT REVIVAL

by John Gardner

Something momentous is stirring in small craft. Something is happening which previously no one anticipated or counted on. Just why or how is not entirely clear, but whatever it is that is taking place; It is new, exciting, and promising—to say the least.

This year hundreds of builders, owners and users of small wooden boats, particularly classic small craft; have discovered that they are not alone. There are others who like the same things they do and are doing the same things or want to do them.

This year has brought together for the first time, hundreds of small craft enthusiasts in gatherings which have exceeded all expectations. The West coast saw gatherings in Santa Cruz, Port Townsend, Seattle, and Olympia. The East Coast had meets in Christmas Cove and Mystic. Additionally, small craft assemblies are planned such as the Cape Cod meet this spring.

The turn to small, less expensive boats; to classic wooden craft which owners can build, maintain, and store in the backyard all is part of it. Certainly, there is more to it than mere economics, though economics is a big factor—nonetheless. More and more people are coming to realize what the few have known all along. It is not necessary to put a second mortgage on the family homestead in order to come up with the down payment for that great Hulk of fossil fuel plastic which the boating industry advertising has conned so many into believing is essential for fun on the water.

Plastic and aluminum boats are larger than need be and loaded with gadgets. The popular engines and their appetite for gasoline have grown as horsepower has increased with each passing year. Between expensive plastic or aluminum hulls and glutinous Motors—the common man and woman by this time would have been priced off the water, except for our heritage of sensible and inexpensive small craft.

Small craft never died out entirely. They were overshadowed, pushed into the background, and to a large extent, forgotten.

Speed, glitter, and gadgets promoted for profit, temporarily captured the public's fancy. But now the tide is turning. The obsession with speed for speed sake is beginning to wane. More and more are discovering that pleasure on the water does not increase in proportion to the amount of fossil fuel consumed whether in the form of thermal plastics for fiberglass hulls or petrol for oversized engines.

The return to wood and to the fine wooden boats of yesteryear marks a return to sanity and good sense long overdue. It is a part of a larger trend back to more sensible and responsible lifestyles.

What is the role of TSCA in all of this? To begin with, is there need for such an organization as this? Most definitely yes! What has been accomplished already proves this and indicates all that remains to be done—much of which, if it's to be done well, or done at all, requires an organized effort.

What needs to be done involves three different, yet closely related levels of activities: social, political, and educational. We must find ways of acting effectively on all three levels. The following objectives list only a part of what needs to be done.

1. Protection of the boating environment. Guaranteed access to the water for small boats. Provisions of public landings and camp sites. Protection against excessive real estate development of the shores. Protection against pollution, contamination, noise, and excessive speeds.
2. Protection of the rights of the builders, owners, and users of small boats. Defense against excessive, unreasonable, and unnecessary regulations by federal, state, and local authorities.
3. Education for boating safety. Education of the public in the selection of worthy boats as distinguished from commercial junk, and their proper use and care.
4. Encouragement, initiation and organization of shared recreational boating activities, meets, regardless, conferences, voting festivals and cruises.





Welcome Participants

John Gardner Small Craft Workshop

May 29-31, 2021

Brought to you by John Gardner Chapter of TSCA and Mystic Seaport Museum

Mystic Seaport Museum is partnering with the local chapter of the Traditional Small Craft Association to host the John Gardner Small Craft Workshop, the 50th Anniversary of the first workshop created by John Gardner in 1970. We were unable to host the event in 2020. This year's Workshop will be a celebration of the 50 years. The Small Craft Workshop will be based on the Australia Beach. We encourage workshop participants to volunteer to assist with activities.

Workshop Activities

Questions, please contact Bill Rutherford at smallcrafter@gmail.com

Workshop Boats

The JGTSCA will have rowboats available for use. We encourage participants to bring their own boats for display and hopefully to allow others to use their boats. Participants will need to oversee the use of their boats. To be consistent with the rules of the adjacent Boat House, the wearing of PFDs when boating is required as well as waivers. We encourage participants to bring their own PFDs. The JGTSCA will have some PFDs available.

Mystic Seaport Museum Boat House Livery

Boat House Livery will be available for you to try out a variety of rowing and sailing craft at no charge. The Boat House sailing and rowing rental boats will be in operation during the Workshop at no charge during the weekend so feel free to experience any or all of their beautiful collection of boats. The Boat House will operate independently from the Workshop with their own rules and will require waivers for use of the vessels.

Demonstrations

The JGTSCA will have demonstrations over the course of the workshop. We encourage participants to host a presentation. Suggested topics include rowing and feathering, sculling, rigging, reefing, anchoring, sail setting, knot tying, making hardware or on water demonstrations such as recovering from a capsized.

Getting Out on the Water

Join JGTSCA members for a morning row departing from the Australia Beach at 8am each day. We encourage participants to use their own boats if available. Additionally, at 4pm on Saturday, we will set out for an afternoon sail together.

Mystic Seaport Museum Watercraft Collection Open House

The Museum's Watercraft Hall, which is not normally open to the public, will be open on Saturday from 2:30pm to 4:30 pm. It is accessed through the loading dock doors in the rear of the Collections Building across from Latitude 41. TSCA will offer a guided tour of the Collection leaving from the TSCA Booth at Australia Beach. A few other small boats on display may be observed on the way across the Museum campus as opportunity presents.

Workshop Logistics

Questions, please contact Shannon McKenzie at Shannon.mckenzie@mysticseaport.org

Check in for those driving onto the grounds will be at the Galley Gate to the north of the tugboat on Friday between 5-7pm and Saturday between 7-9am. For those arriving during the operating hours of the Museum, please give your name to the staff at the South Entrance Gates. They will have a list of preregistered attendees. You will get a wristband that will give you access to the museum grounds for the weekend. Proceed to the TSCA booth at the Australia Beach. If you are bringing a boat, see the "Load in and out of boats" section below for times and access.

Load in and out of Boats

(Be sure to check in at the credentials booth first.)

Car Top Vessels

You can drive onto the grounds of the Museum on Friday from 5-7pm and on Saturday from 7-9am. Load out will be after 5pm on Monday. Access is through the Galley Restaurant Gate (just north of the south entrance to the Museum).

Trailered Vessels

You can also load in at one of the boat launch areas along the Mystic River. The Isham Street launch just south of the Shipyard is closed off to trailer launching but available for hand launch. The closest location for trailer launch is the Water Street Public Dock, near the Daniel Packer Inn south of the drawbridge on the west side of the river. There is very limited parking in that area, so you will need to have an additional person to help launch. If you need assistance, please inquire in advance.

Trailer Parking

Public trailer parking is available at the Voting Hall on Broadway Ave in Mystic. This is a very busy weekend for the Museum so there can be no trailer parking allowed in Mystic Seaport Museum parking lots. Leave your trailer at the lot and have use of your car for the weekend. Cars without trailers may be parked in the Museum parking lots.

Forklift Assistance

Please contact us in advance if you cannot launch your vessel by hand or at the town docks.

Boat Storage During the Weekend

We will have floating dock space along the Australia Beach as well as space on the Beach for boats.

Lodging

Bunks are available on *Joseph Conrad* for Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights for \$20/person/night. They are NOT available on Thursday night. To reserve a bunk, please email reservations.desk@mysticseaport.org or call 860.572.5331. There can be no food or drink stored or consumed aboard *Conrad*. Please bring your own bedding. This is more appropriate for participants over 8 years old. There will be a mandatory orientation meeting onboard at 5:30pm on Friday and again on Saturday night. If you will not be here in time for this orientation, you must make arrangements for a late arrival. There are many local hotels and a few campsites. We suggest you make reservations early to ensure availability.

Mystic Seaport Photographs and Videotapes

Occasionally the Museum will take photographs and videotapes of visitors while on its grounds for use in a variety of publicity and promotional materials and to advance our educational mission. We thank you for your cooperation and support.

COMMENTS HERE & THERE

Pete Culler's Influence Widely Felt; Coast Guard Strikes Again In West

By John Gardner
Technical Editor

The first Traditional Small Craft Association meet and regatta to be held on Cape Cod went off in grand style in Osterville at the Chester A. Crosby & Sons' boatyard on the weekend of May 13-14.

Its success brought well-deserved satisfaction to the late R.D. (Pete) Culler who conceived the idea for the meet, and who, in spite of failing health, worked hard to bring it off. Unfortunately his regrettable and untimely passing followed the event by barely two weeks. It is a sad loss not only for innumerable acquaintances and close friends, but for the entire boating community at large.

Capt. Pete's contribution to the current traditional small craft revival is second to none, and likewise what he has done for the perpetuation of sound design in larger wooden vessels is spurring a revival in that quarter as well. He gave freely and without stint from a seemingly boundless store of boating and boatbuilding experience and knowledge to all who approached him. As a founder of the Traditional Small Craft Association, and a member of its governing council from the beginning, he spared no effort to promote wholesome and sensible boating and to prevent its strangulation by unneeded and ill-advised bureaucratic regulation on state and national levels. His concerns in this respect are evident in his letter which follows, reporting the Cape Cod regatta.

"The Osterville meet was a great success for the first one. Interest seems high for having another next year. Chester A. Crosby & Sons bent over backwards to make it a success, for that's their way.

"Excellent layout for small craft, as the yard has equipment for boats large and small. Weather was kind, but a bit breezy for the cruise, which can be arranged a dozen ways in these waters, so was no strain. Seventy-five people and 32 boats, nearly all of an interesting model, and varied from glass to wood, the latter predominating. Construction way out to traditional, workmanship crude to very excellent.

"Saturday, launching, using the boats, informal discussions. Bart (Hauthaway) showed movies in the evening. Sunday, the cruise with patrol by two classic tugs for safety. No real problems. One capsized. The handler for my J. Henry fell out of her first off on Saturday, but he is a big-boat man; soon got the hang of her. He will have his own wherry at Mystic.

"Everyone seemed to enjoy it very much, even the patrol which were yard men. Continuous coffee and doughnuts free — part of the Crosby hospitality. Without doubt, these are ideal waters for such a gathering, for unless it's a really stormy day, you can always find sheltered water to use the boats.

"I think the weekend was every bit as successful as the first Mystic meet. We are feeling our way, of course, but had many compliments on how things went. The system of floats and launching is fine,

for this is a very well organized and high-class yard. We feel the time chosen, middle of May, is ideal. A very little later, it will be very congested, both in the yard and the rest of the Cape. As it was, we had things much to our selves.

"I really feel this might become sort of a fixture later on. Up to now the Cape has been slow, but the hard core boat buffs here have been pushing things along lately. We, locally, and TSCA, are being noticed. Quite a number on hand were TSCA members from away, which is gratifying. The new members signed up, showed much interest in TSCA efforts.

"I pointed out that we may still have some battle to do — the distress signal thing now being promoted by the Coast Guard, and canoes when they get around to that. Fortunately, the canoe lobby is very big with a lot of clout. I think the distress signal thing should be worked on and headed off."

Aeolus Boats, Old Coast Road, Davenport, Calif., is my kind of boatshop. I like their style. I like their boats. Aeolus builds in wood. — safe, honest, time-tested dories, peapods, gunning skiffs, yacht tenders, a gentleman's rowing Whitehall of the Victorian period, and more. They don't turn away visitors, and are ready to lend a helping hand to backyard builders in search of hard-to-find materials.

Aeolus dories are tops, and they've been building them for a good number of years. Consequently I was both surprised and disturbed, to put it mildly, when I received the letter below from William H. Grunwald, founder and working owner of Aeolus Boats.

Indeed, I thought we had settled the dory question with the Coast Guard several years back; thought the Coast Guard had decided to leave traditional wooden rowing dories alone, and to divert its regulatory efforts to troublespots like over-powered speedboats. Can it be that some Coast Guard Rip van Winkle in the

San Francisco office is just coming out of a long nap? Doesn't he know that the swimming pool test for bank dories was laughed out of court several years back?

"That was a beautiful article in the NF yearbook on the West Coast revival of the traditional wooden boat," writes Bill Grunwald.

"Having been a 'lone wolf' traditional boat builder since 1962, regarded as a curiosity at the San Francisco International Boat Show by a fiberglass-oriented public ignorant of boat design, we are so happy to be part of this explosion of enthusiasm for the traditional wooden boat.

"However, our enthusiasm has not infected our trusty Coast Guard. Last Wednesday (May 17) I was honored by a visit of a high official (judging by all the gold on his uniform) from the San Francisco office of the U.S. Coast Guard. He duly admired my craftsmanship, and then proceeded to lay down THE LAW.

"As of August 1, 1978, the traditional boat in general, specifically the Grand Banks dory, is UNSEAWORTHY. This is to be proven in a swimming pool; our Coast Guard official prefers a warm swimming pool, in which the boat has to be submerged to the gunwale for 18 hours. Two-fifteenths of the stated weight capacity must be fastened to one side 4" below the sheer. If the boat lists more than 30" it is declared unseaworthy.

"Of course he was not condemning the design of the boat, because the design could be corrected by fastening sheets of Styrofoam to the sides. Also for the purposes of this test, dories are not rowing craft, but are to be considered motor boats for 2-h.p. motors.

"As you can see, we and the Coast Guard have entrusted our lives for centuries to a lie. Now the Coast Guard will enforce their better knowledge and shut down the builders of traditional wooden small craft. This is the message I got from San Francisco.

"I am certainly not going to prostitute myself and centuries of good design. But can I just ignore the Coast Guard and the law they represent, ignorant as it may be? What do you do on the East Coast? Would the TSCA stand beside me if it came to a test in court? What is to be done?"

If I can answer for TSCA, and I believe I will not be speaking out of turn. Yes. The TSCA will support the cause with everything it has, but TSCA's resources are limited in comparison with those of the Coast Guard.



“And Yet It Moves...”

To Galileo

Men of science and commerce will tell you there is nothing about a sailboat meant to convey the beauty, grace or freedom of the open sea. A sailing ship is only an outdated means of transport. Its finely honed bow simply carves a path through the waters that are its natural element. Its sculpted lines merely part the sea in the lightest of airs or hold it aright in the fiercest of storms.

Its towering masts, they say, carry white clouds of exotic cloth meant simply to harness the ephemeral wind and tease the breeze into taking a ship almost, but not quite, into the face of the wind itself. The jaunty angle with which a sailboat heels shapes the wind across its sails and lengthens the waterline in a way that mystically adds to its pace, but only according to an esoteric formula they will happily quote, forgetting that fluid dynamics themselves remain a mystery even to the wisest among them.

Sailing vessels, they insist, took the names of women, not for their fickle ways or classical beauty but simply because romance languages divided nouns by gender and assigned the feminine to ships. We of the sea merely pretend that rope transforms into lines, and riggings become stays, shrouds, and spreaders, ever in the universal language of the sailor that hints at but never betrays the mysteries we superstitiously believe govern the ways of a ship upon the sea.

There is nothing, they insist, about a sailing boat but prudence and practicality. When you see one, white upon a wine dark sea, silhouetted against a setting sun, it is only your imagination that makes it seem a living thing, riding on a restless sea in search of a time when ships were made of oak and men were cast from iron, when “Here Be Dragons” admonitions were true, and when we believed in unknown worlds just beyond the blue horizon.

We are told a believer of such lore is simply a shaman living a dream that never truly was. The creations we sail are no more alive than the sea on which they pass, and the stars we steer by are merely in our eyes. A sailboat is alive only in our dreams, and it is we who are misguided.

Galileo was himself a man of science, but one who could not convince the skeptics of his day that there was more to the heavens than the willfully blind could see. Forced to recant to those who knew better than what he knew in his heart, it is said he added the prophetic words, “And yet, it moves.” For his sake then, if not for we believers in myth, grant us, you who are so wise, that our vessels too may move and that by them so still are we.



At Sea Threads, Yarns, Musings and Verse

By Randy Cadenhead



Night Watch

It is midnight at anchor and
the water is as black and as deep
as the infinite space between the stars

A falling star waves on its way
and the sea reflects on its passing
wishing for once it could fly
through the night to the place
where the stars rest when the sun
wakes the wind to wave toward
another day of carrying me
from one dream to another

So like the wishes we share tonight
the two of us and the stars
so countless that they do not miss
the one we watched sail
into our memory on this dark
and cloudless night

After the Rains

The sun rises with the promise
that the rains have passed
reflecting assurance
in the remaining puddles
of a clear and cloudless sky
where the uppermost branches
of trees ashore reach out to take in
the breath of the morning's crisp air
whispering to me that today
will be a day worth sailing

As waters stir with a wave
of the west wind's wand
I sense my boat prancing
in the lapping of light
on the current flowing with the tide
as I sit ashore not yet near
and hear my siren's restless call

My mare of the sea
foaming her wetted withers
shakes free her night's blanket
as she yearns to be free
to race with the wind
on waters astride with me

This Tiller

This tiller has felt the hand
of many a sailor
some too small to see
above the cabin top
others too old to
glimpse the horizon
though sensing
their own closing in

It has known the feel
of steady hands in a breeze
and the tremble of others
alone in a gale

This tiller has pointed the way
to passages unsailed
and harbors unknown

It has tasted of many waters
fresh warm salted and cold
and felt the touch
of chance shoals beneath
the keel it pivots upon

Today this tiller lies in wait
its arched back reaching
toward the bow and the sea
awaiting my hand

The latest in a line longer
than my life to touch
its age-worn oak and feel
its strength embolden
to follow where it
the wind and the tides lead
for this one more sailor
turned tillerman

A Sailor is an Artist

A boat at sea is more alive
than any man ashore
More than anything
a good boat respects
art in its captain

A sailor is an artist
drawing upon the wind
Wind on the water
brushes a liquid canvas
a never still life

The palate of the sea
blue green white aqua and gray
reveals its countless moods

The ocean like God
senses every mistake
and yields no mercy

Daysail the Days Away

For all you lose
leaving land for the sea
there perhaps you find yourself

We cannot fathom
life's deepest mysteries
nor the depths of the sea

To sail an old boat
is forever to explore
the depths of its soul
To know mindfulness
daysail the days away
each day in its due time

To know the sea
spend a lifetime at sail
riding upon its breath
To confront a storm
alone and at sea
is to argue with God

On the Naming of Boats

T.S. Eliot famously wrote that “the naming of cats is a difficult matter,” but nothing compares to the importance of naming of a boat. Not only must the name fit its transom, it should reflect something special about the owner.

Unlike the arcane rules that govern names given to thoroughbred horses or show dogs, you have almost as much liberty in naming a boat as there is freedom on the open sea. In fact, outside of conventions for commercial and naval vessels, only imagination and good judgment limit your choices. Since buying a boat in the first place might be questionable judgment in the eyes of some, before you dub a boat, a few lessons from the mistakes of others might serve you well. Those you find here are, often sadly, cautionary tales and actual names of boats, I’m sure not yours.

First of all, a boat’s name becomes something of your own, particularly when repeated over a VHF. “This is sailing vessel *Ship for Brains*, calling...” may be funny once but could lead a hailed party to hesitate in responding. The same is true for names like *Anchor Management*, *Sailbad the Sinner*, *Knotty Buoy*, *Runaground Sue* and any pun involving the word Sea, no matter how spelled, *OdySea*, *SeaEsta*, *Vitamin Sea* or the ever all too popular *Seas the Day*.

Puns are fun perhaps once but may be confusing over the radio or on customs forms in foreign ports. *Usain Boat* is probably not funny in Jamaica anymore. Eyes are apt to roll for *Campbell’s Sloop*, *Johnny’s Cash*, *Tom’s Cruise* and groans will follow from *A Yacht of Fun*, *Moor or Less*, *Worth the Wake* and, for God’s sake and your own, don’t name your boat *Bow Movement*. As a practical matter names that are hard to spell or purposefully misspelled may cause confusion in the event of a Mayday call. And speaking of practical things, having the same name as another boat in your marina may cause confusion over the air or on your monthly bill.

Two seemingly unrelated topics, work and sexual innuendo, are also questionable subjects for names. *The Office*, *Called in Sick* and *In a Meeting* fool no one. *Drug Money*, *The Doctor’s Inn*, *Banker’s Hours*, *Liquid Asset* and the ever popular *Sails Call* or *For Sail* are just tacky. As for sex, you have a boat, getting it should be easy so why advertise? Most of all, avoid combining work and sex, which is also good advice outside of boating, so skip these, *Stocks and Blondes*, *Fish and Chicks*, *Miss Conduct* and definitely the *Playbuoy* you may find dragging its unwatched anchor in every other harbor.

Names involving alcohol may be cute but can draw the attention of local waterborne authorities no matter how creative. *Sotally Tober*, *Beer Necessity* and *Shipfaced* are likely targets and *Three Sheets* or *On the Rocks* not much better.

Speaking of which, some names are bad ideas plain and simple. *Titanic 2*, *Unsinkable 2*, *SS Minnow*, *Pequod* and *Bounty* needed retiring after their first use. *A Boat*, *Unnamed*, *Don’t Ask* and *Current Address* are names you might wonder weren’t so funny when the customs agent on a small island having a bad day refuses your paperwork.

In the past boats were often given women’s names, not for the reason claimed in so many internet memes but perhaps because boats, being beautiful, earned the fairer of

genders. Despite that excuse, you can live to regret such choices in naming your boat, and the same may be equally true in naming a boat for the woman currently in your life. Like tattoos, boat names are hard and even painful to remove so let the namer beware. *The Other Woman*, *She Didn’t Ask*, *Last Fling* and *She’ll Get Over It* are *Grounds for Divorce*. And don’t even consider using a Sharpie pen to cross out the name of every ex before naming your boat for your soon to be next ex.

In ancient times boats were often named for gods to curry favor and there are plenty of good choices, *Poseidon*, *Zephyr*, *Sirocco*, *Pegasus* are still safe choices, but save *Boreas* of the north wind for a boat you intend to race. Racing boats, in fact, can justifiably have creative names because they tend to fly by before you tire of seeing them. *Sea Ya* is the one misuse of the word often allowed, as with *Blew By You*. *Racer’s Edge* may even bring a wistful smile to those left in their wakes.

If you document your boat with the US Coast Guard its rules require that both your boat’s name and port of call, including US state, be permanently written on the hull. (Canada and the UK have similar rules.) You can choose your home port but your boat may take personal offense at unlikely locations or ones as small as specific marinas. That said, while cruising in Tahiti I happened upon a boat whose port of call was landlocked Toccoa, Georgia, which surprisingly turned out to be true enough.

The Coast Guard has a form for changing ports of call and the names of documented boats but any old salt will tell you that renaming a boat is serious business requiring consultation with and even appeasement of the sea gods who are said to keep a “ledger of the deep” of every named boat. When I re-named my boat I was warned that gods are not easily fooled and are rarely amused by such things so removal of any hint of the old name, followed by a formal and public renaming are essential. Most experienced sailors also mention an offering of something involving alcohol. You are allowed to partake so select something you too appreciate. In my case, something was also mentioned about a ritual involving parts of a chicken but I took a chance and skipped that step.

No doubt you have your own list of boat names, those you approve and those filed under “What were they thinking?” A few of my personal favorites, despite the cautionary advice I’ve offered, are *She Got the House*, *Zombies Can’t Swim* and *Last Boat 2*. So what is the name of my Cape Dory? You’ll find it in Genesis 1:2 where it recites that the *Spirit of God* moved upon the face of the waters. I trust he approves and accepts the compliment.



Meet Iguana An Amphibious Experience

Easy to Launch

Embark on any coast in any weather without infrastructure. Coming with a set of tracks that enables you to drive directly into the water and get out of the water on any type of coast.

Capable and Versatile Boat

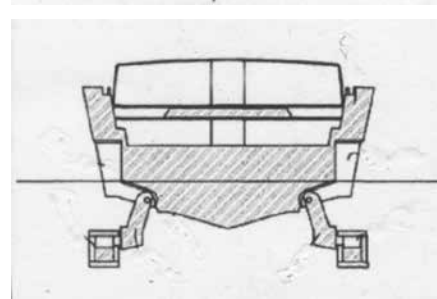
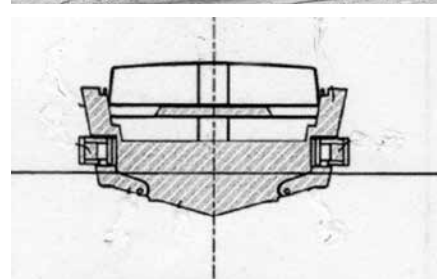
A boat for all your activities, with no compromises. Once the tracks fold into the hull, the Iguana becomes a powerful boat equipped to navigate any type of seas and can reach up to 55mph.

Comfortable and Safe

Embark friends and family safely without getting wet. The hazardous nature of embarking and disembarking on a boat completely disappears. You can embark directly on the beach safely without getting your feet wet.

Simple Maintenance

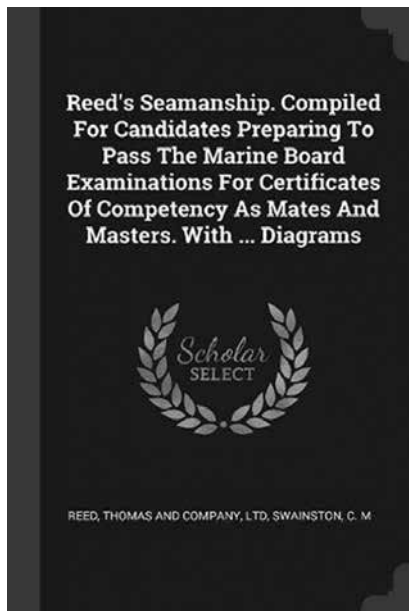
Easy to maintain and to store directly in your garage. Storing on land has multiple benefits. The boat is dry and safe, sheltered from bad weather. She can be easily maintained, no need for antifouling.



Slipping the Cable C.M. Swainston, *Reed's Seamanship* (1914)

"Riding in a bay, wind and sea rising and coming right in; you want to slip and get out to sea; how would you cast her? Trim the yards for the tack I am going to sail out on, set topsails and a few fore and aft sails, have other sails loosed and ready for setting; get a spring (good warp) from what will be my weather quarter and make fast to the cable below the hawse pipe, haul the spring tight and make fast, slack away the cable when sure she will pay off the right way; when she fills, slip cable and spring (have them buoyed) and set other sails."

(Compiled for Candidates Preparing to Pass the Marine Board Examinations for Certificates of Competency as Masters and Mates)



Richard Henry Dana *Two Years Before the Mast* (1840)

"That night, after sundown, it looked black at the southward and eastward, and we were told to keep a bright lookout. Expecting to be called up, we turned in early. Waking up about midnight, I found a man who had just come down from his watch, striking a light. He said it was beginning to puff up from the southeast, and that the sea was rolling in, and he had called the captain; and as he threw himself down on his chest with his clothes on, I knew that he expected to be called. I felt the vessel pitching at her anchor, and the chain surging and snapping, and lay awake, expecting an instant summons.

In a few minutes it came three knocks on the scuttle, and 'All hands ahoy! Bear-a-hand-up and make sail.' We sprang up for our clothes, and were about halfway dressed, when the mate called down the scuttle, 'Tumble up here, men! Tumble up! Before she drags her anchor.'

We were on deck in an instant. 'Lay aloft and loose the topsail!' shouted the captain, as soon as the first man had showed himself. Springing into the rigging, I saw that the *Ayacucho's* topsails were loosed, and heard her crew singing out at the sheets as they were hauling them home. This had probably started our captain, as 'old Wilson,' the captain of the *Ayacucho*, had been many years on this coast, and knew the signs of the weather.

Stories

From the Days of Sail

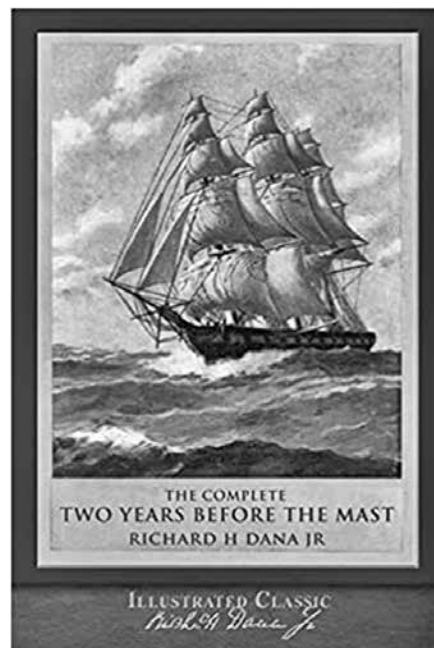
Submitted by Duncan Wright
Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*, Newsletter
of the Delaware River Chapter TSCA

We soon had the topsails loosed; and one hand remaining, as usual, in each top to overhaul the rigging and light the sail out, the rest of us laid down to man the sheets. While sheeting home, we saw the *Ayacucho* standing athwart our bows, sharp upon the wind, cutting through the head sea like a knife, with her raking masts and sharp bows running up like the head of greyhound. It was a beautiful sight. She was like a bird that had been frightened and had spread her wings in flight.

After the topsails had been sheeted home, the head yards braced aback, the fore-topmast staysail hoisted, and the buoys streamed, and all ready forward for slipping, we went aft and manned the slip rope, which came through the stern port with a turn round the timber heads. 'All ready forward?' asked the captain. 'Ay ay, Sir; all ready,' answered the mate. 'Let go!' 'All gone, Sir,' and the iron cable grated over the windlass and through the hawse hole, and the little vessel's head swinging off from the wind under the force of her backed head sails, brought the strain on the slip rope.

'Let go aft!' Instantly all was gone, and we were underway. As soon as she was well off from the wind, we filled away the head yards, braced all up sharp, set the foresail and trysail, and left our anchorage well astern, giving the points a wide berth...

In these cases of slipping for south-easters, there is nothing to be done, after you have got clear of the coast, but to lie to under easy sail and wait for the gale to be over..." On the afternoon of the following day, the gale had abated, and "we stood back for our anchorage...The wind moderated into the light steady breeze which blows down the coast the greater part of the year, and from its regularity might be called a trade-wind. The sun came out bright, and we set royals, sky-sails, and studding sails, and were under fair way for Santa Barbara."

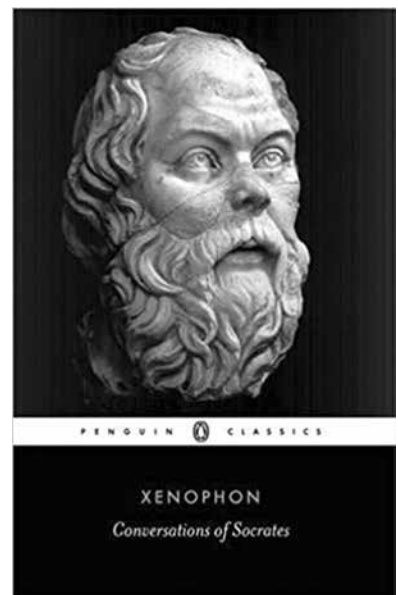


Preparations Before Sailing Xenophon, *Conversations of Socrates* (355 BCE)

"The finest and most precise ordering of objects that I think I've ever seen, Socrates, was when I went on board the great Phoenician ship to inspect it. There I saw a huge number of items all separately packed away in the least possible space. I mean, a ship, as you know, uses a lot of wooden objects and ropes when it docks and sets sail, and a lot of rigging, as it is called, when it is sailing; it carries a lot of devices to defend itself against enemy ships, a lot of weaponry for the crew and all the implements which people use in a house on land for each group of men who mess together. Apart from this, it is filled with all the goods which the ship's owner is transporting for profit.

And all those things I've mentioned are kept not in some over large space, but in a hold which is comparable in size to a ten couch dining room. I observed that all these objects were stored in such a way that they didn't obstruct one another, didn't need a search party, and weren't either so loosely or so tightly packed as to cause a delay when there was an urgent need for something. I found out that the helmsman's subordinate, who is called the prow man of the ship, knows everything's location so well that even when he's not in the hold he can say where everything is and how many objects there are, just as someone who's trying to be literate can say how many letters there are in 'Socrates' and where in the word each letter comes.

Nevertheless, I saw this same prow man using his spare time to inspect all the ship's necessities. I was surprised that he was making such an inspection, and asked him what he was doing. 'Sir', he replied, 'I am inspecting the ship's equipment to see if anything is missing or awkwardly stored. I am doing this in case something unforeseen happens. You see, when God whips up a storm at sea, searching for an essential item or handing over something which is lying awkwardly is out of the question. God guarantees retribution for stupidity and punishes it. If God merely refrains from destroying innocent people, they have much to be grateful for; and even if you've done your job excellently, and you are spared, it is the gods who must be profusely thanked."

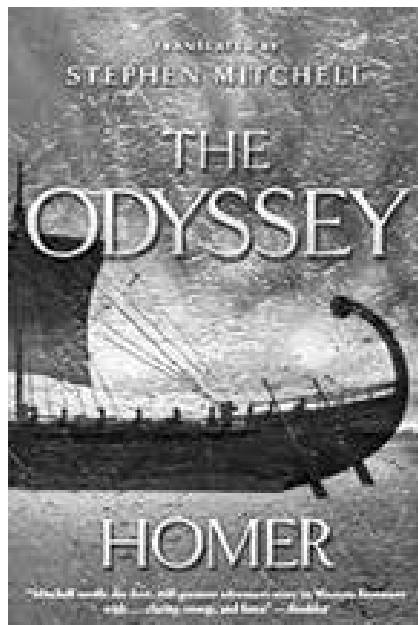


Navigation

Homer, *The Odyssey* (c 800 BCE)

This was the fourth day, when Odysseus had all ready. On the fifth day, Kalypso conjured a warm land breeze to blowing Joy for Odysseus when he shook out his sail! Now the great seaman, leaning on his oar, steered all night unsleeping, and his eyes picked out the Pleiades, the laggard Ploughman, and the Great Bear, that some have called the Wain, pivoting in the sky before Orion; of all the night's pure figures, she alone would never bathe or dip in the ocean stream.

Those stars the beautiful Kalypso bade him hold on his left hand as he crossed the main. Seventeen nights and days in the open water He sailed, before a dark shoreline appeared; Skheria then slowly came into view like a rough shield of bull's hide on the sea.

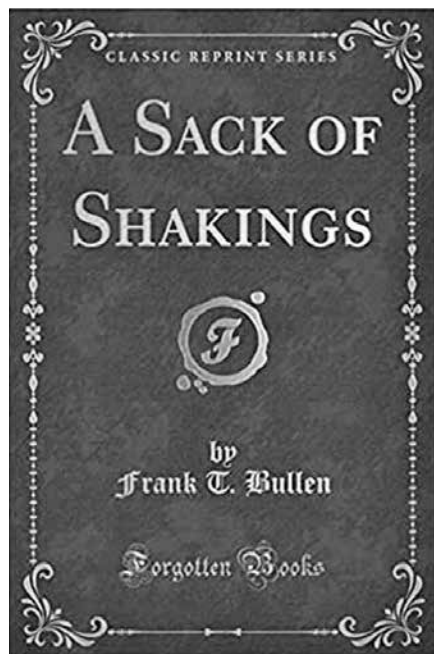


The Ship And Its Gear - Judging a Ship Frank T. Bullen *A Sack of Shakings* (1901)

In London in November, I shipped aboard the *Wanderer*, bound for Cape Breton. She was a small brigantine of two hundred and forty tons, built by eye of soft wood in Nova Scotia. "When I got on board, I pitied myself greatly. I felt cramped for room; I dreaded the colossal waves of the Atlantic in that stormy season, in what I considered a weakly built craft fit only for creeping closely alongshore."

As we worked the ship down the river under sail, the pilot was astonished by her handiness. When we emerged onto the open ocean, it blew a "bitter northwest gale." To my surprise and delight, "it was as if the ship "were one of the sea people ...next of kin to the waves themselves...her motion as easy as the sway of seaweed, and as light as a bubble..." The gale taught me "never to judge the seaworthy qualities of a ship by her appearance at anchor, but to wait until she could tell me in her own language what she could do."

Then came a spell of favorable weather. Once the ship was steady on her course under all canvas, "for an hour I have walked back and forth before the wheel with both hands in my pockets, while she sped along at ten knots, straight as an arrow in its flight."



Richard Henry Dana *Two Years Before the Mast* (1840)

When a ship "sails from port, her rigging is generally slack; the masts need staying; the decks and sides are black and dirty from taking in cargo; riggers' seizings and overhand knots in place of nice seamanlike work; and everything, to a sailor's eye, adrift. But on the passage home the fine weather between the tropics is spent in putting the ship in the neatest order..."

All hands had been hard at work upon the ship, "from daylight to dark, every day but Sunday, from the time we got into warm weather this side of the Cape." ...All our standing rigging... was set up and tarred" and the ship was scraped and painted inside and out. Everything useless was thrown overboard;" among which the empty tar barrels were set on fire and thrown overboard, of dark night, and left blazing astern, lighting up the ocean for miles.

Add to all this labour the neat work upon the rigging, the knots, Flemish eyes, splices, seizings, coverings, pointings, and graffings which show a ship in crack order..." In Massachusetts Bay, within sight of Cape Anne, "The last touch was put to the vessel by painting the skysail poles; and I was sent up to the fore, with a bucket of white paint and a brush, and touched her off, from the truck to the eyes of the royal rigging".

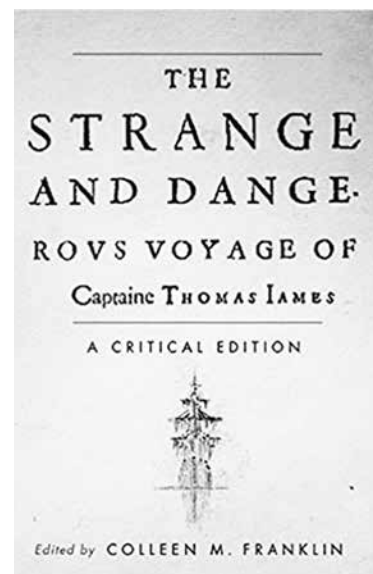
Thomas James *The Strange and Dangerous Voyages of Captain Thomas James (1633)* Improvising a Winter Berth

On May 3, 1631, we sailed on a voyage from the British Isles to discover the "Northwest Passage to the South Sea." We crossed the Atlantic and sailed westward, through a series of bays. By October 12, the ship was packed in ice. "We took our mainsail from the yard which was hard frozen to it and carried it ashore to cover" the house we had built.


Blocks of ice began to beat against the ship; it was possible that she would break up. On November 26, "after prayers I called a consultation of the master, my lieutenant, the mates, carpenter, and boatswain; to whom I proposed that we were now put to

our last shifts; and therefore they should tell me what they thought of it: namely, whether it was not best, to carry all our provisions ashore: and that when the wind should come on northerly, it were safest to draw her further off, and sink her." The ice would be no more than six feet thick; below that, the ship could rest in safety.

In the Spring we heaved the ice out of the ship, pumped it dry and re-stepped the masts... "On Sunday the second of July we were up betimes about stowing and filling our ship, and weighing our anchors, which when the last was a-trippe, we went to prayer... This being done, we weighed and came cheerfully to sail..."



RAM ISLAND PEAPOD



13'6"x52" Handlaid Fiberglass Hull
Traditional Performing Downeast Peapod
Designed for Stability
& Ease of Handling
in Lumpy Seas & Currents

BAY of MAINE BOATS

PO Box D
Kennebunkport, ME 04046-1693
boats@bayofmaineboats.com



You write to us about...

Activities & Experiences...

Galley News Downbound

This power boat downbound is *Galley News*, my favorite go to for a quick run out back in the pond. She's a 30", 6v electric RC. She represents a nondescript coastal freighter that would carry supplies to islands and local harbors. The photo happened last summer when I was experimenting with a wifi capable camera and my "smart phone." The camera was on a tripod just barely above the water level. *Galley* was probably 40' away and using the zoom function allowed bringing the boat near and snapping the photo. "Galley News" is a slang term meaning a "rumor."

Tim Mayer, Brunswick, ME



Need a Boat?

Need a boat back in the day? Just go down to an island in the Delaware River in the spring and pick out the wood boat you wanted. I knew of a secret island that loose boats from along the shore always washed down to and got hung up on. We used the boats on the Raritan River to float fish. In 1970 the Federal Government condemned 20 miles of river upstream of the Delaware River Water Gap to create the Delaware River Water Gap National Recreation Area. All the homes were taken down on both sides of the river, thus eliminating any potential loose boats along the shoreline.

Robert Dalley, Lake Junaluska, NC

Information of Interest...

Messing About in Boats

The Oxford University Press released a book entitled *Messing About in Boats* in April by the poet Michael Hoffman, poetry about boats. He discusses specific poems by Rainer Maria Rilke, Arthur Rimbaud, Eugenio Montale and Karen Solie. For anyone interested in obtaining a copy, the ISBN number is 9780198848042.

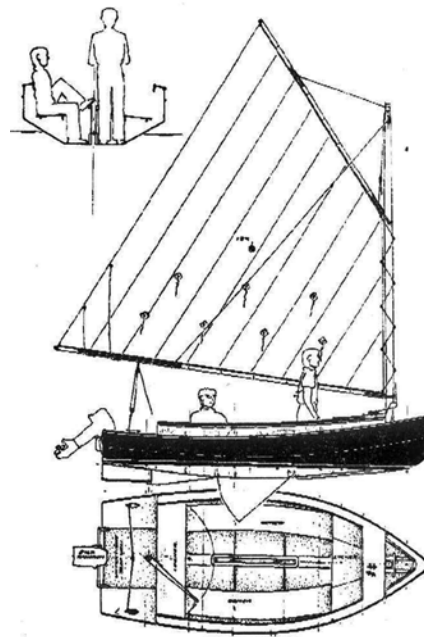
Jay Nachod, Newport News, VA

Information Wanted...

Modified Bolger Catfish Beach Cruiser Design

I am thinking of building a Bolger Catfish Beach Cruiser and I seem to remember that there was an *MAIB* article regarding a revised, modified version with a substantially changed cockpit layout and centerboard in lieu of a fixed keel. I have found this one drawing of the revision but not the actual article with Bolger's explanation of the problems and fixes. Can anyone please help me to track that down?

Matthew Long, ownlrmole@gmail.com



Interested in Lily

I am interested in articles about Phil Bolger's electric Lily. This design looks like something I want to research further. I'm not getting any younger and my 14' Elco Serenity electric launch is tender on the stability front and tough on my old knees when sitting. If I come up with a new electric design, it looks like Lily could fit the bill.

I built a Bolger/Payson Surf sailboat over 30 years ago when I lived in New Orleans.

A little eye candy is attached for your enjoyment. This is an 18' lapstrake boat that I commissioned the Great Lakes Boatbuilding School to build for me five years ago. Love this boat!

Stephen Upham III, Saratoga Springs, NY



Trailer/Boat Lift Design Wanted

Reading February's "Instant Indeed" and trials of out of water boat/trailer logistics leads me to a PLEA to anyone who has developed a wood fabricated boat lift/winch to lift small boats (hopefully up to a 26' Whaler Revenge size) on and off trailers or sawhorses for bottom painting especially. Tying the stern to a tree and pulling a boat out onto jackstands gets to be a real yearly pain, not to mention a lot of head scratching and unskilled help. I would think PT 2"x4"s or 2"x6"s could be used.

Dick Tatlock, Mattapoisett MA

Poetry...

The Eddystone Light

Oh, me father was the keeper of the Eddystone light
And he slept with a mermaid one fine night
From this union there sprang three
A porpoise and a porgy and the other was me
Yo ho ho, the wind blows free, ho for the life on the rolling sea
One night when I was a-trimmin' of the glim
Singin' a verse from the evening hymn
A voice from the starboard shouted, "Ahoy!"
And there was me mother a-sittin' on the buoy
Yo ho ho, the wind blows free, ho for the life on the rolling sea
"Oh what has become of my children three?"
Me mother then she asked of me
"One was exhibited as a talking fish
The other was served in a chafing dish!"
Yo ho ho, the wind blows free, ho for the life on the rolling sea
The phosphorus flashed in her seaweed hair
I looked again, and me mother wasn't there
But her voice came echoing back through the night:
"To hell with the keeper of the Eddystone light!"
Yo ho ho, the wind blows free, ho for the life on the rolling sea!

From Irwin Schuster

Spring is here, so here I is... I wonder where the ocean is?

Postcard Photo Submitted by Kinley Gregg



slipstreamwatercraft.com
518.423.8827

*Vintage Fantail Available As
~ An Elegant Electric Launch
~ A Classic Rowing Craft*

*Lavish Woodworking
Impeccable Laminate*

Nostalgia 15'6"

I've been feeling really tired that week but, before I could become concerned, I remembered that I'd been up half of each night watching the America's Cup races on TV. When it is 10pm at night here, it is 4pm in the afternoon in Auckland, New Zealand, and things are just getting going. The daily program started off with a race that took about a half hour, then there was another 40 minutes or so to rest up and make adjustments and then there was time to get in a second race. The idea was that the first team to win a total of seven races got the Cup.

In 2017 I wrote a piece about how garish and ugly the "boats" were, floating billboards skating to and fro. They still are but this year they are larger and the masts are taller. The 2017 versions went fast and these go even faster. Sometimes it's hard to get a sense of their speed but the very technical TV coverage usually had it in a little box at the bottom left of the screen. One look at the wakes of the power "chase" boats lets one know that this is serious business.

It all seems tenuous to me, skating along with just the lee "wing" underwater along with the single rudder. It seems as if catastrophe is just around the corner and indeed there was a spectacular crash during the challenger trials which I did not watch.

While I remember boats getting very close to each other in the 12 meter days, the skippers (called "steerers" now) seem to be reluctant to get too close to each other and disturb each other's airflow too much. They want to defeat the other boat, not kill someone.

In the challenger trials, which began in January, the Italian boat *Luna Rossa* easily dispatched first the United States and then Great Britain, winning the right to take on the Cup defenders, New Zealand. The challengers were sponsored by Prada and Pirelli, the tire people. Proper reference to this craft included their names right along with *Luna Rossa*. New Zealand was sponsored by Emirates Airlines so they became *Emirates New Zealand*. You could tell them apart because *New Zealand's* sails were primarily red, not the romantic "red sails in the sunset" of the McGuire Sisters, but still easy to spot. *Luna Rossa* had primarily black sails. No song about that comes to mind.

There were supposed to be numerous technical differences between the two but much of that is kept secret and we just have to take their word for it. The TV commentators did say that the narrow wing at the end of the arms that raised and lowered was smaller on *Luna Rossa* making them perhaps better in light air. The gossip around the docks was that *Emirates* was 3-4 knots faster but nobody really knew until they faced off for their first race. It turned out that in the light air, which was predominant for most of the week, the boats were remarkably closely matched. Just as in 2017, the victory seemed to go to the boat which won the start. The first lead change wasn't until race number 7, as I remember. At the end of six races (three days) they were all tied up, three apiece.

Some pundits wanted to explain the tie by remembering that *Luna Rossa* had been racing in the challenger matches and had plenty of practice. *Emirates* only had limited warm ups and might have been a bit "rusty." They did seem to get smoother and managed to win the next four races and the Cup.

On Sunday, March 14, the racing had to be cancelled because of low wind (under 6 knots measured over several minutes) and spotty conditions plagued the next day.

New Zealand Retains the Cup

By Boyd Mefferd



Before the start, the boats are towed by their tenders so that they can get up enough speed to run on their foils. Once the race is underway, however, they are on their own and, in one race, first *Emirates* fell off and couldn't get going again and then the same thing happened to *Luna Rossa*. I don't mean to joke about serious matters too much but it does recall the TV ads for "help, I've fallen and I can't get up."

Apparently the best way to get back on the foils is with the wind directly abeam. Emirates spent four minutes down in the water before they were up and skating again and it looked like a windfall (sorry for the pun) win for the Italians, but when it was their turn they took eight minutes to recover. In another race the Italians were leading by a respectable margin and decided to favor one side of the course while New Zealand took the other. As luck would have it, the wind died on the Italian side.

It seemed that, barring mistakes and flukes of nature, the boats were well matched and race #9 was very close all the way. The general impression seemed to be that the event was not the blowout that was expected and close racing fires up the money people for another try in three or four years much more than a one sided event.

We'll see how far the technology can advance for the next time. This offshoot of sailing seems to be entirely about technology and my 2017 comment about the need to introduce some sort of beauty, reminiscent of the old 12 meter days, back into the sport is just that, a comment. I ended my article with the suggestion that the magic and beauty of the earlier days would have to return to some extent for the event to have wide appeal going forward. Now that just seems naive.

Our one chance to see beauty was when the cameras turned towards the huge spectator fleet with lots of lovely boats all packed in anchored at the edge of the race course. Boating is alive and well in the island nation and quite a few people seemed to have vintage yachts, both sail and power. Maybe people drive their old cars to the NASCAR races too. It shows where their hearts are.

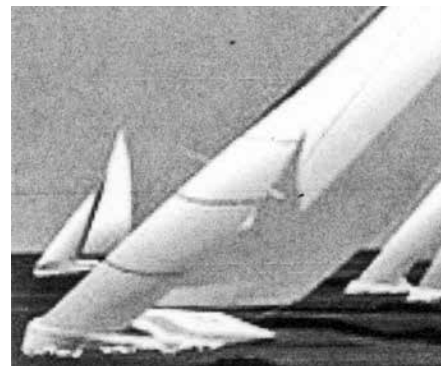
The skippers (steerers) have a hard job, both controlling their own boats and trying to outwit their counterparts and, at least in the TV commentary, their competence and skill levels seem to be almost taken for granted. Peter Burling ran New Zealand's boat, just as he had in 2017. Italy had two skippers who sat at two wheels on opposite sides of *Luna Rossa*, Jim Spithill and Francesco Bruni.

On March 17 *Emirates* only needed one more victory, which they promptly got before the first hour of TV coverage was over. NBCSP, left with one more hour blocked out, were able to cover the awards ceremony, the first time I had ever seen one for the America's Cup.

First the Italians were led, apparently straight from their boat to the stage, trying hard to seem like they were smiling when they had just lost minutes before. Some managed and others didn't. "Grazie Italia" was heard and there were compliments all around for the strength of their challenge and their good sportsmanship. They walked off to shouts of "bravi, bravi."

As the hometown winners filed on they were each announced individually and given some sort of medal to wear around their necks. Then they were allowed to pick up the huge trophy and wave it in the air as champagne was sprayed on it. No doubt the old stalwarts of the New York Yacht Club were turning in their graves. The officials of the Royal New Zealand Yacht Squadron spoke about how it was their cup now and how they were already looking forward to the next challenge.

Sailors around the globe are known to not be too loyal to any one club, valuing their independence and ability to travel above everything else. I doubt that too many recognize New Zealand as the world capital of all sailing. The America's Cup races are certainly an old and honored tradition but don't really involve many more people than their billionaire backers and the superb athletes who serve as crew. Of course, there are the designers, builders and yard crews that make it all happen. Still, back in the old days the more average sailor could fully understand what was going on and relate the performance of the racers to his or her own boat. Now it seems very strange and foreign, silly on one level and deadly serious on another.



During the fall of 2011 I read several mentions of the Texas 200, the Everglades Challenge and others in one of the many sailing publications I receive. Having moved to Colorado in 2004 from Connecticut, where I sailed quite a lot in everything from a Pearson "Petrel," a Sunfish, a GP14, a Grumman 17' canoe, a Sailstar "Orion," a Rhodes 19, a Sabre 28, a Sabre 34 (not mine) and a Shannon 38 (also not mine), I was drawn to the idea of sailing in salt water again.

I can't say exactly why the idea seemed so attractive but sailing in Colorado is done on very small bodies of water, often in the lee of a dam or the edge of the forest. On salt water there always seems to be plenty of room to sail. It's a long way from Denver to the sea no matter which way I turn when I go out of the driveway. On the internet I read the accounts of participants in earlier T200s and I studied the photos and the videos, becoming more and more motivated to participate myself.

Although I had bought a "Minifish," I had only sailed it a couple of times and found that, although it is very like a Sunfish, I was not comfortable on it at all. The 25-year passage since I had a Sunfish hasn't improved my flexibility one bit. At 84 I'm about as flexible as a railroad sleeper. So without any sort of boat to take to Texas, I began to look around.

Finding a Suitable Boat

I found a very old Lido 14 (#1533, built in 1963) advertised for what I perceived as a very high price but the owner was a tolerant and patient young man.



A photo of a vintage Lido 14 also built in 1963.

Contact between us continued sporadically over a couple of months. Finally, in March I offered him a sum of money to allow me to charter the boat while he retained ownership. I would improve the condition of the boat and when I returned from Texas he could examine the boat and, if he wanted to sell it on his own, he would return my money. If he didn't think he could get more for the boat than I had given him, he would sign it over to me and no further payment would be called for. We signed a contract.

Improvements to the "Blue Lido"

The hull was perfectly sound. Black graffiti, "Sur 13," adorned one side. The driver of a concrete delivery truck making a delivery next door said to me, "Do you know what that means?" I answered that I couldn't

Sailing the Texas 200 in a Lido 14

By Garry Osborne



Garry and his grandson, Douglas aboard his Lido 14.

even read the letters but he told me that "Sur 13" is the symbol of the "Surenos," or southerners, an infamous street gang. The 13 is a reference to the thirteenth letter of the alphabet, "M," a salute, if you will, to the Mexican mafia. We were not able to totally remove the graffiti so the boat carried its sinister symbol throughout the T200 and I'm happy to say that there were no negative consequences.

The original wooden rudder blade, vertically laminated, had been covered with fiberglass which had cracked in several places. I removed the covering entirely and repaired the sharp trailing edge by adding a small piece of matching cedar. But fiberglassing is not something I like to do. Instead, I made a new blade out of plywood using a belt sander to shape it similar to the original. I was concerned about the strength and intended to make a second blade to take with me but I never got it done. Fortunately the plywood blade was plenty strong and survived the rigors of the windy conditions encountered.

The tiller was another matter. The laminated tiller that came with the boat was in terrible condition and beyond repair. I had plenty of cedar and fabricated a laminated replacement. Big mistake! Cedar is much too soft and is not nearly strong enough for the application. My grandson and I suffered the consequences of that bad decision, more on that later.

Many of the chroniclers of the T200 have warned that one should be prepared for a LOT of wind and that reefing capability is a must. To that end I began contacting sailmakers in an effort to find someone who would install lines of reef points in the mainsail. I began to study what might be done to reduce the size of the big (for so small a boat) jib of the Lido. The sailmakers, several of them, answered that they were already booked for work and could not meet my time requirement. They might have thought anyone who wanted to double reef a Lido was crazy. Finally, Doyle Sailmakers of Salem, Massachusetts, responded saying, "Send the sails." Andrew Schneider of Doyle was very helpful

and they did a fine job at a reasonable cost.

Slab reefing, which I was preparing for, requires fittings on the boom to which the reefing lines are dead ended and which redirect the reefing lines along the boom toward the mast. These were made as two bolt clamps fashioned out of polyethylene with Delyrn sheaves. Because the Lido boom is round, these reefing clamps were quite simple and they permit forward and aft adjustment along the boom so that the tension in the "foot" of the reefed sail can be properly established.

The Sailing



The 200 is a five day, 40 mile a day event. Forty miles is a long way to sail at four or five miles per hour.

At Port Mansfield we could sleep aboard if we had the accommodation or stay in a convenient hotel with bath and a nearby watering hole, or restaurant if you prefer. My grandson and I stayed in the hotel.

First Day – Double Reefed Main

Sailing the first day started out with a relatively gentle breeze and the wind strengthened during the day. We started out under full sail and reefed as the wind became stronger. I sailed almost all of the trip. Douglas, my grandson, had never really sailed before and during our one sail before leaving Colorado, I must admit I was impatient with him and he was disinclined to receive any more abuse from his irascible captain. It took a while to sort out all the halyards and reefing lines at the mast and when shaking out a reef we had to take care to free the reefing lines to eliminate wrinkles in the sail. Doug got better and better at the job as he became familiar with the maze of lines and the reefing/shaking out went more and more quickly.



Garry and Douglas under big Texas skies.

By the time we arrived at Port Mansfield the wind was quite strong, we were reefed right down (two reefs in the main and flying the little jib) and it was a bit rough as we turned to enter the harbor. I had previously arranged for a county owned slip for the Lido and we had a reservation at the Sunset Hotel. The manager fulfilled her promise to come and get us at the dock and drive us to the hotel. Great service indeed! After dinner at the Windjammer Restaurant, we had a good night's sleep.

Second Day – Broken Tiller

The second day the wind rose in the afternoon and during a particularly strong gust the poor choice of material for the new tiller brought its consequences home to us. The tiller broke off in my hand. We were quickly blown ashore in the shallows.



Our sailing vessel is secure for the night.

During the incident we jibed accidentally and some water came aboard and while we got things sorted out and the boat bailed out a couple of guys stopped in their Bolger "Light Schooner." We were on a lee shore. They simply got their leeboard and rudder blade up and grounded near us. They were very helpful.

I reversed the tiller, put the little end into the rudder head, packed with a little bit of light line to get a better fit and I thought that as long as I held the tiller back, into the rudder head, we could continue. Getting off the lee shore was my greatest concern. The wind was striking the shore at an angle. We asked the schoormen to turn us around and give us a bit of a shove, which they did with a will. With just a tiny bit of board and a little bit of the rudder blade the Lido hauled off without difficulty and we continued to the end of the day's sail, a location called "Hap's Cut."



Our friends in the Bolger 'Schooner' in foreground. Douglas bringing us ashore in background. The mud at the water's edge (there is only about 6" of tide in the waterway) is 12" deep and it'll take your shoes off and not give 'em back if you're not careful.

At the water's edge, having landed not five minutes before, a couple of the other participants came down and said, "We understand you have broken your tiller. What can we do to help?" When I removed the rudder, these guys took it and we walked down the beach to where another of the sailors was beached. He had with him a box full of stainless fittings in a wide assortment, a cordless drill, a cordless Sawzall and, miracle of miracles, an old wheelbarrow handle. Talk about helpful! In an hour I fit the handle to the rudder head and, suffice it to say, we were able to complete the T200 without further trouble. This demonstration of forethought and generosity I will never forget.

Third Day – \$1 Beers

The third day was relatively uneventful except our arrival at the Padre Island Yacht Club where we were to be guests of the club. As is often the case, things can get a little dicey when the wind is hooting and there is "hard property" close at hand. Although we were deeply reefed, our speed was substantial while we tried to maneuver to a dock so I sailed up to windward of our goal and Douglas took off the last remnants of sail.



Under double reefed main.

Even with nothing but the windage of the mast driving us we were moving pretty rapidly when we entered one of the club's big slips where, thanks to our good fortune, one of the club volunteers was able to stop us with his feet.

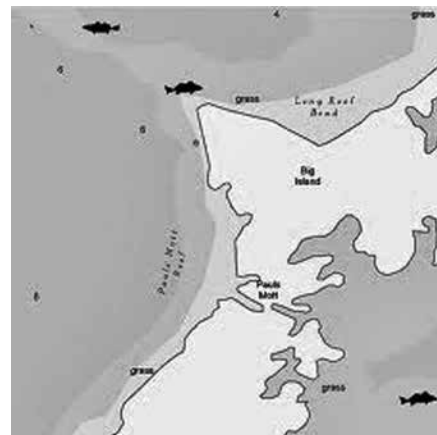


Zooming along towards dusk.

We were looking forward to spending the evening and night at the club, which organization has welcomed the participants of the T200 for several years. They provided everyone with a very good \$10 hamburger and fixin's dinner along with \$1 beer and other cold drinks. Plus, we were welcome to use the showers and camp anywhere we wanted to on the grounds, even inside the air conditioned building.

Fourth Day – A Wedding at Paul's Mott

The fourth day we, and many of the others, elected to sail up to windward, toward the barrier island, to minimize the wave making capability of the wind. This as an alternative to sailing across the mouth of Corpus Christi Bay with considerable "fetch" to windward and the resulting bigger seas. This meant that we were out of the intracoastal waterway for miles and the water is very shallow. There's nothing like a centerboard to let you know when you're in the shallows and we touched the rudder often as well.



This day the destination for camping was a place called "Paul's Mott."

Shortly after we arrived two fellows in an O'Day "Day Sailer" capsized within a quarter mile of the destination beach. The sailors were experienced but not very physically fit and the boat filled anyway and they needed lots of help and they got it.

Paul's Mott is really an idyllic, although primitive, campsite and it was there that two of the sailors were married!. They had met on the T200 a couple of years before and wanted

to be married there. One of the sailors was a minister (and boat builder), there was cake, the minister wore a robe and a grand, tall mitre, the girls had grass skirts, there were leis and champagne for everyone!

Day Five – Destination

The fifth day was, perhaps, a little anticlimactic but mercifully uneventful, at least for Douglas and me. When we arrived at Sea Drift, Texas, where our trailers were parked, the town feted us with an excellent \$10 “shrimp boil” with plenty of free drinks. The road back to Denver was still about 1,200 miles long.

Suitability of the Lido

Is a Lido 14 suitable for this kind of dinghy cruising? Absolutely! But the ability to reef is of paramount importance.

What changes would I make in that Lido in order to go again? In preparation for the impending sale of the boat, I made a new tiller out of a beautiful piece of ash, so that’s done.

One of the members of the Lido organization recommended that I add flotation forward and reinforce the boom. I didn’t do either of these, although our substantial dry-bags could be considered as added flotation.

As an added note, we never hiked out nor sat out. We adjusted the amount of sail. One objective I had was to avoid capsize. I chose to wear my hearing aids all the way. To capsize would have meant the probable loss of these \$5,000 instruments.



Another beautiful day ahead of us.



About Lido 14

Specifications

Length Overall 14’
Beam 6’
Draft - Centerboard Raised 5”
Draft - Centerboard Lowered 4’3”
Sail Area - Main 76 sq ft
Sail Area - Jib 35 sq ft
Spar Material Aluminum
Hull Construction Hand Laid Fiberglass
Weight (Fully Rigged) 310 Pounds
Seating Area 4+ Adults



History

Lido 14 history begins with Barney Lehman, boat builder and designer. Barney, best known for his Lehman series of dinghies, had been in development of a 14’ version of his successful Lehman 10 when he sold his business to W.D. “Bill” Schock. Bill,

a successful small boat builder, completed the work that Barney had started by creating a fractional sloop rig, increasing the boat’s beam for stability, adding internal seat tanks for comfort and buoyancy and providing a foredeck and a deck stepped rig rather than the Lehman’s traditional keel stepping.

The year was 1958 and the location was Newport Beach, California. Newport Beach is one of the sailing centers of the nation, due primarily to the mild weather and the extensive sailing environs of Newport Bay.

The bay, naturally created by the void between coastal bluff and a peninsula running along the Pacific Coast, was originally nothing more than sandbars and silt from estuaries. Dredging and development led to a navigable harbor containing eight islands, 13 yacht clubs and boating associations, thousands of “cottages” large and small, nearly an equal number of boats and 26 miles of shoreline. It is an ideal location for family sailing and served as the impetus to build a simple, fun and comfortable sailing dinghy.

What followed is nothing short of spectacular. Within three short years almost 1,000 boats had been built. By 1970 the total approached 3,000. Of these, a very large percentage are involved in competitive racing around the nation. It was common for relatively minor regattas to have 60 or more boat and major regattas having limits of 100.

As with all one design boats of the era, the popularity of the Lido 14 peaked in the mid ‘70s. By 1980 the total number of boats constructed had risen to nearly 5,000 but the number of new boats was quickly decreasing. A testament to the quality of the construction is that boats built in 1960 are still actively racing and will continue to sail many years to come given a little maintenance and loving care.

Perhaps the chagrin of W.D. Schock Corp, the availability of quality used boats sustains the popularity of the Lido 14, providing an unmatched entry into the wonderful world of small boat sailing!

(The Lido 14 sailboat is exclusively manufactured by W.D. Schock Corp)

Subscription Order Form

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Email: _____

For a one years subscription (12 issues) mail a copy of this form to: Messing About in Boats, 29 Burley St, Wenham, MA 01984 with your check in US\$ drawn on a US bank or an International Postal Money Order for:

\$40 for bulk mailing if you live in the US
\$40 for online (go to www.duckworksbbbs.com)
\$56 for 1st Class mailing if you live in the US
\$60 for 1st Class mailing if you live in Canada
\$96 for 1st Class mailing if you live overseas

For a three month (three issues) trial subscription mail this form with your check in US\$ drawn on a US bank or an International Postal Money Order for:

\$10 for bulk mailing if you live in the US
\$15 for 1st Class mailing if you live in Canada
\$24 for 1st Class mailing if you live overseas

A 2,000-mile road trip transporting our four ton sailboat *Chinook* from Anacortes, Washington, to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, via the Interstate Highways, with an unplanned layover in Cle Elum, Washington. On paper it looked like a good idea. The sailboat Carol and I had just bought was in Anacortes, Washington, and we lived near Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Quotes for shipping it to Wisconsin were coming in at around \$4,000. Our four ton, 27' sailboat came with a dual axle trailer, so why not drive it back ourselves? We could buy a truck, pick the boat up, tow it back and then sell the truck. It sounded like a great idea and it would save us at least half the cost of shipping.

The boat manufacturer recommended a vehicle with a big engine. We had three weeks to find one so I dove into the want ads. After a week of searching, all I could come up with was a tired looking pickup used for hauling horses around the country. I was getting desperate until I finally found our tow vehicle only 12 miles from home. "Nothing too discreet for us. It was a bright yellow and orange Chevrolet Suburban with "BANANAS & ORANGES" in big letters painted on each side. "At least it doesn't say LEMONS," Carol quipped.

It had the big engine we needed (454ci), a factory installed towing package, oversized tires and a 12" riser kit (we almost needed a stepladder to get in). In short order we had the truck checked out mechanically and a Class III hitch installed. We were ready to roll.

It was early December and we knew we were pushing our luck with the weather. Our first stop would be in Montana to pick up the trailer. The couple who had sold us the boat lived on a cattle ranch high in the Rockies near the Continental Divide. We made a straight run to their place. When we arrived Buz and Pat invited us to stay for a day or two at their ranch. Although it was a tempting offer we declined, knowing that we needed as much time as possible for our drive back.

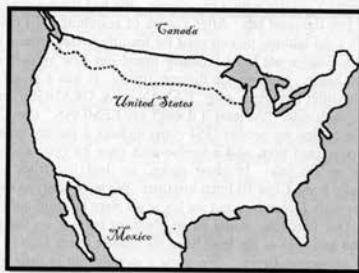
We left the next morning and took a shortcut through McDonald Pass. Here we got our first inkling of what was to come. Our only load was the trailer (which weighed one ton) and, as we worked our way to the top of the pass, I could feel our big engine straining. I gulped to think of another four tons of boat behind us.

That evening we reached Anacortes, Washington. The next day was hectic. We took the trailer to a machine shop to have the last piece of the hitch welded onto the trailer tongue. Then we had *Chinook*, our Nor'Sea 27, hauled, battened down for the road trip and loaded onto the trailer. We had chuckled at how big Bananas & Oranges had looked when we first bought her. Well, when we backed the Suburban up to the boat and trailer we could not believe how tiny she seemed compared to *Chinook*. The bowsprit towered over the rear of the Suburban.

This was it! I climbed into the driver's seat, told Carol that it couldn't be that much different from pulling any other trailer and started off. It didn't take long to realize that pulling five tons was going to be very different. We had 50 miles to get to the interstate. It began to rain, the highway was only two lanes and the traffic was thick. My hands were sweating and my mouth was dry as I tried to keep this big rig on my side of the road and out of the ditch.

I knew things would get better when I got to the interstate, but on this narrow two lane road I could not force myself to go faster than

Road Trip



Trailing *Chinook* from Anacortes to Milwaukee

Excerpted from
Sailing Across North America
By John Gignilliat

40mph. My foot just would not press down harder. I was scared stiff going 40mph. Traffic was backing up behind us because the speed limit was 55mph and it was with great relief that we eased onto the interstate. The road was wider and vehicles could get around us.

As we got closer to Seattle the traffic became more congested. Still, I was starting to feel more comfortable driving. I was in the far right lane of three, rain was still falling and we were traveling down a long incline cruising along at 50mph when disaster struck. I later heard it referred to as "sway." To me it was "SHEER TERROR!" The effect was that the boat was attempting to pass the truck, trying first to one side and then the other. *Chinook's* bow and the stern of Bananas & Oranges were sashaying down the interstate and were giving me the distinct feeling that they were about to do a pirouette. Luckily everyone got out of our way because it took two lanes to get the big rig under control.

I was visibly shaken and white as a sheet. There was no doubt in my mind that I had come within a hair's breadth of a major catastrophe. I have since talked to several other people who have experienced sway. It seems that both the wet road and going downhill contributed to the problem.

This brush with near catastrophe wiped out any pluck I had and destroyed my confidence. I slowed down to the minimum speed on the interstate. Nevertheless, we were soon out of the Seattle area and headed up the Cascade Mountains towards the dreaded Snoquaimie Pass. Other passes are higher but this was the one most cursed by truckers I had talked to. The climb is steep and long, the road rises from near sea level to 4,000' in less than 40 miles. I felt that once we got through the pass, things would have to get better. At least it was uphill and I would not have to contend with sway. Carol's biggest fear was getting halfway up the mountain, losing traction and having to back down. Not mine, I was still terrified of experiencing another bout of sway.

As we began creeping up the mountain, something else began creeping up, the needle on the temperature gauge. We were only going 10mph in our lowest gear and the engine was working hard. I had heard enough about engines overheating and self destructing to know that this was critical. My eyes were torn between watching the road and watching the inexorable climb of the temperature gauge. Halfway up the mountain it hit red so we pulled over to let her cool down. We waited for a half an hour and started off again.

Carol was counting down the miles to the pass as I watched the needle start its climb again. We were grunting along hoping we could make it over the pass without another stop. HALLELUJAH! We finally made it over! We had been on the road for only four hours but I was emotionally and physically exhausted. We decided to take the first exit on the way down, find a motel and get a fresh start in the morning. We swung into Cle Elum, Washington, a small mining town high in the Cascades. What a relief it was to get out of the driver's seat and into a hot shower. Things would get better tomorrow, I was sure.

The next morning we were up early and ready to roll. We looked out the window and were shocked to see 4" of fresh snow on the ground. We ate breakfast and debated whether to start. "Oh, what the heck!" I said. We had four wheel drive so I locked it in and headed up the long incline leading out of town and back to the interstate. Halfway up the hill Carol's worst fear came true. We lost all traction in the snow. There was no room to turn around so the only way out was to back down. Carol got out to direct traffic.

This was not fun. Every time I touched the brakes the whole rig would slide an extra 5'. The local police showed up and took over directing traffic as I continued trying to back down this snowy mountain road. The boat was starting to get too far to one side but straightening it out sent the truck heading for the ditch. Red lights were flashing and traffic was stopped from both directions. Nothing like an audience of delayed motorists to add to our composure. The final challenge was the narrow two lane bridge at the bottom of the hill. Somehow I managed to get the whole thing lined up, down the hill and through the bridge. Phew!

The police car led us into a small subdivision to get turned around. Here we got stuck on the flat ground. We could not go forwards or backwards, our tires just spun in place. We have since found out that the 17 1/2" Monster Mudder tires were no advantage for either towing or traction. The helpful police officer called a tow truck for us.

With half his teeth missing and an impish grin, our tow truck driver arrived. His vehicle was huge. He was used to pulling 18 wheelers out of the ditch, not sailboats. His shiny red tow truck, our yellow and orange Suburban and a 27' sailboat all hooked together made quite a sight, especially in a little mining town high in the mountains. We climbed in the front seat of his truck and as we started moving, he exclaimed, "TOOT, TOOT, here comes the train!" He towed us back to the motel and left the whole rig parked in back.

It was time to reevaluate our plan. We figured we would wait for the snow to stop and the roads to clear, then take off again. The only problem with this plan was that the snowstorm did not quit for another day and a half. We were running out of the time we had allotted for the trip and came to a painful decision. We would have to leave *Chinook* in Cle Elum for the winter and try again in the spring.

We got permission from the motel manager to leave the boat and trailer in the empty lot behind the motel. However, he recommended that we talk to the gas station owner who knew of some indoor storage. The fellow at the gas station sent us to the manager of the grocery store. With his help, we spent all day trying to squeeze our boat and trailer into an out of business Chevy dealership. It seemed we were just a little too tall and a

little too wide. However, on the Main Street side there was an arched display area covered on the top but open to the street. We were just able to squeeze in with our bow pulpit grazing the plaster. There *Chinook* sat, on display on Main Street, Cle Elum, Washington, until we returned in the spring.

We settled on a storage fee of \$28 a month, much less than I expected. Next, we stopped in at the police station, left our address and phone number and asked if they would let us know if there were any problems. We said goodbye to everyone who had helped us and headed out of town. We felt like we were abandoning a child. We had sold the house to buy *Chinook* and now we were leaving her alone high in the Cascade Mountains while we returned to the Midwest. But we would be back in the spring and I knew things would get better then.

Later, after the trip, as I casually flipped through our mail, one return address made my heart freeze. It was marked CHIEF OF POLICE, Cle Elum, Washington. In December, when we had left our boat in Cle Elum, our last words to the Chief of Police had been, "Let us know if anything goes wrong." With a feeling of dread, I tore open the envelope. It was just a friendly note and an attached copy of a log sheet. With amazement, I realized they had been checking our boat two or three times a day since we left. They had entered the day and times on the enclosed log sheet. That is what I call service! Maybe the box of homemade cookies we sent at Christmas time helped.

Later that week, we got a card from the grocery store manager. He said *Chinook* was doing fine but every time he walked by her she seemed to be whispering, "Noah, Noooooh." Well, we could hardly wait to answer her call and bring her back home.

During the winter months we signed up for the United States Power Squadron's public boating course. It was with special interest that Carol and I went to the lesson on trailering. The class was excellent but we were a little sobered by the discussion of freezing brakes, jackknifing rigs and runaway trailers. Especially worrisome was our instructor's loathing of surge brakes. Of the three types of trailer brakes available, surge brakes were the least recommended. With surge brakes, when we brake with the tow vehicle, the trailer "surges" forward and engages the brakes on the trailer. Unfortunately our trailer was equipped with surge brakes.

Despite our concerns, we still had a boat to transport. We set our departure date for the first week in May and started our preparations. We took the Suburban out of winter storage and had it tuned up. I also had the radiator flushed, hoping this would alleviate the problem of overheating. I talked to as many people as I could about avoiding another episode of sway. I called the boat manufacturer and got their advice and I talked to the shop that installed the hitch. I learned that the chances of sway could be minimized by increasing the tongue weight, by the use of anti sway bars and by having a load lever type hitch. Our hitch was the load lever type with anti sway bars. However, the most repeated and important suggestion was to slow down, especially going downhill.

We had done our homework, prepared our vehicle and were ready to go. May was upon us and we left on a Saturday morning. We made the run to the Cascade Mountains in

a day and a half, arriving in Cle Elum Sunday afternoon. We stopped at a gas station on the edge of town and, after filling up, the attendant surprised me by saying, "Back to pick up your boat?" Maybe Bananas & Oranges was the giveaway.

It took us several hours to get the boat ready. We removed the cover and washed her down. Then I hooked up the hitch and squeezed *Chinook* out of her winter storage. All winter *Chinook* had been on view through the large windows of the local coffee shop across the street. It was hard to imagine all the queries and comments all winter long concerning an oceangoing sailboat on display on Main Street, Cle Elum, a mining town high in the Cascade Mountains. We thanked the police for their diligence and were ready to go. We had been thinking about this moment all winter and we both had the jitters.

I eased into gear and tentatively got up to speed in town. So far, so good. We waved goodbye to Cle Elum and chugged up the ramp leading out of town and back to the interstate. Only a few miles up the road was a rest stop and we planned to stop there and check everything out. But as soon as I got up to 40mph the Suburban and boat began hobby horsing down the highway. I had moved some heavier items towards the bow as a preventive against sway. Could this be causing the terrible hobby horsing? Every little way forward we shot into the air then plummeted back down. This was the interstate connecting Seattle and Spokane and there was just too much traffic to drive below 45mph. We gritted our teeth and continued on, bouncing and lurching down the road.

When we finally made it to the rest area, Carol said that I looked sick. I felt physically ill. After spending so much time, money, vacation, preparation and pride, I was ready to give it up. I dejectedly walked over to the restroom and threw some cold water on my face. I could not imagine another five days of jerking down the road. If there had been some way to turn around, I would have headed back to Cle Elum and called the nearest boat hauling company.

I suggested we spend the night in the rest area and get a fresh start in the morning. It was only 1pm in the afternoon and a gray, drizzly day. After a while Carol said, "Let's try again. Maybe it will get better." I agreed and we eased back onto the freeway and I got up to our cruising speed of 45mph. Lo and behold, no hobby horsing! We must have hit an exceptionally bad section of road that had turned to washboard during the winter. Our spirits rose and again we felt like we might actually make it back to Wisconsin.

During the rest of the afternoon we hoped to make the final 200 miles to Spokane. We slowly wound our way out of the Cascades. The drizzle had stopped and the sun came out. Now we had a relatively flat stretch of road until we reached the beginning of the Rockies. However, there was one slight glitch, the Columbia River Gorge. Across the plains of Washington the massive Columbia River had cut deep into the land as it approached the sea. For us it meant a quick drop down to the river, followed by a steep climb back out again. As we began the descent I cautiously kept Bananas & Oranges in low gear, going slow and hoping to avoid sway. Also, I knew I had to watch the surge brakes on the trailer so they did not overheat. They would engage anytime I braked to slow. Thankfully we made it down without incident.

We motored across the huge bridge spanning the river and started back up again. Now I was concerned about the engine overheating and hoped that having flushed her radiator would help. We stayed in low gear climbing up the steep grade out of the gorge. The engine temperature also started to climb. At the top was a scenic pullout where we could stop and cool down. We made it to the viewpoint with the temperature gauge almost off the scale.

I left the engine running to keep the fan going. When I opened the hood, the radiator was making a shrill "EEEEEEEEEEEEEE!" while the rest of the cooling system chimed in with "EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEOOOOOOO!" and from somewhere underneath I heard a distinct "Phhhhhht." I thought the whole thing was going to blow. Carol and I stood back and waited for the meltdown but it never came and the engine finally cooled off. I vowed never to push that hard again.

We had only two more hours to go before our stop for the night. It was all flat easy driving so we could relax. At least that's what I thought until up ahead I read a sign that warned, "LOW CLEARANCE AHEAD." Any vehicle higher than 13'8" could not travel on the interstate and had to take an alternate route. When we had tried to squeeze into our winter storage we had measured the archway at 13'3" The bow pulpit had just grazed the archway plaster. By the time I figured out we had 5" to spare we had passed the exit. I just hoped my memory was right and our tires were not overinflated. We both had visions of sticking our bowsprit into an overpass and ripping *Chinook* off the trailer, leaving her hard aground on I-90.

Our first bridge was higher than 14', but at 45mph it looked as if we were going to smash into it. Seeing all the broken and patched cement on the bottom of the bridge where other trucks had hit did not add to our confidence. I sure hoped that the State of Washington DOT had done their measuring accurately. Sixty miles and five bridges later we finally made it through this area and pulled into a rest stop outside of Spokane. We had taken the back seats out of the Suburban and put a twin mattress in their place. To save money and to avoid having to negotiate parking off the interstate, we planned to sleep in the rest areas as much as possible.

After we parked our rig, a retired couple pulling a large travel trailer invited us over for a cup of coffee. They both enjoyed fishing and had pulled large boats around the country. When I mentioned our problem of overheating the man turned to his wife and said, "Honey, remember our experience of overheating coming through the mountains of California?" By the way she rolled her eyes, I think she remembered. He proceeded to tell us how he had used a coffee can to help cool the engine. They were pulling a large powerboat and their truck's motor was running hot as they climbed the mountains.

He opened the hood, inserted the coffee can and tied the hood back down. The can kept the hood ajar allowing cool air to flow around the engine. It worked well, he said, until the string broke and the hood flew up. Thinking quickly, he stuck his head out the window to continue steering while his wife looked out the other window to find a spot to pull over. As we thanked them for the java and headed back to the Suburban, I made a mental note not to use the coffee can method to cool our engine.

We tucked into Bananas & Oranges to get a good night's sleep. Tomorrow would be our biggest challenge yet. We were poised on the Washington Idaho border and the panhandle of Idaho, a depressed mining area that had the worst section of interstate for the entire trip. We knew that because this would be our fourth time crossing this area. The other three times had been without the boat and trailer. There was a 25-mile stretch towards the top of the pass where the freeway was not completed, two lanes with construction.

We pulled out in the morning and headed for Idaho. Shortly after we hit the construction zone the road began to get rough. Soon the highway was down to two lanes with those big cement dividers on the left and black pipes marking the right edge. Our steering was a little sloppy so it took all my concentration to thread the needle. We were starting to climb. I couldn't take my eyes off the road long enough to look at the temperature gauge.

This was fine because if the engine overheated there was no place to pull off. I was sure things would get better as soon as we got through this section. At least that is what I thought until I saw a sign ahead. With a nervous, unbelieving laugh, I read out loud, "ROAD NARROWS, DANGEROUS CURVES AHEAD." "How can it get any narrower?!" Carol exclaimed.

It was the most nerve wracking stretch of driving I have ever done, mountain road, two lanes, dangerous curves, heavy traffic, road construction and a 7% grade, all while pulling a four ton boat. I constantly kept glancing in our two big side mirrors to help track the boat and trailer on the road. At least it kept my mind off the engine overheating.

What a relief it was when we finally made it to the top of the pass. I had found that the engine cooled faster if I kept driving down the mountain, rather than stopping, so on we went. We had Buddy Bearings on the trailer wheels and I had been pumping them full of grease every chance I had. Our friend at the last rest area had warned us about overgreasing the bearings with surge brakes. If there is too much grease, the heat from the surge brakes can start the grease on fire. He had described his experience of driving down the mountains with flames shooting out from his trailer wheels, never a dull moment.

I could hardly wait until we got out of the mountains onto the plains. However, we still had Homestead Pass and the Continental Divide to negotiate. At least the Montana Interstate was completed and I would have two lanes with pullovers. That would be better, I was sure.

We spent the night at a rest area and were up at dawn and ready to roll. The sky looked threatening behind us to the west. Since we had left Cle Elum, we seemed to be staying one step ahead of the weather but this looked extremely ominous. As we got rolling it seemed like the only clear sky was dead ahead. Out the back window and to either side were big, black, boiling storm clouds that looked like they meant business. We definitely did not want to get caught in another snowstorm. We had no desire to go through an experience like last winter.

As we kept driving, we seemed to pull ahead of the disturbance. We later learned that we had been just one step ahead of terrible spring storm that had paralyzed the Rockies. I was thankful we had not laid over the first day out of Cle Elum as I had suggested. If we had, we would have been caught in the

midst of this storm. I was also thankful that by the next evening we would be through the rest of the mountains.

We began our slow climb across the Rockies towards the Continental Divide and Homestead Pass. We took it slow and pulled over any time the engine started to overheat. When we made it to the pass we stopped at a large rest area to relax and let the engine cool. There was a huge Department of Transportation sign in the pull off describing the dangers of failing brakes and runaway trucks on the descent. It listed the number of fatalities in recent years. The sign also showed the locations of various truck turnouts, short dirt side roads that looked like launching ramps that we were supposed to drive up if our brakes failed. Very cautiously, we began our descent.

During the winter, I had seen another Nor'Sea 27 for sale in the back of a sailing magazine. It was at a greatly reduced price so, out of curiosity, I called. The owner related a sad story. He had bought his boat unfinished and spent the next three years completing it. When trailering the boat to the launch site he had rounded a curve too fast. The boat had rolled off the trailer, cracking the hull and shattering the fiberglass. It was a near total loss. It was with this thought in mind that I began negotiating the tortuous road down from Homestead Pass. I kept the truck in low gear and occasionally pumped the brakes. I had no desire to test a runaway truck ramp.

We made it down the mountains and into the foothills with no incident, pulling into the first rest area for a well deserved break. We always walked around the rig to check everything whenever we stopped. As I was getting out of the truck, I heard Carol shout, "Hey, come take a look at this!" I hurried back to the hitch where she was standing. The stern of Bananas & Oranges and the bow of *Chinook* were covered with a sticky yellow substance. With horror, I realized that it was our surge brake fluid. The last piece of our hitch that had been welded in place in Anacortes had broken loose. When we came to a stop in the rest area, the piece had slid forward and sliced our brake line in two. I whispered a prayer of thanks that this had not happened in the mountains.

We looked at the map to find the next town where we could get it repaired. Montana, over 700 miles east to west, is one of the most barren, sparsely populated states in the continental US. Luck was with us as the town of Hardin was only 20 miles up the road. We would have to drive very carefully, as the brakes on Bananas & Oranges would be the only thing stopping the five tons hitched to the back of the Suburban. We worked our way towards the town of Hardin and hopefully to a service station that could make repairs. I was glad we had credit cards because I knew we would be at their mercy for the charges.

We cautiously took the ramp into town and located the lone gas station. The young fellow on duty was just getting ready to leave for lunch but, when he heard of our plight, he dove into the job. Two hours later he had replaced the cut line, installed a new fitting, through drilled a bolt to stop the problem from recurring, added brake fluid and then bled the line. I gulped in disbelief when he handed me the bill. It came to the grand total of \$42.50. I guess this town does not get too many ocean cruising sailboats passing through.

One woman standing nearby could not control her curiosity and asked, "Your boat says Anacortes, Washington, your trailer is licensed in Montana and your truck plates are from Wis-

consin. Just exactly where are you from?"

"Wisconsin," I said with the confidence that we might actually make it there!

After profusely thanking the mechanic, we pulled out of Hayden and headed down through Wyoming and across South Dakota. There were not any mountains but still we had plenty of up and down. I have never shifted an automatic transmission through the gears so much. We were ever alert for any signs of the engine overheating. I had expected the terrain to flatten out but even the western part of South Dakota still had the Black Hills.

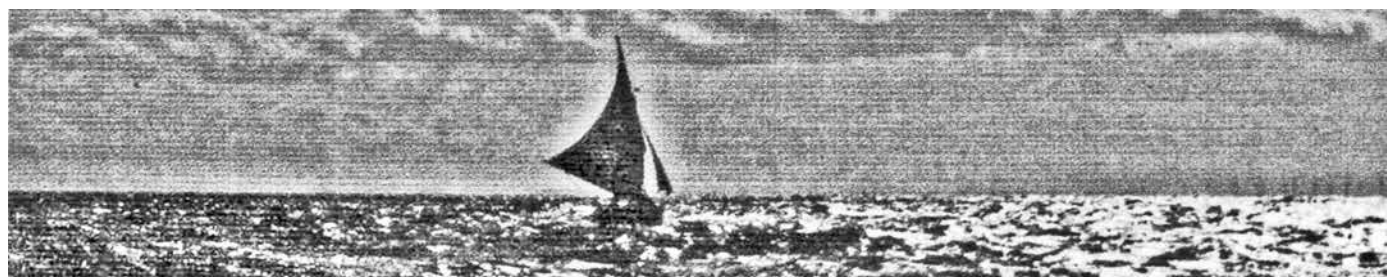
We were eating up the miles, gas station to gas station. In the mountains we had been getting 5mpg but now that we were on the open road we were up to 6mpg. We had a 40gal gas tank plus two 6gal jerry cans. This would get us more than 200 miles before we had to find another station. Every time I opened up my wallet for gas, I reminded myself how much money we were supposed to be saving on the shipping.

At least I didn't have the gas station disaster that Buz, the previous owner of *Chinook*, related to us. He and his wife and two sons picked the boat up at the factory in Southern California. They stopped for gas, checked everything out and were on their way. After two hours of driving they were glad to be out of the heavy California traffic and on their way back to Montana when a California Highway Patrol car pulled them over. In the confusion at the gas station, nobody had paid for the gas. The State Trooper said he was not allowed to take the money but that they were required to drive back to the gas station and make restitution.

We made it across South Dakota to the edge of Minnesota with no incident and decided to splurge on a night in a motel. We found one just off the interstate with enough room to park our rig. We were up early the next morning refreshed, relaxed and ready to go. We hoped this would be our last day on the road but it was not to be an easy one. Minnesota was in the grips of an unseasonable heat wave. As the temperature soared our engine began overheating at the slightest incline. We tried stopping to let the engine cool down but, as soon as we started up again, the temperature would skyrocket.

I finally tried an old trick someone had taught me. I turned the heater on full blast to help dissipate the engine heat. This did the trick. The only problem was that the inside of the Suburban turned into an oven! Rolling down the windows helped but then we had to contend with the road noise. Our Monster Mudder tires raised a huge racket. Also, since we were going 20mph slower than the flow of traffic, there was a constant roar of trucks and cars passing us. The trucks were especially worrisome, not only because of the noise but also because they created a suction as they flew by, causing me to fight the wheel. It was exhausting and unnerving and I counted the minutes and miles to every rest stop.

We finally crossed over the Mississippi River into Wisconsin. Home at last. Unfortunately it was Friday afternoon and the weekend traffic was fast and thick. After seeing one car every couple of hours in Montana and South Dakota, the traffic was nervewracking. But all things come to an end and, with great relief, we saw the green exit sign to our home town of Delafield. It took one shot to back into my parents' driveway. Carol and I looked at each other, shook hands and both happily exclaimed, "We made it!"



**CHESAPEAKE
LIGHT CRAFT**

Build your own from a kit



Jimmy Skiff II: 13'2" x 52", 525 lb max capacity

KITS & PLANS FOR KAYAKS • CANOES • SUPs • ROWING CRAFT • DINGHIES • SAILBOATS • RVs

100 AWARD-WINNING DESIGNS | EPOXY, MARINE PLYWOOD, TIMBER, AND MORE | BOATBUILDING CLASSES SINCE 1994

CALL 410-267-0137 OR VISIT CLCBOATS.COM FOR A FREE CATALOG AND MUCH MORE!

SCHOOLBOY EPIC SUPREME

Lt. Colonel Leigh R. Gignilliat

After a successful conclusion of the Naval School Summer Camp in 1912, the sailboats and man-of-war cutters were stored as usual in the boathouse for the winter. In September the winter school cadets returned to the Academy, boasting of their holiday adventures. Among them were a number of Naval School cadets who shared stories of their summer adventures on Lake Maxinkuckee.

The following March after a long and severe winter, there were thaws, and the vernal equinox brought much rain. On one occasion it rained steadily for several days and several nights. The lake, only recently ice-free, was filled to the brim. The lawn and parade grounds were veritable lakes in themselves, and innumerable tiny rivulets were slithering down the water-soaked trunks of the still leafless oaks and elms.

The storm broke in all its fury the night Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink came to Culver to sing to the cadets. While outside the rain poured and there were flashes of lightning and great rolls of thunder, she sang to them, and in competition with the elements, enthralled them with her glorious voice and marvelous personality.



Madame Ernestine Schumann Heink

After the concert some of us went to the home of Mr. Edwin R. Culver, President of the Board of Trustees and host that evening to Madame Schumann-Heink. Outside, the rain still came down in sheets; and there was wind and lightning. But inside by the big log fire in Mr. Culver's living room, it was very warm and cozy. Entertained by Schumann Heink's stories of her early life and struggles and under the spell of her infectious laughter and richly accented conversation, we forgot the rain. She was telling us, as I recall it, how as a little girl when her family was very poor, she had sung in payment for a pail of milk which she did not have the money to buy.

As we listened to her story, Mr. Culver's house boy summoned me to the telephone to receive a long-distance telephone call. It was the Mayor of Logansport. The town of Logansport was in dire distress. It was situated some thirty miles to the south of us at the confluence of the Eel and Wabash Rivers, and a large portion of the city was under water, flooded. Those who were in the low-lying parts of the city were in very real danger. There were children and old people suffering from exposure.

The Mayor wanted to borrow a trainload of our United States Navy cutters for this emergency. "Have you anyone who can handle them?" I

inquired."

"I don't know," he replied.

"Well," I said, "they are not rowboats, you know. They are big and heavy and require trained crew to manage them safely in swift currents. Maybe we can send you men as well as boats. I will call you back presently."

I returned to the fireside, apologized to Schumann-Heink, and asked E.R. Culver to come to his study. When I told him of Logansport distress, he said to me, "Do what you think best." As Ed and I talked together, neither of us appreciated at the moment the hazards of the undertaking. Perhaps we were both still under the spell of Schumann Hienk's voice and the recital of her brave life. I do not know. But it was decided that we would send four man-of-war cutters and four trained cadet crews to man them. I called the Mayor of Logansport back on the phone and told him our plans. He had the Pennsylvania Railroad send up a special train on the tracks of the Vandalia Line, with flat cars for our boats and a caboose for our crews.

It was after midnight when I turned out our campus crews to load the cutters on the flat cars which the Mayor of Logansport had sent up. I placed the supervision of this job in the capable hands of Captain Rossow, Captain Noble, and Captain Bays. Then I went back to my office to pick, in collaboration with Major Greiner, the Commandant of Cadets, four crews to man the cutters in the flood.

Since the boys who had been midshipmen in the summer schools were not quite sufficient in numbers to man the oars, I supplemented them with some brawn and muscle from the current football team.

You can't have a stir like that in a school without having boys wake up who are not being called or needed. Adventure was in the air that night, and danger. They both stir youth to action. There were many volunteers clamoring to man the oars, all of them eager to serve.

I was not abrupt with these surplus volunteers. I think that even in that absorbing moment I took the time to tell them that discretion was the better part of valor. Yet, despite my explanations and my firm refusals, I did acquire one small volunteer whom I had rejected but who went along anyhow as a stowaway. When we returned, I did not have the heart to punish him. His name was Elliott White Springs. Later he became one of America's greatest aces in the Great War, shooting down over a dozen German aircraft.

Elliott was the only self-appointed member of the expedition. The others were hand-picked. In the light of a bonfire and by the main strength and will of the cadets, augmented by the loyal manpower of school employees, we got the heavy cutters aboard the flatcars. Loaded with boats and cadets, the train pulled out. It crept slowly southward over bridges and culverts that the engineer and fireman fervently hoped would carry the trains weight and withstand the flood's pressure until we were safely across. In the caboose, unaware of the engineer's anxiety, we laughed and talked in the high excitement of the adventure that had taken us out of our warm beds into the drenched blackness of a cold and windy March night.

Just as dawn was breaking, the train crawled into a siding at Logansport. The flood waters were just about level with the floor of the flatcars, so it was a much easier task to unload the heavy cutters than it had been to load them. They were readily skidded off into the water and held alongside the flatcars as at a dock, while the cadets, previously assigned to their boats and thwarts, clambered aboard with their oars.

At the tiller of each boat there was an officer of the school. I took command of the first boat and directed the others to shove off and follow me in column as we rowed towards that portion close to the banks of the two rivers where citizens were in the greatest danger and need.

At first, we progressed nicely in a column of cutters, but as we came nearer to the river, the boat that I commanded was caught in a whirlpool at a street crossing and spun around like a top. Before I could give the order to pull us out of the whirlpool, two of the heavy oars were snapped like a toothpick against a telegraph pole. Fortunately, we had brought along spares.

As soon as we gained the quieter waters in the middle of the next block, I had the other boats pull up within hearing distance. I explained that it was evidently no longer possible to maintain formation, that each boat should proceed on its own, taking off first marooned citizens nearest the river, that refugees should be taken to a certain spot on high ground where soup and coffee kitchens had been set up by a relief committee, and, finally, that we would all rendezvous at that point at noon for further instructions. Each officer was armed with a pistol,

and the instructions were that if any boat got in trouble, three shots should be fired and the nearest boat would go to the rescue.

Shortly thereafter, my own boat separated from the others and we effected our first rescue of two men on the roof of a one-story cottage. The roof, which was steeply pitched, was only about half out of the water. The men had been clinging to the ridge pole all night in cold and rain and wind. They were near collapse. One of them, overcome with fatigue and exposure, cried hysterically. The other told me there had been three of them, but that one and slipped off and been drowned.

Two women, one sixty years old, were found in



Elliott White Springs - credited with shooting down 16 enemy aircraft



the attic of a one-story house. They had been lying on the rafters for forty-eight hours without food, light, or water. We could not see them, but could hear their calls for help. Because the water was over the doors and windows, the cadets tore a hole in the roof to remove the flood victims.

Although the cutters were broad-beamed and roomy, we were afraid to overload them in the swift currents. We could accommodate eight or ten people in the stern, and as many more in the bow, while the children sat on the thwarts between the rowers.

On one trip, I was forced to load the boat a little more than I thought was prudent. At the last house we rowed up to, there were five children and the excited mother refused to leave any behind for the next trip. The current was swift in that particular section and as we tried to negotiate a street corner, our cutter was swept under a slanting guy wire of a telephone pole. The current jammed the side of the boat against the slanting wire and tipped the boat dangerously to one side.

With disciplined cool-headedness in the face of the excited cries of the women and children in the boat, the cadets in my crew kept their eyes on me, responding instantly to my shouted commands, not letting their attention be distracted by panic among the passengers or the predicament that threatened to capsize us. Nearly pulling their young arms out of their sockets, and with the help of the boy in the bow with the boat hook, who, without orders from me, did just the right thing on his own initiative, they extracted us from the guy wire.



One of the calmest and most cheerful of those rescued was a woman with a one-day-old baby. In another case, a woman passed out a bundle, saying, "Please be careful with my baby." The bundle shortly thereafter disgorged a pet poodle. A marooned children's party, fifteen of them, were found in one house. The mother who was looking after them had gone across the street and did not get back before the water rose too high. The work proceeded swiftly.

By dark Wednesday evening more than 800 persons had been safely conveyed to dry land. One helpless old man in the arms of his cadet rescuer said, "I am not afraid for you to carry me down the ladder, comrade. This is the third time that I have been carried by a soldier – twice when wounded in the Civil War."

Jugs of hot coffee were carried in each boat, and used mostly internally, but occasionally as a hot-water bottle for those who were cold and shivering. A family at the landing place at the corner of Sakit and Linden Avenues kept the cadets supplied with hot coffee and sandwiches.

I shall never cease to marvel at the strength and endurance of these teenage boys, who labored at the oars for two days with scant time out for food or rest. Something else I shall not forget was their tenderness with the old and the sick and the young. Maybe it was a woman with a baby, maybe a bed-ridden old woman with the stoicism of age, maybe a shivering and frightened child. All were helped into the boat with the solicitude that these boys might have shown their own mother or grandmothers or little sister.

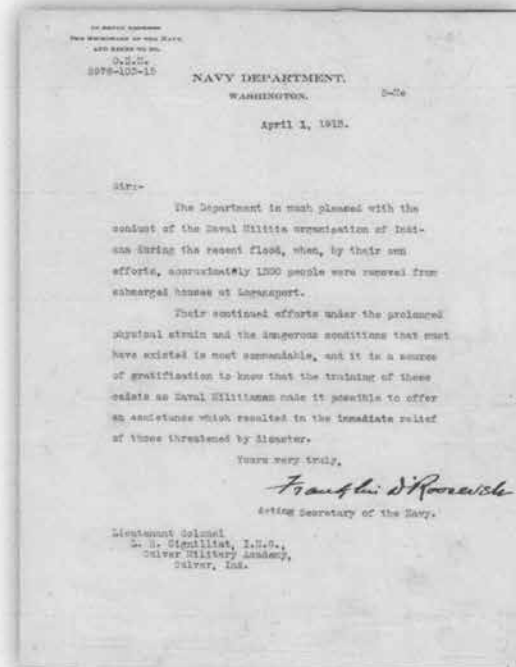
They took refugees from houses that the Department of Health had placarded with quarantine signs. The touched contagion and bore it in their arms unafraid. Yet no cadet became ill from the exposure to disease or cold or wet. All returned tired, but safe and well, to Culver. It was estimated that they rescued some 1,300 suffering and endangered men, women, and children of Logansport.

Each of the four boats had its own stirring adventures in the raging flood. Each had more than one close call, but in no case was it necessary for the officer in charge to fire the distress signal with his pistol.

When, at the end of the second day, the waters subsided and the job was done in Logansport, I must confess that I was unutterably tired and weary. But not so with the cadets. As their train pulled out of the city, they gave fifteen rousing "rahs" for Logansport and all the way back they sang and joked.

When we returned to Culver, I sent a telegram to Commander C. M. Stone in the Office of the Naval Militia in Washington, D.C., reporting the work of the Culver cadets during the flood. Several days later I received letters praising the magnificent work of the cadets. Among the letters was one from the Mayor of Logansport,

another from Thomas Marshal, Vice President of the United States. There was also a letter from the young and then relatively-unknown Secretary of the Navy, Franklin D. Roosevelt.



The large and impressive Logansport Gate of red brick and Indiana limestone which now stands at the entrance to the Academy was presented to the school by the citizens of Logansport in appreciation of services rendered them by the cadets.

Rugged. Beautiful.



Combined with WEST SYSTEM 105 Epoxy Resin®, blush-free **207 Special Clear Hardener™** gives the discerning builder excellent wet-out, ideal cure times, superior strength and an unsurpassed water-clear finish.



WEST SYSTEM®

866-937-8797
www.westsystem.com

The Hudson River Cruise and Lake George Saga

By Dave Arundel

Photos by Henry H. Smith

Our boat club members can be proud that ten of its members participated and, in many ways, led the charge in the "Hudson Extreme" River Cruise in late September. Todd Warner and Dana Bruzek hauled out Todd's 1964 Gage Hacker. Jeff and Nancy Stebbins brought their 1928 Hacker 24' triple cockpit "Sadie" and Bob "The Old Tipster" Johnson and Beth Kessler brought along the unusual 1931 27' Meteor triple cockpit "Goldie." They were joined by chapter members Mike and Sue Favilla and my wife Shari and myself.

Twenty boats gathered at the Washington Irving Boat Club in historic Tarrytown, New York, about 20 miles north of Manhattan along the Hudson River. It will be impossible to even begin to recap the vast number of memorable experiences we had; I'll have to stick to the highlights. Be forewarned.... if you really want to fall in love with "messing around with old boats" ... these types of trips are addicting! The cruise was a one-day circle down the Hudson and around Manhattan Island, followed by three days of cruising up the very historic portion of the Hudson that flows to New York City from Stillwater, New York.

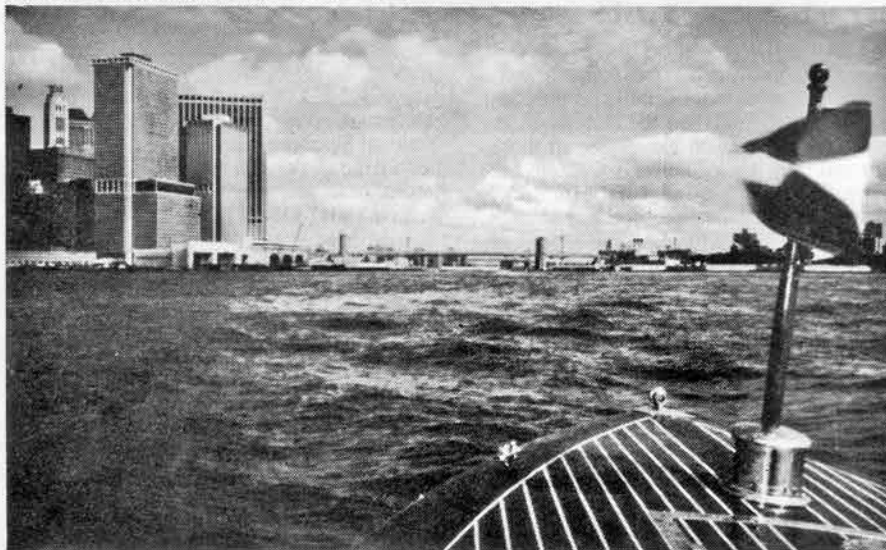
Other boats present included a number of 30', 1930's vintage Hacker triple cockpits. The stunning 1930's 35' Hutchinson commuter of Mike and Ann Matheson, a recently restored 28' Sea Lion triple cockpit from California, "Black Arrow," had the most enthusiastic crew with matching embroidered clothing and assorted politically incorrect Indian gag items to promote the Black Arrow theme. There was a Dart, a number of antique Chris Craft triples and the mighty "Red Arrow," a replica of a 1930's vintage of a Garwood triple complete with spotless and mighty Liberty V-12 engine.... this is a serious boat ... costing a reported quarter of a million dollars. There were a total of about 100 people on 20 boats although, due to attrition, we lost two boats. As far as I know, no passengers were lost.

If you love water and boating, you will never forget the motoring down the Hudson, past numerous piers, including one housing the esteemed Queen Elizabeth 2, and spotting the Statue of Liberty in the background. The Hudson has quite a tide and is salty at this point on the west side of Manhattan. This was quite a challenge for boats and skippers. It was one magnificent sight after another; Harlem, the piers, the aircraft carrier *Intrepid*, the Empire State Building, the Chrysler Building, and finally the magnificently restored Ellis Island, where millions of immigrants were processed in the late 1800's and early 1900's.

And then - the "Lady" - also magnificently restored. We all met a couple of hundred yards offshore of the embankment that surrounds the Statue of Liberty. Suddenly the sun came out and visually it was almost too much. The Statue, the incomparable Manhattan skyline and about 15 gorgeous wooden works of art bobbing around in respect We lingered for about a half hour and then continued up the East River, along the East Side of

25 Years Ago
in **MAIB**

Salt water boating off the tip of Manhattan.



Battling the tide in Hell Gate on the East River.

Looking over a 1928 commuter from Florida



Manhattan. The Brooklyn Bridge, the United Nations and, about every 100 feet, some sort of hull-threatening debris in the water. In "Sadie" Captain Stebbins managed to avoid all but one log coming down the west side. The largest object we avoided was a half submerged wood pallet!

You must believe me when I tell you this was some hairy boating. Twenty-four to thirty foot wood boats are barely sufficient to tackle the tides, waves and whirlpools of these rivers. At one point, Captain Stebbins had the throttle at 1500 RPM, the motor was working hard and the water was rushing by us, but as we looked at the shore, we were going nowhere! It gave us all some mean vertigo. It took 1500 RPM just to stay stationary in the oncoming tide! Left into the Harlem River and back to the Hudson, on up to Tarrytown, weary, wet and exhilarated. Sixty-five miles of amazing boating!

The next day it was north to Kingston, New York. The river widened and became less industrial. Along the way, we passed Sing Sing prison, Hyde Park and West Point. Lunch was provided in the morning and eaten while under way. Some confused the term "bag" lunch with "bad" lunch, but no one went hungry. We docked for the evening at the Hudson River Maritime Museum. For most of us, it was on to the incomparable Reinbeck Aerodrome, in itself worthy of a long article. They have a fabulous collection of pre-1930 aircraft which perform in their famous air show every Saturday and Sunday in the summer. We were treated to a tremendous tour of the entire facility and Jeff "Ace" Stebbins and I were first in line for a quick hop in a 1929 biplane. Stebbins was trying to cajole the pilot into some aerial maneuvers. I was glad I had seen a sign on the pilot's dashboard that read "NO INTENTIONAL SPINS."

That night, it was dinner at the Maritime Museum which featured a 1920's vintage 38' "A" class ice boat. The Hudson in that area was home to some of the wildest ice boating ever in this country: This particular craft had been timed at over 100 MPH! It should be noted here that one of the ring leaders of our off-water activities was...who else...."The Old Tipster," Bob Johnson. The southerners on our trip are famous for their nicknames and Bob's nick name "Tipster" was shortened to "Tippy" by his good friend Les Rue from Georgia. At the Maritime Museum "Tippy" became a little bored with the goings-on, and the next thing we knew he was using his napkin to fashion a Red Riding Hood-like bonnet for himself. The Minnesota contingent sitting together, one by one, created unique hats of their napkins, adding other props as necessary. Songs were added, as scene was made, and many of our traveling companions were delighted, while others, I think, were terrified. Great fellowship!

The following day was more broad river, passing a number of gorgeous turn of the century lighthouses built right in the river on piles of rocks. We also passed the Erie Canal dumping into the Hudson and headed on to Troy, New York, passing Albany along the way. Each day we covered about 60 miles. Everyone went at their own pace, there were skipper's meetings, maps and advice offered. This is a tremendous way to get more comfortable handling your wood boat. We tied up for the night in downtown Troy and had a fine meal at the Castaway Restaurant. The next morning we

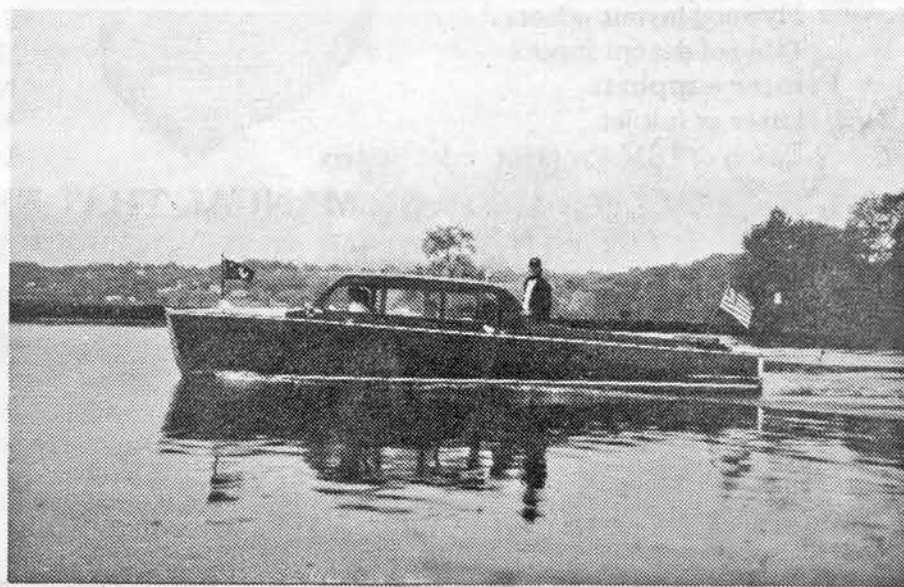


Bo Mueller's Hutchinson Express Cruiser enjoying more tranquil waters.



Loading up the lock at Troy with mahogany.

A closer look at the Mueller's Hutchinson.



got underway early and got through five locks on the New York State Canal system. Again, this was a confidence builder. We locked through together, 18 woodies tied up on the locks. What a sight! The locks were all different and rather charming in their own way.

We reached our destination of Stillwater, New York and then the fun began...hauling out. This was a spectator sport at its finest. One by one the rigs were backed into the water to extricate their precious cargo. Lake George sent a team down to high pressure spray all hulls for milfoil. Once you see Lake George, you understand their concern and the effort they put into keeping their lake pristine. Onto the trailers and about one hour drive to Lake George.

It should be noted here that "Tippy" Johnson was constantly challenging all comers to high speed races. Many have felt that the stated displacement of his Scripps engine is a disguise for a full-blown, supercharged, triple hemi, 590 cubic inch monster that lurks in his engine compartment. Tippy's usual approach is to sneak up on his opponent and then slowly turn his cap, bill to the rear. This is the signal that he is ready to race. I have been in his craft during one of these races, and the only words I heard from his lips were shrill cries of POWER, POWER, POWER! As far as the records show, he was undefeated during the

course of our time in New York. Tippy is what you would call "sneaky fast." What a driver...what a boat.

The next four days were spent at Lake George. There simply can be no finer body of water in this country. It is the stuff that legends are made of and, as many of you know, it is the setting of James Fennimore Cooper's *Last of the Mohicans*. At the north end of the lake is Fort Ticonderoga. At the south end is Fort William Henry, immortalized in Cooper's novel. This lake is 40 miles long, 5 miles wide and absolutely crystal clear, with the clarity of Lake Superior. It is surrounded by the Adirondack Mountains, whose trees were changing colors during our visit!

Days at Lake George were spent boating and hanging around the grounds of the Sagamore, the lake's vintage masterpiece hotel. At the docks were countless amazing boats, many of which were tied up waiting to take you on a variety of scenic lake tours. The southern half of the lake is developed and features gorgeous homes and cabins, each of which sports a charming, permanent, on-the-water boathouse. About every fifth boathouse you find a gorgeous wood runabout or cruiser. This is the most serious wood boat lake in the world. After all, this is where the Antique and Classic Boat Society started 20 years ago. The northern half of the lake is undeveloped and

protected. It's like boating in our own boundary waters. There are 1000 islands in the lake which are used for picnics and camping.

There were a variety of special events planned for us, this was the 20th National Meeting of the Antique and Classic Boat Society. The Denny Newells from our chapter joined us for the Lake George portion of the trip and were among the best dressed couples at the annual banquet. Our own chapter president, Todd Warner, played his usual prominent role in the business meetings.

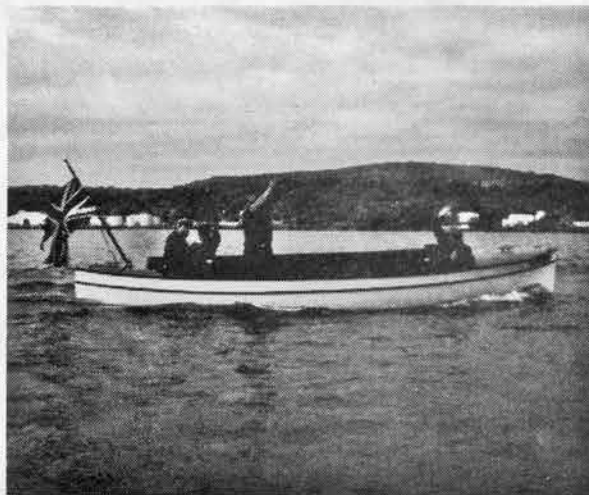
It was an amazing occasion for friendship, culture, history and hours and hours of cruising along in the flagships of days gone by. All who attended will never forget these magical days. Don't wait forever to chase a few dreams in your lives. Life is a series of experiences and adventures. We have more control over these experiences than we may think. I am reminded of a story about Albert Einstein when he was a professor at Princeton. He was accused of not spending enough time in his office and of spending too much time in his beloved sailboat in the harbor. His curt reply was, "I do my best thinking in my sailboat." I do some of my best thinking in our old boats, won't you join us on our next adventure?

Reprinted with permission from *Dry Wrought*, newsletter of the Minnesota Chapter ACBS.



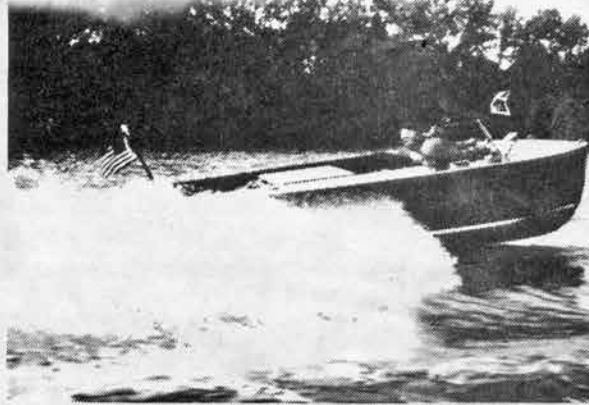
Lyn & Chuck Schwager's 1927 33' Gar Wood is powered by a Liberty aircraft engine.

Ann & Mike Mattheson's stunning 1930's 35' Hutchinson Express Cruiser.



David Burns' classic double ended launch.

A 17' Chris Craft Deluxe Utility getting on the gas.



Salty Dogs At The Marina



© 2021 David Sherri

"Free photo 100832825 © Publicdomainphotos - Dreamstime.com"

Here is a little song and related story for the magazine. Been enjoying *MAIB* for many years and it's about time to contribute. Over the years I have had many magazine subscriptions and *MAIB* has stood the test of time. It's the only one I get now. It is a pleasure to share my waterborne songs with the readers of *Messing About in Boats*.

Sherri and I have had our personal boating adventures since the '80s in canoes, sail/power boats and hovercraft. However, many of the stories in this magazine have also contributed, in one way or another, to my nautical fantasies. Your travelogs, messabouts and build stories, the historic reprints and cartoons, heck even the Tiki Hut, have probably inspired a line

Just a Little Song

By David Galka

or two. All of it gets blended together and some of it comes out in verse. So let me give back, in some small way, to those that have contributed to this magazine over the years.

Salty Dogs at the Marina

Salty Dogs at the marina, in a bar they're raising hell.

Think I'll tie up at the pier and drop in for a mug of ale.

Swallowed hook and line those stories of tall ships and taller tales.

The wind would howl, the sea would rage in the mighty days of sail.

Them ol' dogs said;

"I swam with the mermaids boys and I danced with the ladies it sure was fine.

I watched some tall ships sail without me and

I met some at the port right on time.

Dead recon or the Grace of God I tried to chart a course that was true.

A little rum and a shanty song and a pretty one back home will see you through."

Once becalmed in the doldrums, I prayed to God for a puff of wind.

When the wind and waves would show no mercy I prayed He'd calm it down again.

Feast or famine seems such is life, on sea or on the land.

At the foot of a mountain or the edge of the shore you know who's got the upper hand.

Salty Dogs know I believe 'em, but I had to see for myself.

So I took a walk down the pier, board the boat, and raise a sail.

This song came from a brief scene back in the '90s at Sportsman Marina in Orange Beach, Alabama. It's not really a working marina but more for the sport fisherman and the tourists. However, there were some crusty old salts sitting at a table having a drink. They were carrying on, telling stories and having a good time. The image stayed with me for many years until it became this song.

You can find the song videos on Facebook or YouTube, just look up David Sherri. There you will find a demo video with lyrics, a karaoke video with lyrics and a chord sheet video for musicians who want to learn the song. It's all free to use for your own personal enjoyment.

SHAW & TENNEY
MAINE CRAFTED SINCE 1858

Makers of the world's finest wooden oars and paddles.

Gear and Hardgoods for Life on the Water
800-240-4867 • SHAWANDTENNEY.COM

For those who know there is simply nothing better than messing about in small boats.

Traditional Small Craft Association

Join like minded friends in more than 30 chapters across America.

Visit TSCA.net and sign up today.

Pigeonneau's Viking Voyage

A dinghy cruising adventure to Hedeby and beyond, in a MORBIC 12 with occasional campervan back-up,
by Sam Griffiths

Reprinted from *Dinghy Cruising*, Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association UK

‘A VERY LARGE CITY AT THE VERY END OF THE WORLD’S OCEAN.’

So said chronicler Abraham ben Jacob when he visited Haithabu, today known as Hedeby, in around 965CE. Such words are always enough to send your ‘inner dreamer’ delving into the atlas, or nowadays, the wonders of Google Maps.

Straight away one can see the geographical wonders of this Viking prime location: the settlement developed as a trading centre at the head of the narrow, navigable inlet known as the Schlei, which connects to the Baltic. It was favourable due to a short portage of approximately 13 km to the Treene River, which flows into the Eider and its North Sea estuary. It was therefore a convenient central base where goods and (possibly) small Viking ships could be pulled on a corduroy road overland for an almost uninterrupted seaway between the Baltic and the North Sea, avoiding a dangerous and time-consuming circumnavigation of Jutland.

Rather quickly, re-enacting this famous route became something of a dream, as I bumped it up the never-ending list of adventurous priorities. In November 2019, the plan came to final fruition when I flew over to a birthday party in nearby Schleswig and was able to visit Haithabu’s excellent museum first-hand. From then the

winter months involved creating a week-long journey that would start at the entrance to the Schlei, involve a pick-up near Haithabu, before trailing to the Treene which we would then take to Tönning and (fingers very much crossed) sail up to my wife’s family island home on Föhr. It was carefully considered, elaborate and as it turned out, completely impossible!

At first Covid seemed to be the spoiler, but by late July 2020 Lockdown was over, to be replaced by that other stubborn adversary; a consistent westerly. The ambitious voyage had always been somewhat dependent on an easterly of sorts, and so, for once, it was time to be practical and ditch the romantic idea of one continuous journey east to west and go with the now decidedly strong 20-knot westerly! As this was





forecast for midday onwards on Day 1, my Dad (the Davies figure of our last trip in the East Frisians – see DC245) and I trailed *Pigeonneau*, our Morbic 12 dinghy into position just east of Haithabu late on the evening of one Sunday in July.

Blessed with the use of a VW camper, we were able to park at Fahrdford, one of the many beautiful little harbours on the Schlei's southern shore and quietly pop up the roof in the dark. We were up early in order to: pretend we hadn't camped (!), slip *Pigeonneau* into the water before the wind became unmanageable, and to attempt to sail the whole of the Schlei in one day...

Free of the burden of our camping kit, we reefed the main, which, along with the handkerchief-sized jib were plenty as we soon rocketed off east (quite a wakeup call!), making quick progress to Louisenlund, a small Kurt Hahn-inspired boarding school on the south shore. After being cross at the hash we made coming alongside, we were quickly rewarded with a brisk leg stretch around the tranquil campus. Back on board our slight detour now ensured we had to reach across to the narrow entrance guarded by the stunning little town of Missunde. This proved to be a wet affair with waves crashing over the bows, as we struggled to find the narrow entrance. What's more, trying to tack (definitely not gybe!) would lead to certain capsizing unless we pushed right into the far shore in order to find a little shelter to force *Pig* round. Task achieved, we surfed, funnelling through the entrance as if on a theme park ride, before rounding the corner to emerge into a tranquil bay with so little wind the boat even tried to spin its way dangerously — in an act of senselessness — into another quaint little marina with wooden boats galore.

The Germans see this thin stretch of water as 'Little England' and there is no doubt that it's a pastoral delight that probably has more in common with 'New England'. Most villages are full of decently priced holiday homes, with A-frame houses dotted around the foreshore, but there were also vast stretches of fields and woodland without a soul in sight; we really were in some sort of

sailing heaven! But the increasing wind was enough to fix the mind as we rounded another corner to be faced with a long straight section of the fjord, knowing that the further we went, the greater the wind speed and fetch would be. Powering along, Dad let the main fully out as I sat on the centreboard, frantically balancing the boat. This was similar to our sailing in the East Frisians the summer before, but this time we knew the water would not disappear and we could also easily swim ashore! Once or twice we nearly broached and so it was with no little relief that we nudged into a bay just short of the lifting bridge at Lubbe, wondering how on earth we were supposed to get through. As we tacked to and fro, yachts (under engine) lining up on either side, we almost ended up embarrassingly trapped in irons; we had one final tack to make it out and just managed to skulk round before hearing the bells of the bridge and scooting under, almost certain we would be arrested!

(Below) Behind Sam's father are the head of the Schlei, with 'Haithabu' in the background next to Schleswig.



Such was the drama and our pace, we decided to nip ashore for our sandwich lunch in a wonderfully warm, solitary Strandkorp. Casting off, our post-lunch lull was not shared by the weather, as again by the end of the next long patch of water without a bend we were surfing at considerable speeds, motor boats coming by just to check we weren't completely mad, one even asking how we were staying upright!

The lovely shelter in the town of Kappeln, a potential place to find a slip, was enough to make us think it was all right to carry on to Maasholm at the entrance to the Baltic. At 3pm, time was on our side, but the elements were not. The wind was now coming in huge gusts as we hubristically even visited a nice-looking boat in a bay before entering the marina in search of the promised slip. Alas, hurtling along in what was like a wind tunnel is not conducive to tacking a heavily reefed dinghy... Spotting the slip a little too late, the tiller was slammed over, but she wouldn't come round, the bowsprit trying

to impale the high concrete wall as we careered all over the place, eventually to drop the sails and paddle ashore feeling somewhat chastened. A taxi took us back to the camper and trailer where we celebrated our return with a refreshing dip in the brackish water. Back to Maasholm to retrieve *Pig* where we rewarded ourselves with a lovely supper in the local fish restaurant before driving the length of the Schlei for a third time in search of Hollingstedt on the River Treene. By now it was nearly 11pm, but our luck continued as we hunted for a camping spot for the night, eventually finding a perfect little track in the dark to pop up the roof tent and get our heads down.

(Below) Where are the Viking galley slaves to row us against the wind?!



Up early to inspect our grassy slip in daylight. It is solely used by canoeists rather than hairy Vikings. That said, just as we struggled down the bank, as if from nowhere, a large body-builder of a man was able to help us lift *Pig* into the Treene and off we went to the sea on Leg 2 of our journey. Or so we thought. In fact, after a few hundred metres the river bent right to the west and we were buffeted by the ever-increasing westerly, just like the day before, but we were now against it. XC Weather App told us this, of course, but we thought the river current would be enough. It wasn't, and even ferocious rowing got us nowhere.

Terrific rainstorms scudded through, to the extent we had to hide under the sail – where were twenty Viking galley slaves when you needed them? One and a half hours of miserable rowing later, a pause in the rain saw us take an early soggy lunch fearing the inevitable; with another day of decent wind from the west it was now obvious that we had to start at the North Sea end and work our way upriver. This still seemed totally counter-intuitive to us, but the fact that we sailed back to Hollingstedt under jib alone in 25 minutes confirmed that

this was a meadow river with only the tiniest of currents. And so the back-breaking work of boat retrieval began as we used a towing rope to bring *Pig* out from where we had only recently launched her, tied everything down and headed off for Friedrichstadt, further inland than Tønning as at this stage we were still keen to sail our long route to Föhr and so were running out of time.

Now, our luck may have deserted us so far that day, but after driving around the stunning, cobbled streets of this 'Mini-Amsterdam' of a town, we managed to find a tiny sailing club with just the slip we needed. However, there was the ubiquitous bolted barrier to get past. Just as we were giving up for the day, as luck would have it a father and daughter were just locking up. Totally bemused by our eccentric journey, they were quick to take our 10 Euros and watched us head off under jib alone, the main and boom having been left with the camper and trailer. It was now 6pm, the day had been rescued, as we felt every inch the Viking; steaming upriver with our tan sail aloft. The next three and a half hours were the highlight of the trip as we had seamless sailing and rowing, dropping the mast under a couple of low bridges – untie, drop back with jib still on, then push back up and tie back on, just before and after – great fun! As darkness fell, we pulled in round a bend and set up the tents behind a dyke, with the wind still quite strong, even now, and had the usual Pot Noodle, apple and tea in the dark.

(Below) Upriver sailing with just the jib



Having unexpectedly come so far that evening, Tuesday morning in the fading wind was somewhat of an anti-climax. Indeed, we reached Hollingstedt by midday. However, what this did allow was the chance for me to continue my marathon training as I chose to run 24km back on some delightful cycle pathways to collect the camper and trailer. Dad used the chance to tidy up *Pig* and I was back 3 hours later. We had her out in minutes, being so practised at recovery, followed by a cleansing swim in the fresh water of the Treene. Then there was a

quick tour round the tiny Viking museum; it was amazing to see how utterly dependent these grand traders were on rivers, even a small one like this was enough to achieve the transfer of goods. However, historians are now almost certain that the Vikings did not portage their boats between the Schlei and Treene, as they did elsewhere, especially on Russian rivers. Rather they used carts along tracks. Either way, somewhat exhausted, it was certainly time for a sugary bun and a coffee at a café and a chance to catch breath and plan the final few days.

The slip at Hollingstedt



After a long run, cooling off in Hollingstedt



quite a strong southeasterly. It just didn't seem possible to make the journey round the headland of St Peter-Ording in time and besides we had achieved our main aim of traversing the peninsula, 'Viking style'.

The islands we really wanted to visit on our way to Föhr were Pellworm and Hooe and so it seemed sensible to stay close to the ferry base of Dagebüll and launch from Schluttsiel – so off we drove. A night in the camper in the harbour was a louder than expected affair due to the active fishing fleet, but a hot sun greeted us as we took the ebbing tide out west.

What little wind there was quickly died and a mirror-like surface ensured the islands blurred into one. We pulled into Grode and were able to have a quick scamper around and climbed a dyke to see our destination of Pellworm. We set off for a long old row, only to find that we were quickly in knee-deep water!

Arriving at Hooe...



... and avoiding the drying harbour





(Above) Another view of Hooge



(Below) 'Lembecksburg' on Fohr
— a Viking settlement

The chart showed this long patch of shallows, but there is nothing like experiencing the reality of it: how much more of the ebb was there to run? Does this stretch only get covered for a couple of hours a day before you have to start pulling the boat?

It swiftly became clear that we needed to retreat back into the deeper channel that ran all the way to Hooge and safety to avoid being cooked alive on the sands! Yet the blistering heat and general difficulty of identifying the numbered buoys ensured that it took at least an hour of frantic and certainly rather nerve-racking rowing over the shallowest sandbanks before with relief we found ourselves back into deep water.

Hooge itself is a 'Watt Insel', meaning that it does not have any beach as such — high water comes right up to the dyke that surrounds it. This posed us a problem: we could either enter the harbour as would a yacht, but then we would have to dry out

in very squelchy mud, or we could pull in just to the left of the entrance and see how far we could get *Pig* up the boulders. For now though, after 4 hours of rowing in the heat, we'd had enough and knowing the tide had another hour or so to ebb, we just pulled in, left her and went for our usual run ashore, relieved that car-free Hooge is a significantly smaller island to run around than Pellworm!

Searching for a bathing spot afterwards was somewhat hazardous; a sea of mud and sharp shells confronted us in our efforts to get clean, and yet, still fuelled with endorphins — that wonderful free drug — we were swiftly into our dry, if rather smelly clothes. A quaint little thatched restaurant served us yet more fish outside in the evening sun, this time surrounded by a scene of utmost beauty: cottages, cows and a few tourists on bicycles.

A slow walk back to *Pig* saw that indeed she did need pulling up yet further, but with the heavy mast and all the kit out she proved to be manoeuvrable when rolled over our dry bags. We pitched our tents one last time, keen to wake early and head off before the wind got too strong and indeed, the water disappeared again. Our final leg was another adventurous sail with one reef in as we looked to take a short cut at near high water past Langeness. Alas, even then it was extremely shallow, and we bumped along with the wind behind us for twenty minutes — it wasn't pretty, but it was faster and used the Morbic 12's advantages to their max.

Powering up the home straight to Utersum on Fohr, our local beach, was another of those warm feelings that make the tiring nature and ever-changing plans that are inherent in dinghy cruising all worth it in the end. What's more, we were greeted on arrival with somewhat more affection than I'm sure the Vikings used to be! SG

(Below) A Dutch Plattboot owned by a friend on Fohr — very reminiscent of *The Riddle of the Sands*...





Meandering the Texas Coast

By Michael Beebe

I'm Getting

I'm getting wore out. Decided to finish up the shed I started a couple of years ago. It's leaked since built. We come across a couple of windows and the little lady wants a greenhouse. Reframing two openings, up and down the ladder far too many times, my ankles are crying, my knees are shaky and my mind seems gone as well.

How did I do this? Does the sisal Kraft go on the framing first or over, then the sheer? But I've got the sheer on, partially. Oh well, I'm the boss, Linda doesn't seem to mind, throw it up and walk away. The slab's not level, surprise. The opening is out of square, my mind is drawing a blank.

Hand's stiff, I'm hobbling like an old wore out man, it's almost done, some more siding, caulk the joints, finish the roof and call it good. Go sailing, I think that's being active enough.

The other day, while out for a sail, many porpoise followed, around and under and off the bow wave, at all of three knots. Then going through the cut into the flats two sets of four gave me a send off, as it were. I looked behind and four in unison rose together and dove together and, amazingly, four more were rising directly behind the first group. It was wonderful, truly a blessing.

After today's work on the shed was done, I grabbed me a nap, then went back out to pull a sail from off its spars, a boom and yard, a lugsail. I'm adding some reinforcement to the lace points, it was worrisome last time I used it sailing on the *Fox*.

With the cold behind us, spring around the corner, I've gotta get back in sailing shape. I think I'll be leaving the house carpentry to the younger fellows. I certainly would if I could afford it. Until then, the wife will be my helper.

With winter coming next year again, I'm doing my best getting ready. That short week of cold I considered a wake up call, made a list of 20 items needed to be done, the unspoken one being 20'6", a cabin sloop. Progress moves along on it as well, if only in bits and pieces, but it don't need much. It'll be good to go long before the list of 20 is done.

Sailing Today

Took the *Fox* today, wind 18mph, SE gusts to 29mph. At 80sf, the *Fox* already had a good reef in it. I added another and was comfortable and unhurried. Upwind sailing, moseying along. It was a good afternoon.

Used the lug rig as well. I'm going to park *Red Top* over to the yard, bringing the *Fox* here. Going to be spending some time on it.

Side nets, P&S. Fitting a tent, adding more to the floor, flexes now in the area

where I removed the seats. Looking forward to more time with the old gal.

...and Today

The *Fox* SE-E, 18mph gusts to 25mph. Had it all to myself. A Flicka was coming down the ICW from Aransas Pass, they stopped to furl their mainsail just outside of Cove Harbour. I thought they were coming in for a haulout, either at Hook 'n Bull or House of Boats.

They continued on under the iron Jenny. It was a nice sailing day. Sunny, but the spray was chilly, wore a jacket with long pants, wish I'd had my foulie pants on, had there been more spray, maybe tomorrow.

The *Fox* is what I call my O'Day Javelin, it was designed by Uffa Fox 40 or 50 years ago. It now converts to a lug sail from sloop, depending on my mood.

Friday

So Mr Richard, what's new this fine Friday? I was going away for a three day sail out of Port O'Conner with a small group. That changed. I spent the day yesterday, and too much money, changing out, repacking wheel bearings. Still needing other things finished it turned into a no go. But, be that as it may, each and every one of these mini adventures brings to me a flurry of last minute projects, that need doing always, but seem as well always to be put off. It's a good thing, the getting done part.

Within the quest simmers, at time boiling to the top. Has been with me nigh on 55 years. Fed and kept alive by others out there doing it. Be they South Pole adventurers or those hoping to float across a pond on a log, however large the pond. One of the persistent hindrances to these quest types are those with a bit too much authority and then using that authority in denying those so inclined. Shouldn't oughta be, sadly though, all too pervasive.

We here on the Texas coast, and a few other spots, can sail unhindered, small sailboats not greater than 14', and do so with at least not all of Uncle Sam's family aboard as well. Aw! The rub, though, are those fellow beings out and about on their sailing craft, belittling us with "It's only a measly few bucks a year for registration!"

Forgetting what what's his name said 200 years ago about keeping our freedom. I guess if we give it away a little bit here and there, somehow that makes it all right and me not alright. The water's almost boiling and when we realize we're all in the same pot, it'll be too late. The crash and burn part is... unavoidable. I think I'll go sailing.

Back Yard Yacht Yard?

"Hey Michael, izzat your backyard yard yacht yard?" the man asked.


Yes sir, it is, two canoes on the left, front and center is the *Fox*, sporting her a new junk rig. To her right is an Explorer 21 followed me home recently. In the shed is a Widgeon, O'Day at 12' having her insides replaced, getting close to being done.

That's there, over where we live, a couple miles away, sits *Red Top*, my highly modified Lehman 12, most used of all. I tried a mast repair on it which did not work, stuck with how to go forward.

The two canoes, one has a sailing rig, and needs rudder work, the other, an older Sears Roebuck fiberglass job, will someday have its own sailing rig as well. Recently I picked up four wind surfer sails, maybe to use on the Sears or the almost done Widgeon. I move slower nowadays and honey dos keep me on my toes, those are important. My sweet wife understands and encourages me to often go sailing.

How can I refuse?





MAAS ROWING SHELLS
AB INFLATABLES
PUFFIN DINGHIES
HONDA OUTBOARDS
THULE RACKS
SHAW & TENNEY OARS
55 Spicer Ave., Noank, CT 06340
(860) 536-6930

My dream, to sail the oceans of the world, got its conception when returning from the Peace Corp in the Philippines. A bareboat charter out of Tunis convinced me that this, rather than commercial airways, was the way to travel. Unfortunately a wife who didn't like sailing and the exigencies of earning a living put the dream on the back burner. Some years later, after a divorce and relocation, I remarried. When I mentioned my vision of sailing the world to my new bride, she bought into the dream.

The first order of business was to teach her how to sail. Learning to sail on a small boat is much more effective than a large one. Mistakes are more obvious and learning is quicker. So we purchased a brand new sweet little 15' yellow sloop designed by Macalpine-Downie and built by Chrysler Marine. When I bought it, the dealer said it comes with either a British Seagull outboard motor or a spinnaker, my choice. Again, you don't learn to sail when you put a motor on a small sailboat so I opted for the spinnaker. He threw in a canoe paddle. The boat was of a class called Mutineer but I christened her *Puff-a-Long* after a childhood cowboy hero (Hopalong Cassidy).

We both worked in Las Vegas (she as a cocktail waitress, me as a croupier) so our training ground was to be Lake Mead. On the lakes of Wisconsin I had learned to sail at the age of eight, winning trophies as both skipper and crew and eventually becoming a sailing instructor. As we drove out to Callville Bay I gave Alice her first lesson. In any new endeavor you must first learn the vocabulary. I defined and explained terms such as mainsail and jib, halyard and sheets and centerboard and rudder, ease out and trim in and especially the small boat command, CLIMB!

Tied to the dock, we rigged the boat for the first time. I showed Alice how to raise the main and jib nice and tight by "sweating" the halyards (looping it under the cleat and then pulling it away from the mast with one hand and taking up the slack when released with the other hand). I showed her that the main halyard is always cleated on the starboard side and how to cleat it with only two loops for quick release and how to carefully coil the remainder of the mainsheet and hang it from the cleat. Before casting off, I equipped our new boat with telltales (red and green yarn) and a cutout plastic gallon milk jug suitable for bailing and then we were ready to go.

We sailed out of Callville Bay and began climbing the wind on a perfect breeze. I knew to always start the day upwind so I could have a pleasant sail downwind at the end of the afternoon. I was very impressed how this little sloop handled going to windward. It had been some years since I had last sailed but I guess it's like riding a bicycle.

As the sun got low in the sky it was time to head back to the marina and boat ramp. When I brought the boat around something felt funny with the tiller. I looked astern and saw our rudder floating 20 feet behind us. *Puff-a-Long* was out of control and rounding up. I yelled, "Drop the main!" Alice had learned her lesson well about the main halyard and quickly had the mainsail down while I dove for the canoe paddle. Sailing downwind with just the jib and using the canoe paddle off the stern as a rudder, we were able to make it back to the ramp. It was an exciting start to our first sail.

Sailing on Lake Mead was great fun but the first thing I did was have a row of reef

Las Vegas Sailing Lessons

By John Gignilliat – john@bearpad.com

points put in the main. The jib was roller furling (around a piece of PVC) but I found we could also use it for roller reefing. When the desert winds would kick up these two things kept us from being overpowered.

Almost every weekend we would load up *Puff-a-Long* with a pup tent, air mattresses, sleeping bags, a cooler full of drinks and snacks and always two frozen steaks. Lake Mead, the result of Hoover Dam, had an endless array of coves, arroyos, gullies, cul de sacs and dried stream beds that the desert rainstorms and flash floods had carved into the landscape. We had an infinite number of choices for our evening stop. We would find a sandy spot, Alice would drop the main, I would raise the centerboard, pop up the rudder and we would slide up and onto the beach. With a tiny metal grill and an endless supply of mesquite wood, we would enjoy our weekly Saturday night steak dinner under a canopy stars. We never shared a beach with another boat, just an occasional nighttime coyote stopping by to check things out.



We sailed for two days every weekend, and Alice became more and more proficient. She was an excellent crew member and soon was taking her turn on the tiller, learning to sail our little sloop. We did not use the spinnaker often but once I broke my rule of always sailing upwind the first day. We had a beautiful downwind run with this cloud of sail pulling us down the lake. I knew we would have to pay for the run with a long and tough beat to windward tomorrow. Lucky us, during the night the wind had shifted 180° and we had another beautiful spinnaker run back to boat ramp and marina.

One time we came upon a long winding arroyo and I began tacking up it. Alice was fast and precise with the jib, letting it go at just the right moment and smartly trimming it in on the other side. My commands, "Prepare to come about," "Hard a'lee," got quicker and shorter as we tacked our way to the very end, not much more than a boat length wide. We both laughed at the completed challenge as I swung *Puff* around and we shot back out into the lake.

After the first year of sailing, I found it prudent to put a second row of reef points in the main. Nevada winds were not to be trifled with. One Saturday we headed out on a broad reach towards Virgin Canyon under full sail. As we approached the canyon the venturi effect suddenly and drastically jacked up the wind speed. I did not have time to reef and we both quickly hiked out on the rail, feet hooked under the hiking straps. I steered with

the tiller extension as *Puff* shot forward at an unnatural rate of speed. The sidestay looked absolutely bar tight and the boat began a low base note hum as she continued to pick up speed. When I looked astern the water was flat and then joined back together some feet back in a giant rooster tail. After several minutes of this thrilling ride the canyon opened up and we slowed down. We looked at each other and both said, "Wow!"

We took *Puff-a-Long* on one road trip. A yellow VW Sunbug pulling a yellow sailboat made a nice combo going down the road, although our tiny little engine could barely pull the rig over the mountains of Utah. We took our vacation to Wisconsin. On the way back to Nevada, for the fun of it, we looked for blue on our road map and launched in every state on the way home.

Our only other trip was a weekend to Long Beach. We trailered to California and launched in Newport Harbor. We sailed little *Puff-a-Long* out the breakwater and into the Pacific Ocean. For an inland sailor, riding up and down on the huge ocean swells was an unnerving experience. After a short five minutes we scooted back into the harbor. We passed a huge Coast Guard boat heading out the inlet. From high up above a Coastie with a megaphone shouted down, "Where are your numbers?"

I tried to shout back, "Without an engine, numbers aren't required in Nevada!" but they were already out of range.

Sometimes we had too much wind, sometimes we had not enough wind and sometimes we had no wind at all. To me, that is one of the beauties of sailing, we must learn to adjust our day to conditions. We had sailed further from the marina than usual one Saturday and when we packed up in the morning there was barely enough breeze to get us out of our sandy cut. Once out in open water the wind died completely and the lake turned into a giant mirror.

We were a long way from the marina so out came the paddle. One, two, three, two hundred and ninety-eight, two hundred and ninety-nine, three hundred and switch to the starboard side, one, two, three. I kept this up for over an hour wondering why I never followed through with my idea of installing oarlocks. Finally I saw the faintest of cats paws appearing and disappearing. We played cat and mouse with the wind all afternoon but finally the slightest of breezes filled in. We were ghosting along at less than two knots but as far as I was concerned, we were flying.

The strongest wind we ever sailed in was out of Las Vegas Marina. There was not a cloud in the sky but the wind was fierce. The clubhouse was flying two red flags which indicates sustained winds between 40 and 50mph. We got outside the breakwater and sailed on a reach for about five minutes on a piece of the jib about the size of a diaper, then I jibed around and sailed back in.

After two years I went back to where I had bought our boat to get ideas for selling her. He made a comment that surprised me. He said, "You're the best sailor in Nevada." I don't know about that and I'm not sure how many sailors there are in Nevada, but if it's true then Alice is the second best sailor in Nevada. Our little Chrysler Mutineer had done a yeoman's job of training and teaching her to sail. It was time to move on since our Westsail 28 was almost ready for delivery. Now we would both be learning because I was unfamiliar with handling bigger heavy displacement boats.

Postscript: We both continued to learn with our Westsail 28, christened *Far Star*. I wrote an article which was published in *Cruising World* (March 1979) on our experience with *Far Star* on Lake Mead (<https://books.google.com/books> and type in the search box: cruising world Gignilliat).

Post postscript: New boat, new crew and new adventure, *Sailing Across North America* by John Gignilliat at amazon.com/books.

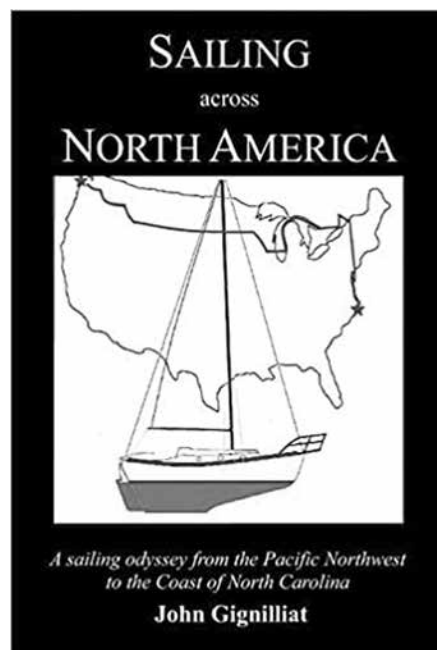
Sailing Across North America

From the Pacific Northwest to the Carolina coast, enjoy a couple's sailing odyssey across North America. Chapter I chronicles the ill fated adventures and misadventures of attempting to transport their Nor'Sea 27 from Anacortes, Washington, to their homeport in Wisconsin. Shortly thereafter Chapter II tells of their decision to relocate from the Midwest to Eastern North Carolina by way of the waterways, not the highways.

So grab your virtual rain gear, find a comfy chair and join the captain and his mate aboard *Chinook* on an exciting and continuous six month voyage from the shores of Lake Michigan to the Carolina Coast. Help them pilot through Grey's Reef, enjoy Mackinac Island and Les Cheneaux Islands and cruise the fabled North Channel.

After carefully navigating the tortuous Inside Passage of Georgian Bay, turn into a river rat as the mast comes down and Chinook transits over 100 locks on the waterways and rivers of Canada (Trent, Severn, Rideau, Ottawa, St Lawrence, and Richelieu).

It is back to the United States via Lake Champlain. A sailboat again, following along the ICW to North Carolina. Each day is a new anchorage, a new adventure and especially new and interesting friends. You don't have to be a boater to enjoy a fun, exciting and well written adventure from the comfort of your home.



Chrysler Mutineer 15

The Mutineer 15 is a 15' fractional sloop sailboat currently manufactured by Nickels Boat Works. It has a dinghy centerboard hull, no ballast and displaces 410lbs. The Mutineer has a 6' beam, maximum draft of 4' and has 150sf of sail area. It is commonly used for both day sailing and class racing and can be comfortably sailed as a daysailer with a crew of four, but can also be raced with a crew of two or even single handed by semi experienced to experienced sailors.



Westsail 28

The Westsail 28 is a 28' monohull sailboat designed by Herb David and 78 were built by Westsail Corporation between 1975 and 1979. It has a long keel with a transom hung rudder. Construction is FG solid hull with a ply sandwich deck. Its specifications are:

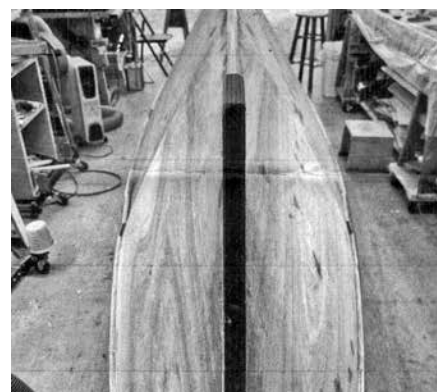
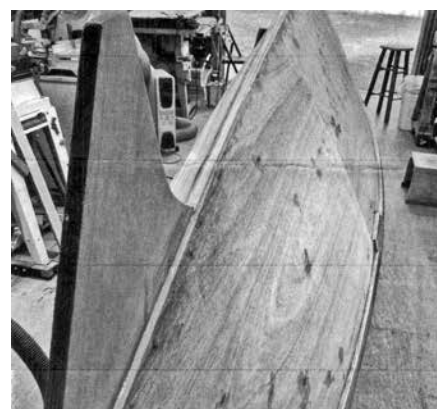
LOA	35'
LOD	28'3"
LWL	23'5"
Beam:	9'7"
Draft:	4'4"
Displacement:	13,500lbs
Ballast:	4,200lbs lead
Sail Area:	545sf
Engine: Volvo	MD11HD 13hp Diesel
Fuel:	36 US Gal
Water:	79 US Gal



Building a Wharram Tiki 21 Catamaran

By Rex and Kathie Payne

Here are some photos of our covid project. This is the starboard hull of a Wharram Tiki 21 catamaran. The port hull is still a few months from completion. We will paint both later at same time.



Danish Vessel Taking on Water

A Danish vessel was taking on water with eight people onboard in the Caribbean Sea, approximately 80 nautical miles south of Santa Isabel, Puerto Rico. The *Zoma*, a 46' Danish flagged sailing vessel and all its passengers, five Danish and three French nationals, including two minors, made it to safe harbor in Ponce, Puerto Rico, under the escort of Coast Guard Cutter *Joseph Tezanos*.



Two Vessels Collide

A Coast Guard Station Key West rescue crew and a good Samaritan assisted an injured man after two vessels collided near Garrison Bight. The good Samaritan reported a vessel collision between a 32' vessel and a 10' dinghy near Garrison Bight resulting in one injured person. After the good Samaritan rescued the injured man, the Coast Guard rescue crew escorted them to Station Key West to awaiting emergency medical services who took the injured man to Lower Keys Medical Center.

"Because of the good Samaritan who saw the accident and immediately contacted the Coast Guard, we were able to assist and transport the injured man to higher medical care," said Petty Officer 1st Class John Sager, coxswain, Station Key West.



Seven Aboard Without a Motor

A good Samaritan reported that a 15' green hull, wooden and aluminum vessel without a motor and seven people aboard was drifting approximately 35 miles east of West Palm Beach. A Coast Guard Auxiliary aircrew located the vessel and directed the Cutter *Richard Etheridge's* rescue crew to the



Our Coast Guard in Action

scene. The crew provided the migrants with lifejackets before embarking them aboard and reported the men left Havana, Cuba, six days prior and were in good health. Once aboard they received food, water, shelter and basic medical attention. *Richard Etheridge's* crew rendezvoused with the *Raymond Evans* and transferred the men for their transport and repatriation to Cabanas, Cuba.



Sea Voyage for Two Stopped

In a related story Coast Guard Cutter *Charles Sexton's* crew repatriated two Cubans to Cuba after stopping their sea voyage due to safety of life at sea concerns. A good Samaritan reported to Coast Guard Sector Key West watchstanders that two men were waving their arms in a 4' vessel without a motor off Key West. A Station Key West rescue crew arrived on scene and brought the two men aboard. It was reported the men left Havana, Cuba, five days prior and were in good health.

Two Ditched Pilots Rescued

The Coast Guard, Maui County Fire Department and Molokai Fire Department rescued two pilots from a downed DA40 Diamond Star aircraft eight miles off Lanai. An Air Station Barbers Point MH-65 Dolphin helicopter aircrew rescued the pilots and brought them to awaiting emergency services at the air station. There were no major injuries reported.

JRCC watchstanders received a report from Honolulu Control Facility stating the aircraft was experiencing engine trouble and was likely going to ditch in the water. Watchstanders issued an Urgent Marine Information

Broadcast notice to mariners and deployed the Dolphin and Station Maui 45' Response Boat-Medium rescue crews. Once on scene the Dolphin helicopter crew located the two pilots and deployed a rescue swimmer to give aid and hoist the pilots to safety. Maui County and Molokai Fire Departments deployed air and surface assets to aid in the rescue. The aircraft was reported to have sunk and did not present a threat to navigation.

Drifting Raft with Five Aboard

The Coast Guard Cutter *Raymond Evans* (WPC-1110) crew repatriated five Cubans to Cuba after a Coast Guard Station Lake Worth Inlet small boat crew stopped their sea voyage. A good Samaritan reported to Coast Guard Sector Miami watchstanders that a raft with five people aboard was drifting approximately two miles southeast of Lake Worth Inlet. The Coast Guard Station Lake Worth Inlet crew embarked five male Cubans and transferred them to the cutter *Raymond Evans* crew. During the interdiction the migrants reported they had been at sea for 16 days. Once aboard the Coast Guard cutter all migrants received food, water, shelter and basic medical attention.

"Attempting to smuggle themselves into the US via the maritime environment is both extremely dangerous and illegal," said Lt Cmdr Mario Gil, Coast Guard liaison officer, US Embassy Havana. "With the consistent danger these ventures present, our crews and partner agencies remain persistently vigilant to protect lives and enforce US federal laws." This fiscal year, more than 100 Cuban migrants have been interdicted trying to illegally cross into the US through the Florida straits.



Boat Sank at Sunrise

A Coast Guard rescue crew and a good Samaritan rescued two men after their boat sank near Key West. A good Samaritan reported to Coast Guard Sector Key West watchstanders one person in the water five miles south of Key West. After the good Samaritan rescued the man in the water, he stated his boat sank around sunrise and that there was one other person missing. A Coast Guard Station Key West 45' response boat-medium boat crew took the man back to Station Key West to awaiting emergency medical services who took the man to Lower Keys Medical Center.

Coast Guard Cutter *Brant's* crew located and recovered the missing person in the water four miles south of Key West. The rescue crew embarked the man from *Brant* and transported him to Station Key West to awaiting EMS who took the man to Lower Keys Medical Center.

Six People in the Water

The Coast Guard assisted two adults and four children aboard a 17' vessel taking on water near the entrance of the St Mary's

River. The Coast Guard Cutter *Sea Dragon* (WPB-87367) crew launched a small boat crew to recover the six people from the commercial vessel *Wolf River*. The *Wolf River* crew recovered the people from the water. Coast Guard Sector Jacksonville watchstanders were notified by the *Sea Dragon* crew that they received a call via VHF-FM Channel 13 from the dredging vessel *Padre Island* crew stating the *Wolf River* crew came upon six people in the water. The *Sea Dragon* small boat crew used a P-6 dewatering pump on the 17' vessel. Nassau County Sheriff's marine unit crew arrived on scene and embarked the six people and towed their 17' vessel to Amelia Island Boat Ramp.



Eight Illegal Charters Halted

The Coast Guard halted eight illegal charters on South Florida President's Day weekend. Coast Guard Stations Miami Beach and St Petersburg law enforcement crews boarded multiple vessels and discovered owners and operators operating as illegal charters. Three of the operators violated Captain of the Port orders, which is a federal offense.

Coast Guard Station Miami Beach and Coast Guard Investigative Services personnel stopped one of the federal offenders, the operator of the motor yacht *Sweet Melissa III*, near Miami Beach. The other Captain of the Port order violation took place in St Petersburg.



Another Illegal Charter Terminated

A Coast Guard Station St Petersburg 29' Response Boat - Small II boat crew, along with Coast Guard Investigating Officers terminated the voyage of an illegal passenger vessel that was operating with eight passengers for hire. As a result of a prior boarding, the vessel was issued a Captain of the Port Order and the owner subsequently assessed a civil penalty.

"There's no guarantee you'll get your money back after your voyage is terminated," said Jesus Porrata, chief of investigations division, Coast Guard Sector Miami. "The Coast Guard, along with state and local law enforcement agencies, will continue to actively pursue and enforce all applicable laws to ensure your time on the water is safe and enjoyable."



44 Mile Tow West of Sanibel Island

Fort Myers Beach crews completed the tow of a disabled 40' charter vessel *Queen Conch* with six people aboard 44 miles west of Sanibel Island. The station crew successfully towed the pleasure craft to the Manatee Pier. The call for assistance was on VHF-FM Channel 16 from the disabled charter operator stating that they were experiencing engine problems and needed assistance. A Coast Guard Air Station Clearwater MH-60 helicopter crew launched, arrived on scene and vectored the Station Fort Myers 45' Response Boat.



Fishing Vessel Raised

The fishing vessel *Haida Lady* was raised with lift bags and dewatering pumps and tied off to shore. Approximately 1,550 gallons of diesel fuel and oily water mixture were removed from the vessel's fuel tanks. An additional 275 gallons of oil products were recovered from the water with the use of absorbents, which included 72 sections of absorbent boom, and 1,000' of harbor boom was deployed and recovered on scene. All recovered oil products and the net were transferred to the vessel *Eyak* to be properly disposed of. The contracted oil spill response organization, Hanson Marine, departed the scene after the vessel was tied off to shore. Impacts to the environment were unknown at the time. No wildlife was observed within the worksite. Coast Guard Marine Safety Detachment Sitka will continue to monitor the vessel's condition and work with the owner to mitigate potential concerns with the *Haida Lady*.



25 Migrants on a 30-Footer Interdicted

Coast Guard Station Lake Worth Inlet and Customs and Border Protection Air and Marine Operations rescue crews interdicted a 30' vessel with 25 people aboard after they called for help reporting they were taking on water approximately 30 miles northeast of Jupiter, Florida. The Station Lake Worth Inlet rescue crew determined the vessel was overloaded but not in danger of sinking. Coast Guard Cutter *William Flores* arrived on scene and embarked 25 Haitian nationals; nine adult males, nine adult females and seven accompanied minors for repatriation to Haiti.



The Days at Sea in a Rustic Vessel

The crew from Coast Guard Cutter *Raymond Evans* repatriated two Cubans to Cuba after a small boat crew interdicted their sea voyage due to safety of life at sea concerns. A good Samaritan reported to Coast Guard Sector Key West watchstanders that a rustic vessel with two people aboard was drifting approximately eight miles south of Plantation Key. The small boat crew embarked the two male Cubans and transferred them to the *Raymond Evans*' crew. During the interdicted, the migrants reported they were at sea for ten days and are in good health.



Island Hoppin' Cited

The crew of a Coast Guard Boat Forces Saint Thomas 33' Special Purpose Craft-Law Enforcement boarded the vessel *Island Hoppin'* just off Caneel Bay, Saint John, US Virgin Islands. The Coast Guard boarding team terminated the voyage due to the vessel operating illegally as small passenger vessel. The vessel was cited for multiple violations, including carrying an excess of authorized passengers and for not having a Coast Guard Certificate of Inspection.



Air Crew Spots Six on the Beach

Then Cutter Diligence rescue crew transferred six Cuban migrants to Bahamian authorities. During a routine patrol an Air Station Miami HC-144 Ocean Sentry aircrew spotted the six people and dropped lifesaving supplies to them after they were spotted on Anguilla Cay, Bahamas. The Coast Guard cutter rescue crew arrived on scene and ensured the six people, five adults and one 17-year-old unaccompanied minor, did not have medical concerns before bringing them on the ship.



Sailing from Cuba to the Keys

Coast Guard Cutter *Brant's* crew repatriated eight Cuban migrants to Cuba. Seven of the migrants were interdicted by a Station Islamorada law enforcement team off Islamorada's coast after a Customs and Border Protection Air and Marine Operations flight crew spotted the unsafe vessel from the air. One migrant was interdicted off Duck Key by a Station Marathon law enforcement team and CBP marine interdiction agents.

"We patrol by air and sea with our agency partners in order to deter unsafe voyages," said Lt Cmdr Mario Gil, Coast Guard liaison officer, US Embassy Havana. "The loss of life is too great to make these trips in unsafe vessels."



Gig Harbor Barge Collision

Coast Guard members from Sector Puget Sound responded to a barge collision with private docks and homes near Gig Harbor, Washington. Watchstanders at Sector Puget Sound received notification from Pierce County dispatch that an unmanned gravel barge, under tow by the towing vessel *Island Chief*, had collided with several privately owned docks and residences. Initial findings indicate that the master of the towing vessel fell asleep while navigating the vessel.

The barge held no cargo at the time of the incident. The barge was pulled free by the tug under its own power, neither of which were seriously damaged, and returned to Seattle for further investigation and inspection.

No injuries or pollution have been reported. The Investigating Officer has determined this to be a Serious Marine Incident and initial damage estimates could be greater than \$250,000. The Coast Guard has confirmed that the vessel operator initiated drug and alcohol testing for all personnel directly involved in the incident.

"Incidents such as this are very concerning," said Cmdr Nathan Meneffe, Chief of Prevention at Sector Puget Sound. "Fortunately nobody was injured and the towing vessel did not release fuel or oil into the water. Sector Puget Sound will investigate the incident to determine the cause and whether additional actions are necessary to prevent a similar incident in the future."



65-Year-Old Rescued from Capsize

A Coast Guard Air Station Clearwater MH-60 Jayhawk helicopter aircrew rescued a 65-year-old man from a capsized 38' sailing vessel 135 miles east of Daytona Beach. The Jayhawk helicopter crew safely hoisted the man and transported him to Daytona International Airport with lacerations and a broken arm to awaiting emergency medical services.

District Seven command center watchstanders received a phone call from International Emergency Response Coordination Center stating the man sent a message using his personal locator beacon device stating he had experienced a head injury and his sailing vessel was taking on water. The District Seven watchstanders directed the launch of an Air Station Clearwater HC-130 Hercules aircrew and Jayhawk helicopter aircrew.

"This case demonstrates the reliability and safety blanket provided by various types of emergency distress beacons," said Lt Shawn Antonelli, Command Duty Officer of District Seven Command Center.

25 Rescued from Overloaded Boat

Coast Guard Station Lake Worth Inlet and Customs and Border Protection Air and Marine Operations rescue crews interdicted a 30' vessel with 25 people aboard after they called for help reporting they were taking on water approximately 30 miles northeast of Jupiter, Florida. The Station Lake Worth Inlet rescue crew determined the vessel was overloaded and not in danger of sinking. Coast Guard Cutter *William Flores* arrived on scene and embarked 25 Haitian nationals; nine adult males, nine adult females and seven accompanied minors for repatriation to Haiti.

"Thankfully the people aboard this vessel had a VHF radio in order to call for help but there wasn't any other lifesaving equipment on board," said Senior Chief Petty Officer Jason Reynolds, command duty officer, Sector Miami. "The risk of loss of life is too great to take to the seas in overloaded, unseaworthy vessels and no lifesaving gear."



New Law Requiring Use of Engine Cutoff Switches

Operators of recreational vessels less than 26' in length will be required to use an engine cutoff switch (ECOS) and associated ECOS link (ECOSL) as of April 1, 2021, as the US Coast Guard implements a law passed by Congress. Use of the cutoff switch will prevent runaway vessels and the threats they pose. The lanyard attaches the vessel operator to a cutoff switch either in close proximity to the helm or on the outboard motor itself if the operator is displaced from the helm. When enough tension is applied, the ECOSL disengages from the ECOS and the motor is automatically shut down. Wireless ECOS have recently been developed and are also approved for use.

The Coast Guard believes that the overwhelming majority of recreational vessels produced for decades have had an ECOS installed, so this new use requirement simply obligates recreational vessel operators to use critical safety equipment already present on their boat, <https://uscgboating.org/recreational-boaters/Engine-Cut-Off-Switch-FAQ.php>.



Boat Dumping

By Spencer Rowe

The day after I read the article about record 2020 boat sales in the March issue I chanced upon another boat graveyard hidden away in the woods. My company does wetland and forestry work and I spend a lot of time in the woods. I see these graveyards all the time. Many of the dumped boats are either clunky powerboats, often with inboard outboard drives or old aluminum pontoon boats. But it's jet skis that are the most numerous.

I have a friend in the boat business who is candid about the final resting places of many of the boats he sells. "Times get a little tough and they can't make the payments," he said. "Or the boat needs a repair that they can't afford." Dumping fees at the legal landfills are costly so people just give up and stick them anywhere they can.

He said that a lot of kids buy jet skis on credit and then get bored and abandon them once they need maintenance. Recently he sold a ski to a kid who used his government stimulus as the down payment.

It seems that it only takes one or two dumped boats for the word to spread about a particular woods. This is often a wet woods that can't be farmed or developed and where the owner is absent.

Low interest rates always pump up boat sales. But if you're wondering where a lot of those boats end their useful lives, look no further than your local forest.



Inland Waterways

The continuing hassle with Asian carp has led Congress to allocate \$45 million for the creation of the Asian Carp Pilot Program within the Water Resources Development Act. Sen Mitch McConnell, whose state is haunted by the fish, ensured that \$25 million will be awarded for several years. The then President Donald Trump opposed the entire program but was under pressure from Southern Officials to sign the Act.

The Tennessee Wildlife Federation will fund three to five years of enduring Asian carp barriers that include bubblebers, electronic noises and other methods. Other states are equally interested in Federal monies for barriers.

A major traffic artery between Cincinnati and Covington, Kentucky, is closed after a truck smashed into a bridge causing significant damage to the structure that handles over 160,000 vehicles per day. The truck exploded with fires up to 1,500°. I-71 traffic is being detoured to I-275, creating a jam of epic proportions. Over a billion dollars of freight cross that bridge daily. Evidently authorities and local residents are upset.

Death of Ships

The *Bon Homme Richard* (LHD-6) was lost to fire last fall and the Navy is dismantling the ship for scrap. Salvors have taken off the masts and removed the island as the progress of turning the ship into razor blades by SMIT Salvage Americas. It will take at least two more years to completely dismantle the vessel.



During a recent boating excursion in Tampa Bay, the sight of many motor boats and sailboats partially submerged, lying on their sides or sitting in pieces, was horrible. The strong storms last fall not only sent flood waters into St Pete Beach, Treasure Island and other barrier islands, it destroyed several recreational boats. The issues seem to be complicated. Some are still awaiting insurance estimates, some are waiting for salvors, some have simply been abandoned and some are on a list for salvage as soon as possible. The overall sight was depressing.

In 1927 the American Bridge Company built a steel hulled rear paddle wheeler measuring 169'x39' with a draft of 6.5'. *Monongahela* possessed five boilers pushing steam to the 1,400hp engines featuring 8" and 36" pistons with a stroke of 8.6'. Ohio Barge Line purchased the boat in 1942 and had it totally revamped during the winter of 1945-46. The paddlewheel was being positioned back on the boat when the crane failed, dropping it plumb into its bearing on both sides with no damage whatsoever!



Over the Horizon

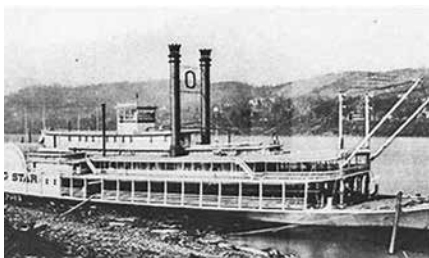
By Stephen D.
(Doc) Regan

In 1954 the boat was pushing barges when they literally took a nose dive, ramming into the river bottom and the *Monongahela* virtually ran over her own barges while sinking with them. Salvaged in 1955, her pilot house was removed and donated to the Sons and Daughters of Pioneer Rivermen. The hull was sold to a South American company but she broke loose and beached on the shores of Cuba. She probably still sits there.

The 1878 lovely old sidewheeler *Guiding Star* was created in Cincinnati with dimensions of 300'x41.5'. The paddlewheels were 28' in diameter working 14' bucket planks on 17 arms. The cabin held 50 state-rooms featuring beautiful black walnut and birdseye maple furnishings and also had an office, bar, pantry and barber shop. The roof bell weighed 1,800lbs.

She entered service owned and mastered by William Bainbridge Miller, a college graduate and scholar in Latin and Greek who was a superb mariner with a superlative record of never losing a boat or barge. Unfortunately Miller lost *Guiding Star* at a public sale conducted by a US Marshall in Cincinnati in 1881.

This beauty died after being destroyed by ice at New Madrid, Missouri. Her bell was salvaged and used on other boats.



A Dubuque shipbuilding firm built three paddle wheelers for the Army Corps of Engineers in 1911. *Helen* was sold at public auction in 1939 and she was converted from coal to diesel. She worked the rivers for five decades and was finally sold to the Jaycees of New Albany, Indiana, for \$1. The group intended on lifting her out of the water and placing her on a pier, however, as with all good intentions, reality hit the organization with a myriad of unexpected consequences. The boat languished at dock until she finally sank due to lack of care. She broke up and scattered her pieces. One 16-year-old scavenged an oar with the boat's name. Her pilot-house was found 30 miles downstream. A typical ending for old paddle wheelers.

The *USS Belleau Wood* (LHA-3) was one of my personal favorite ships because I was aboard her with the 9th Marines at the 50th Anniversary of the Guam invasion. Many of the ceremonies were held aboard that ship including a concert of the 3rd Marine Division band, a dance and a royal feast of shrimp and cocktails literally fit for

a king. Of course, guests included Medal of Honor recipient Lewis Wilson, the Commandant of the Marine Corps, the Governor of Guam, CinCPac and a bushel of flag officers in the Marine Corps, Air Force and the Navy.

What impressed my father (veteran corpsman with the 9th Marines in WWII) was the medical facilities of the ship. She had six surgical suites, a full 25-bed hospital, top grade Xray and lab equipment and a full complement of doctors, dentists, nurses, corpsmen, etc. He was awed by the fact that the ship could carry 1,200 marines, VTOL jets, many helicopters and had the accommodations, including sleeping quarters and mess areas, for the Marines and the Navy crew.

New equipment, newer communications systems and top notch weapons systems eventually demanded a newer ship. *Belleau Wood* was sunk as a target in 2006.



The possibilities for use of the old LHA were endless and required a different mind set by other officials than the Defense Department. She could have provided incredible service during Hurricane Katrina in New Orleans. With her engines and additional generators she could create enough electricity to keep city officials working. She already had the capability of feeding, toileting and housing over 1,200 people. Her communications would have allowed her to be the center for coordinated operations for all assistance teams from FEMA, the National Guard, law enforcement and the like. Her flight deck would have become the center for rescue operations and she already had all the equipment for handling and repairing choppers.

Here was an opportunity to transfer a warship to peacetime service for FEMA. She no longer needed naval speed or weapons systems. She was a perfect chance for emergency capacities, but she was used as a gunnery target. Such a shame.

Grey Fleet

The Federal court FINALLY decided to award \$2.3 billion in damages to the survivors of the *USS Pueblo* (GER-2) for their capture and 11 months of torture and imprisonment in North Korea in January 1968. One man was killed and 83 sailors and one marine were taken from the virtually unarmed ship. The official Navy perspective was that they were not Prisoners of War and warranted no recognition as POWs nor compensation. They were not given the POW medals. At Court Martial Captain Lloyd Bucher was held liable for the loss of his ship and stuck in a corner until he was eligible for retirement.

I was a Cryptology Technician from 1969 to 1973. If you stumbled across a CT with a Purple Heart, he (yes, they were all men) was either aboard the *Pueblo* or the *Liberty* that was attacked by the Israeli military. Both ships were spy ships intercepting communications, sending them to the National Security Agency for decryption, translation and assessment. I was also stationed with Commander Bucher in California although I never met him personally.

Many things emerged from the incident: a) Bucher was unfamiliar with his mis-

sion and the importance of it, b) the *Pueblo* was sent in harm's way without means of self defense, c) the Navy left the ship to meander without military support should something occur, d) analysts at NSA were livid at the loss of intelligence and equipment, some of which was ten years in development, e) the Navy always finds some individual to blame for everything and, in this case, they blamed Bucher, f) Bucher sent a CritiCom (the highest level of communication during the attack and received no answer, g) the enlisted men received nothing for almost a year of torture.



As a member of the Naval Cryptologic Veterans Association I am happy that the crew received some semblance of compensation and recognition of their patriotic responsibility to their country. CTs (known in the Navy as "spooks") are special people of incomparable intelligence and sense of duty.

The destroyed *Curtis Wilber* (DDG-54) transited the Taiwan Straits, aggravating the Chinese who don't like anybody in their general vicinity. Earlier the *John McCain* (DDG-56) went through the area followed very closely by two Chinese frigates. China demands that no hostile (that means anybody else) Navy enter their waters, however, they consider "their waters" as any spot from the North Pole to the Philippines to South East Asia. The US intentionally passes through the region ensuring that International Law and International waters are protected.

Fly Boy Admiral John Aquilino, CinCPac, was named INDO-PAC Commander by President Biden. This means he is CO of all of the Pacific and Indian Oceans. The office is in Pearl Harbor so the Admiral doesn't have to change homes. Current CinCPac, Admiral Phil Davidson, will retire. "Adm Samuel Paparo, current commander of US 5th Fleet, has been nominated to replace Aquilino as the four star admiral in charge of the US Pacific Fleet, according to the same announcement," said the White House announcement.

The Board of Inspection and Survey's Annual Report stated that the Navy's ships' readiness is now, and has been for three years, in a negative trend. Under the previous presidential administration, repairs and part acquisition had failed to keep pace with needs. Both the carriers and surface fleet ships were earmarked as degraded.

The Justice Department indicted 31 people in a score fixing scheme at the Coast Guard Center in Louisiana. As a regional exam center, Mandeville, Louisiana, proffered tests for mariners seeking various licenses from the Coast Guard. Dorothy Smith, an employee of the Coast Guard and an exam specialist, falsified results after accepting bribes over a period of seven years. She, two other military employees, four maritime industry professionals and 24 mariners were indicted in the operation. The Justice Department and the Coast Guard's version of NCIS are continuing investigations. Penalties could range from three to five years imprisonment, \$250,000 fines and supervised probation after release.

Wrecks, Alisions and Collisions

The New Year started with a bang for the Taiwanese fishing boat *Yong Yu Sing* that was found floating near Midway with her lifeboat and crew of ten missing. Coast Guard was unable to find the lifeboat.

Manolong 2, a Filipino ferry, ran aground near Danao City, Cebu, Philippines. Passengers were taken off over two days and the Coast Guard hauled the ferry to a shipyard for repairs.

An unnamed barge in the Democratic Republic of the Congo sank while carrying 262 people. Six died and 19 were missing.

Yong Feng, a Panamanian bulk carrier, was abandoned on January 13. Her crew of 22 were rescued by a Taiwanese fishing boat. *Yong Feng* was going from Papua New Guinea to China.

On January 20, a refugee ship sailing out of Libya sank, drowning 23 but ten were saved.

American Liberty, a tow on the Lower Mississippi, managed to foul up beyond all recognition and serve as a primary example of incredibly inept sailing. The NTSB finalized their report on a May 16, 2019 accident. The 601' vessel was at Mile 140.2 when her crew lost control due to high water and strong current. With a river pilot onboard and two tugs to assist the boat that pointed upriver, the pilot ordered the bow to be swung out to head downstream. The bow indeed swung around but the stern remained alongside the bank, thus the tow was yawing.

As the stern neared a moored barge the pilot ordered, "Give me whatever you got, Cap...and get a little speed here." The Captain increased the engine order telegraph (EOT) to half ahead. The pilot wondered whether the boat was at full speed and then the Captain rang up full speed. The Pilot ordered engine stop but the Captain countered the order to slow ahead. The Captain ordered rudder hard left and the Pilot ordered rudder hard right. Additional orders by the pilot were ignored.

Meanwhile, the boat made contact with two other ships, *American Liberty* and *American Griffin*, a crane barge *Don D* and hammered the *Ever Grace* and four barges. The pilot ordered the anchor dropped but the Master said, "Don't listen to the pilot." The tow eventually slammed to a stop on the Port of South Louisiana's Upper Globalplex Reserve wharf. In all, over \$40 million had been lost to damages.

NTSB's report read like a Beginner's Guide to River Boats. The Board noted a total loss of communications, they stated that only one officer can have the conn so that the helmsman and EOT operator know to whom they need to listen, they reminded the crew that commands must be brief in five words or less and that the Master seemed to order conflicting orders countermanning the pilot. Do you suppose someone lost their job over this?

Merchant Fleet

The Maritime Industry handles 90% of the global economy either afloat or ashore. RADM Mark Buzby, head of the Maritime Administration, has repeatedly warned of cyber attacks on the industry's banking, operations and cargo handling. Cyber attacks have been cited in San Diego and Barcelona. Many sources, including the Estonian Ambassador at large for Cyber Security and Capt Jason Tama, the head of New York's

district of the Coast Guard, denounced that lack of governmental and industry wide coordination on security.

Boats

Being a semi traditionalist, I find the America's Cup racing boats a bit over the top and question whether these are indeed boats or modified planes. There is more aviation physics built into these racers than boat science. Hulls are almost meaningless. An aileron and flaps would eliminate the rudder and some modest adjustments to the shape of the beasts would make the darn things fly. Put a toothpick in the water and call it a boat. Sailing skills have taken a backseat to human driven hydraulics and basic piloting abilities. I won't watch the matches.

For all you small boat enthusiasts, North America and Great Britain are facing an interesting rise in small boat sales. People are buying them like hotcakes and getting them to certain geographical spots so that fleeing immigrants can get across sundry bodies of water to safer countries, like the US, Italy and England. Additional sales have been made to drug runners who believe that the Coast Guard won't mess around with tiny boats sailing on the Deep Blue.

Twenty-three South American people landed in Long Beach on a very small boat. Italy rescued 47 people when their little wooden boat capsized under too much weight. And the story goes on and on.

So, all you builders of small boats, your splendid skills are becoming appreciated and you can make some money doing what you love. Of course, you might end up in jail but, considering the costs of a retirement home, it might be a fiscally intelligent and sound concept.

How many of you have sold a boat only to regret it later on? I sold a small Boston Whaler that was just about perfect for the Cedar River in Iowa. My wife won't sail on my West Wight Potter 15 and now is happy as a clam on the new pontoon I purchased last fall (for a ton of money). On the other hand, it was Miss Frigid Finland who demanded I start selling my "fleet."

I had a lovely little Boatex 12 on which I self taught how to sail. It was neither pricey nor complicated and I loved it. Unfortunately, I managed to lose a centerboard and I won't talk about losing the mast twice. In my "just let me at it" attitude and the "to hell with the directions and owner's manual" personality, I managed to capsize often and usually in front of large crowds. With the requisite purchase of another mast, fiberglass repair and a myriad of anchors, fish finders and other gear that now rest in a debris field at the bottom of Pleasant Creek Lake, the boat became expensive. So I just bought the Potter because a bigger boat is easier to handle. Nevertheless, I really wish I had that old Boatex for dinking around in.



Norumbega Chapter ~ WCHA

The Southern New England Chapter of the Wooden Canoe Heritage Association, Ltd

Spring Newsletter

Steve Lapey, Editor

Old Canoe Factories on Sanborn Maps

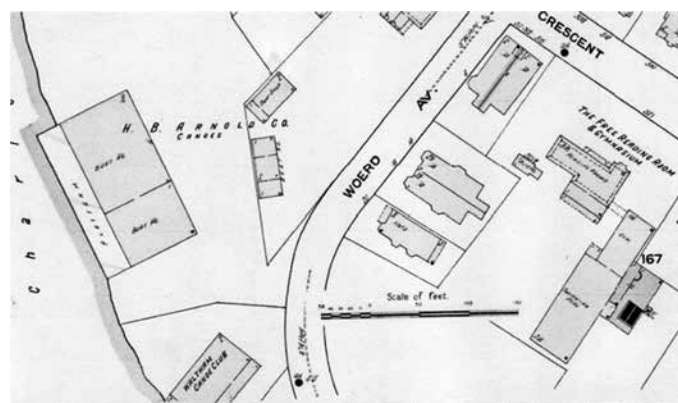
By Steve Lapey

Benson Gray was researching the history of the Old Town Canoe Co and came across some Sanborn Maps from the early 1900s which were included in an article in *Wooden Canoe* #165 in June of 2011. The *Wooden Canoe* article outlined the growth of the Old Town Canoe Co in its early years as their annual production of canoes increased to over 3,000 units per year.

This set me off to start looking here in our back yard in the greater Boston area to see if I could dig up some information on some of our Charles River builders, utilizing the Sanborn Maps. Most of them were along the Charles River between Waltham and Dedham, none of them ever grew to be the size of Old Town but some of their factories were substantial. Most of them included canoe liveries where they rented out their own canoes, some hosted canoe clubs and had clubhouse facilities, one included a ball room featuring dancing to the music of the popular big bands of the day.

Reviewing the 1911 Sanborn Maps of Waltham, Massachusetts, I was able to find the H.B. Arnold factory. It was just off Crescent Street, near the large Waltham Watch Factory. Apparently it was a fairly good sized wood frame building with a platform extending out over the Charles River. It was located where the boat launch that we use now is located.

It appears that the Crescent Canoe Club shared Arnold's 299 Crescent Street address. H.B. Arnold was listed as the Secretary and Treasurer of the club. Among their neighbors I noticed the "Free Reading Room and Gymnasium," something for everyone in Waltham! Another neighbor was the Waltham Canoe Club.



Sanborn's description of the Arnold property in 1911.

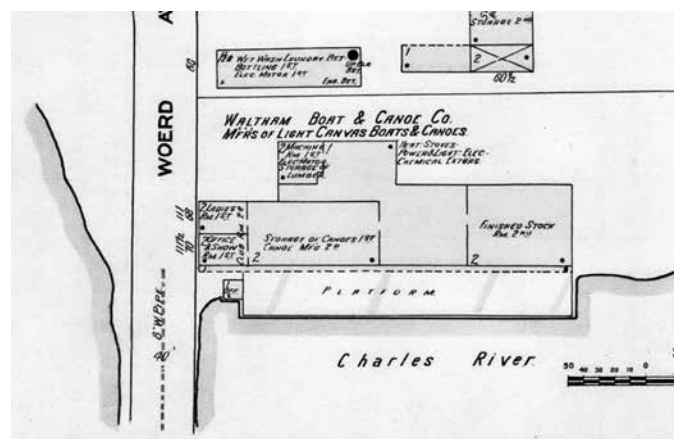


And a post card image of Arnold's Boat House with a big crowd on hand for the canoe races.

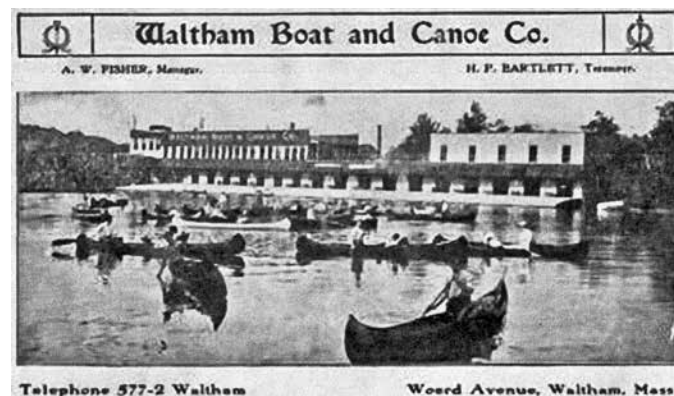
The Sanborn Co published detailed maps of approximately 12,000 US cities and towns primarily for the use of fire insurance companies to determine rates for commercial property insurance premiums. Founded in 1866 in New York City, the business declined in the 1960s as insurance companies stopped using maps for underwriting. The last Sanborn fire maps were published on microfilm in 1977 but some of the old maps are available online from the Library of Congress. Several university libraries have large collections but they are hard to access.

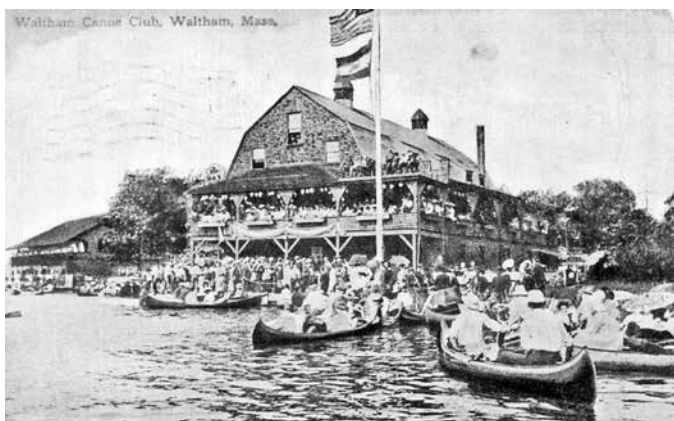
Almost every city in Massachusetts was covered by Sanborn, they needed 40 of their maps just to cover Waltham. Boston required over 200 pages. Sanborn was a huge company, hiring an army of surveyors from coast to coast and border to border. The Sanborn Maps were printed on large sheets, for this report I am just using clips of the portions of interest.

Further along on Woerd Avenue one would find the Waltham Boat and Canoe Co, a complex of wood framed buildings, again with a platform for launching canoes. It appears that the lower level was used as a showroom and canoe storage, the manufacturing was done on the second floor. The factory was up to date with electric power and light, although it was heated by stoves. The "Ladies Rm" may have been a sitting/waiting area, it is not noted where the gentlemen's facilities were located. When the Sanborn Map of 1951 was published both the Arnold and Waltham canoe factories had disappeared and the Waltham Canoe Club had been renamed "The Woerd Avenue Boat House."



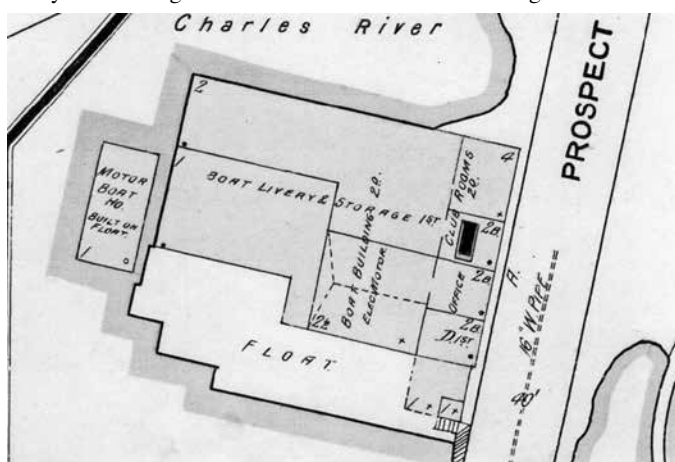
Sanborn's map from 1911 and a post card image from 1910.





Here is a post card image of the Waltham Canoe Club in 1910, a rather impressive structure with a really big crowd on hand for some special event. Arnold's Canoe building is in the left background.

On the other side of the river, Nutting's on the Charles was an impressive operation, manufacturing canoes, renting the same at their livery and the large ballroom. Here is the Sanborn image from 1911.



They were on Prospect Street, on pilings over the river, directly across from the Watch Factory. The boat livery and storage operation occupied most of the first floor, boat building was done on the second floor. Again, right up to date with an Electric Motor. By 1951 the Sanborn Map of Waltham showed Nutting's in its expanded size with a dance hall on the second and third levels with the canoe livery on the lower level. No mention of canoe building and the motorboat house on a float no longer appeared.

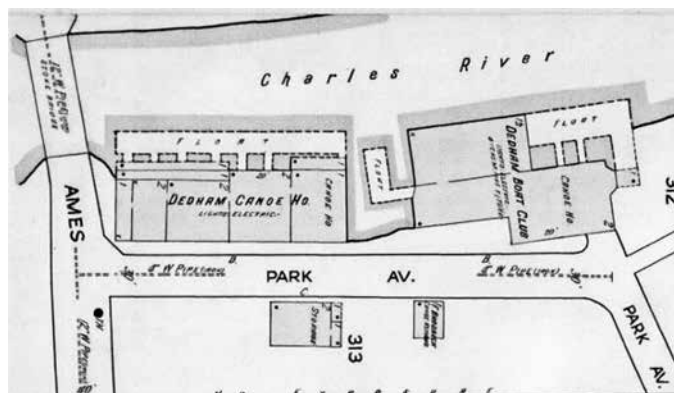
Norumbega Park closed in 1963. Two years before that Nutting's went up in a huge fire, all that was left were the pilings in the water, some of them are still there. At the time of the fire it was noted that the 46-year-old building had been used for some time as a warehouse for Park-Snow Department Stores. They are gone now, too.

This post card image appears to be from the 1920s from the automobiles and the clothing styles.



I wasn't able to locate Robertson's factory on the maps. They were right around the corner in Newton in the same general area. The map available for Newton was dated 1965 and what I thought may have been Robertson's location was not noted as such.

Further up river in Dedham I found the Dedham Canoe Club and the Dedham Canoe House on a Sanborn Map from 1917. Interestingly, I discovered that right across the street on what was then Park Avenue there was a small building noted as "F. Brodbeck Canoe Repairs." That must have been where Fred Brodbeck made his canoes while he was the Commodore of the Dedham Boat Club.



A post card image of the Dedham Boat Club House, 1907.

There is a lot of trivial information on these old maps, it's a good way to spend time while being cooped up because of the covid virus. The Sanborn maps all used a common key to explain the descriptions of the various buildings, for example, yellow denotes wood frame construction, red means brick.

Input for this article graciously provided by Benson Gray, the maps are from The Library of Congress, Washington, DC, and the post card images are the results of some internet time wasting.

THE ARTFUL SAILOR



Whole Earth Nautical Supply & Sail Exchange
Port Townsend, WA

360-344-8120

Guidance, Goods & Tools For Sailors!

www.theartfulsailor.com

Launched on April 24, 1948, *Felicia* was the final large, sawn frame vessel to come out of Dana Story's shipyard. Modeled by Pete Cogswell, *Felicia* was nearly identical to the *Mary and Josephine* (launched 8/21/47) but with an extra frame added to give the vessel a little bit more length and capacity.

Dana Story writes in his book *Growing Up in a Shipyard* that all went well with *Felicia*'s launch until the drag of timbers meant to slow the dragger "fetched up against some timbers in the way and the shock of the hawser coming taut pulled the heavy iron cleat on the whaleback right out by the roots, taking a piece of the deck with it." Such mishaps happened occasionally in the Essex yards, usually with little or no damage to the vessel.

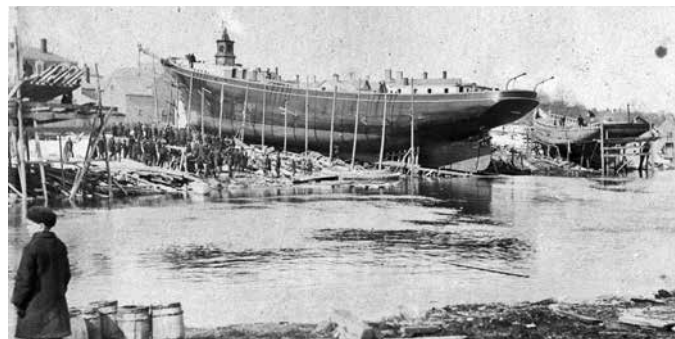
By 1948 the Essex built and Gloucester based tug *Mariner* had gone out of business, so a tug under the command of Capt Valdemar Bang traveled up from East Boston to bring *Felicia* around to Gloucester for fitting out.

At 153' long, 35' wide and with a 17' deep hold split between two decks, the three masted centerboard schooner *Warwick* was the third largest Essex vessel and was the largest built by A.D. Story. Built for Provi-



Frame Up Essex Shipbuilding Images from the Past

Felicia and *Warwick*



Two Schooners and a Schooner Dragger

A large party rides the new schooner *A.M. Nicholson* down the launching ways at the A.D. Story Shipyard on August 5, 1900. The *Nicholson* would eventually be converted into a whaler, joining over 175 other Essex built vessels that were either purpose built or converted for that fishery. Converted fishing schooners were well suited to whaling because of their large forecastles, capacious fish holds and reputation for seaworthiness and speed.

This quiet summertime scene from 1914 looks from the causeway bridge over to the A.D. Story yard where the schooner *Reading* is under construction. The schooner has been planked and the stanchions and knighthead (the timbers surrounding the stem) have been fitted into place. The vessel is being built on public land next to the shipyard which A.D. Story rented regularly from the town.



Reading was launched on September 21, 1914, the schooner measured 105' long, 25' wide with an 11.6' depth of hold.



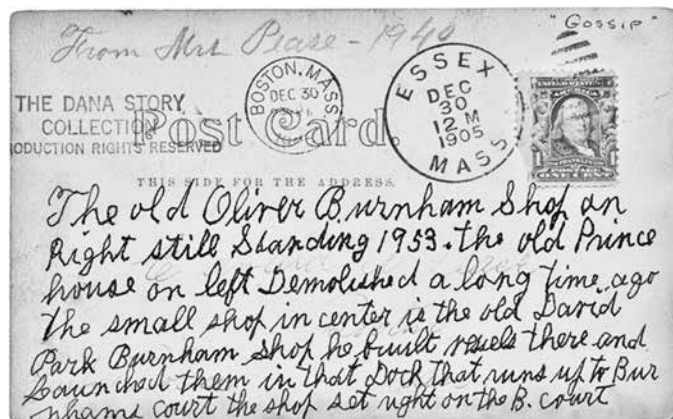
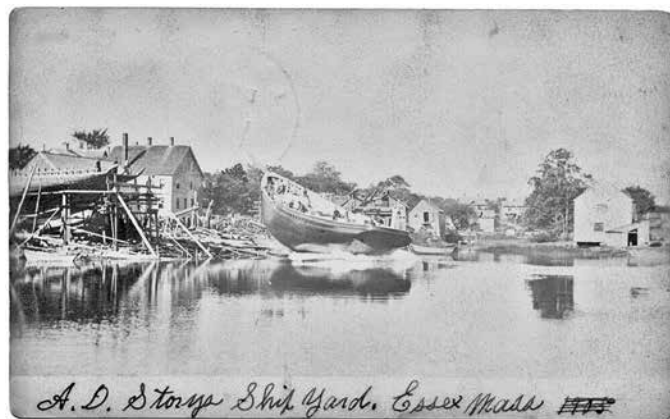
Taken c. 1927, this photo gives an astonishingly rare view of an Essex launch as seen from a boat on the Essex River. The unidentified vessel is nearly perfectly mirrored in the calm water, its reflection disturbed only by the boiling foam and spray of the launch. With a large exhaust port on the transom and a section of sheathing to protect the hull from swinging otter trawl doors, it is likely that this vessel was a schooner dragger similar to our own *Evelina M. Goulart*.



Postcards from the Past

Among the photographs in our collections are numerous postcards of Essex scenes, including this postcard of the schooner *Gossip*. *Gossip* was launched from the A.D. Story shipyard in October of 1900, although this particular postcard was not mailed until 1905.

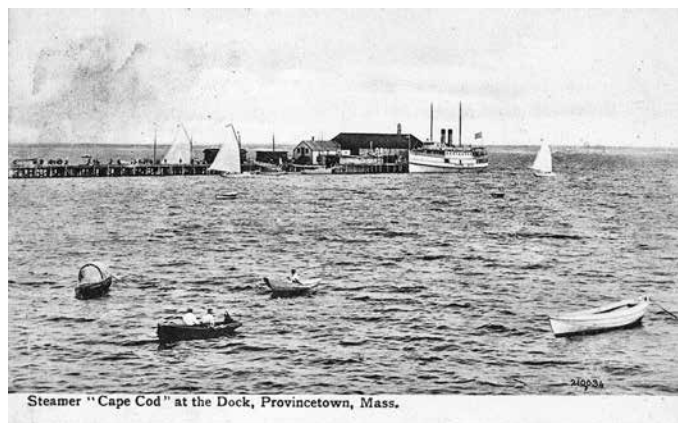
The original Boston address the card was sent to has faded and has since been written over with notes about the scene. The inscription reads, "The old Oliver Burnham Shop on right still standing 1953. The old Prince house on left demolished a long time ago, the small shop in center is the old David Park Burnham Shop. He built vessels there and launched them in that dock that runs up to Burnham's Court, the shop set right on the B. court."



In addition to postcards of Essex scenes, we also have postcards featuring Essex vessels, like this one of the passenger steamer *Cape Cod*. The steamer was the fifth largest Essex built vessel and the largest to be launched in the year 1900. A.D. Story's crew began working on Cape Cod on February 1 and it slid down the launching ways just three months and four days later on May 5, 1900. The new steamer was then towed to East Boston where the firm of Bertelsen & Petersen fitted out the vessel, installing the vessel's water tube boilers (four in total), triple expansion steam engine and other gear.

Cape Cod was built for the Boston, Plymouth & Provincetown Steamship Company and was used on the passenger run between Boston and Provincetown, where both of these photographs were taken.

A large and exuberant crowd is aboard the newly launched dragger *Tina B.* for the trip around Cape Ann to Gloucester where the dragger will receive its machinery and fit out for sea. Built in John Prince Story's yard, the 75' vessel was launched on September 23, 1945.



Thank You Christopher Shepler

Our thanks go to Christopher Shepler, Operations Administrator of the Essex Historical Society and Shipbuilding Museum for sharing with us these windows into the past when Essex built more two masted wooden fishing schooners than any other place in the world.



With the Garvey fiberglassed and the skegs and spray rails in place, the crew (with a little help from our boat builder Jeff) painted, sanded, faired and repainted the hull, giving it a clean and fair surface. We chose to prime the boat in pink because it will very subtly show through the top coats and give the finished boat a warmer glow.



Topsfield Vocational Academy Garvey Crew



Fitting the rails.



Work also continued on the bronze rub strips, which the crew fastened onto the boat after a little bit of final shaping.



The roll over.



Attaching the outwale.



Skiff is lowered off the building bed and prepped to turn over.



Conference about what's next.



Fitting the seats or just taking a seat for a quick break.

This is the third of five chapters of the story of how I enabled the *Sommers* to be sailed to be on display at Maryland's 350 Celebration at St Mary's City in 1984. As with many of my ventures down the Potomac River, it was undertaken with the belief that it would be safe and less challenging yet, as you will see as this story progresses, we met and overcame events that were without physical harm to my crew but left wanting repairs to the *Sommers*.

It all began in July 1984, with an invitation for the *Sommers* to be on display at St Mary's City 350th Anniversary. I had been monitoring weather reports with keen interest as I desired to sail with a new weather front that would yield northerly winds accompanied by an outgoing tide. Onboard I had as crew my daughter Anne, her boyfriend and his father. The plan was for the mother to drop them off at the boat and to pick us up at St Mary's City at the end of the day.

The only external power was an inflatable with a 2hp motor. We were dependent on the wind and tide for our major effort downstream. It was a clear day with an early start and comfortable winds. Unfortunately, as the day moved on the winds diminished and in time the tide turned. We were about two-thirds of our way south but were not making any progress toward our destination. The inflatable was lashed alongside with motor churning away with mere one knot results. It wasn't until sunset when our winds increased to 12 to 15 knots.

As the sun went down we entered the St Mary's River with only a few miles left. My daughter and friend were resting on their pads belowdecks when he awoke asking what was the noise he was experiencing. My daughter's reply was, "My Dad just got his motor." We had spoken earlier about the fact that a Skipjack never had an internal engine. The engine noise her friend was hearing was the Coast Guard on a search mission for the Skipjack *Mary W. Somers*. We were so close to the Coast Guard's homeport that we heard the motors when they first started at their dock.

They kindly took us in tow to the docks of St Mary's City where the mother was found anxiously awaiting our arrival only several hours late.

The next Saturday was display day where we accompanied a dozen or so antique wooden boats. The mother ship was the replica of the *Dove*, the ship that brought the first settlers to the area 350 years ago. We participated with the fleet on a parade around the harbor followed by the awarding of the prize for the oldest ship in the fleet. Much to my surprise the *Mary W. Somers* won with a launch date of 1904. I now have two pewter mugs with the *Dove* inscribed on them.

A return trip north to Goose Bay, our homeport, was planned for early in the week. I would have on board Orville, a frequent member, Rick, who wrote occasionally for the *Washington Post*, two older friends who were pre testing the trip in the hopes of using the *Sommers* for a group trip and two others familiar with the boat. Our initial course was tacking out of the St Mary's River, then turning to a broad reach on the Potomac River.

For some reason or another we had a squeaky relationship with a launch operator who was part of the *Dove* crew. Despite our disagreement he offered to tow us from the headwaters in the direction of the Potomac. When I figured we had reached the broadest part of the river with plenty of room for long

Mary W. Somers

Phase III

By Ray Hartjen

Summary of my five years of stewardship of the skipjack *Mary W. Somers*:

Arrived in my care in March 1983, Port Tobacco, Maryland.

Upgraded vessels centerboard, rudder, rigging, Spring 1984.

Put on public display in May 1984, Smallwood State Park.

Put on display in July, 1984, St Mary's City State 350 Celebration.

Sailed to Baltimore City for National Trust meeting, September 1985.

tacks, I signaled to release us from the tow. The wind was piping up to close to 20 knots with the *Sommers* heeling well on each tack.

Then things began to happen. First, after each tack the jib boom hung up on the mast because the jib triangle was too big for our boat. Unfortunately Orville, my over 200lb crew member, was on the lee side of the boom which carried him overboard when it got past the hang up on the mast. Everyone onboard ran amidships grabbing for his outstretched arms to pull him out of the water. He was shaken but thankful that his thick eyeglasses were still on his head.



With the boat healing hard she was taking on unwanted amounts of water. The crew set to work with a bucket brigade attempting to keep ahead of the water in the bilge. They were losing ground. Word was sent back to me to do something as the water was up to the crew's knees and higher. I changed course to a broad reach and headed north.

In a short time we were aground in 4' of water with sails lowered on deck. We were in the middle of the river with no means of seeking assistance. A mile offshore there was a group of houses. I took the inflatable and motored there in the hopes of finding one with a working phone. Before I returned to the boat both the Coast Guard and Marine Police were on hand to help. The Coast Guard men and women took no time to go below to seek out the source of the incoming water. They found two, one the size of a hand about a foot below the starboard deck while the other was where the pivot pin for the centerboard lost its covering. Equipped with large tapered plugs, they readily had control of the leaks.

Two gas powered water pumps helped to bring the *Sommers* off the bottom, floating once again. The boat was towed to the local marina where a waiting travel lift did quick work of lifting the *Sommers* to a safe berth in an adjacent open field.

The following Sunday, July 8, 1984, the *Washington Post* Metro section read, "Historic Sailing Ship Saved from Sinking." The next day a television crew from Northern Virginia arrived to gather footage on how the restoration work would progress. They recorded every aspect of my ripping out the rotten wood on the starboard side right where the donor said it was when he introduced me to the boat two years earlier. He included information about the fact that they could not afford the proper epoxy, called dry rot, so instead they drilled holes and injected diluted compound. I clearly recall what he said that September day but did nothing to follow up on the information. Instead I just went on sailing and, of course, reaped the consequence with the boat nearly sinking two years later.

With the boat hauled and properly blocked at the Dennis Point Marina, I began the process of ripping out the now rotted siding. It was there I found birch dowels imbedded deeply within the sides, truly evidence of the improperly treated siding. Yet the last word was that the sinking or near sinking, was my responsibility. I had not followed up on the information given me by the past owner.



My good helper Orville and I fashioned a new insert for the resulting hole in the boat's side, we scraped and painted the bottom and prepared the *Sommers* for relaunching and the trip back to Goose Bay. My other good friend Nick brought his ski tow boat south early one morning, made fast to the *Sommers* and drove her back to our berth. Our return trip was recorded as early August 1984.



Time, Tide and the Rehabilitation of the *Sylvina W. Beal*

Harold Burnham and Mary Kay Taylor

A New Apprentice

When she was 14 years old Katherine Dench (KD) enrolled in the Compass Program, an alternative high school program run by Action Inc of Gloucester. Through Compass KD was first introduced to Gloucester Maritime Heritage Center, now Maritime Gloucester, and to educators Dave Brown and Mary Kay Taylor. Dave and Mary Kay developed and ran the science portion of the program that focused on engaging students in hands on STEM learning with real world applications and a whole lot of fun.

KD proved to be an ambitious and exemplary student. KD always helped to encourage and engage other students, sharing her passion and knowledge with them. After she graduated Maritime Gloucester hired her as part of their education staff and, when the *Ardelle* arrived on site in 2011, KD, like many generations of Gloucester kids before her, was lured to the sea.

Since then KD has been very much a part of *Ardelle's* family. Other than Mary Kay and I, she has sailed on the boat as much as anyone. She has always helped with the maintenance, office work and other projects.

In 2017 my son Alden and I received a Traditional Arts Apprenticeship Grant from the Massachusetts Cultural Council (MCC) to rebuild the Friendship Sloop *Maria* (the first boat Alden's grandfather built). These grants are awarded to master artists to take on apprentices and teach them about traditional skills not offered in a typical academic setting. Throughout the project KD was ever present, learning and working with Alden and constantly encouraging him.

After graduating from, and teaching at, the Gloucester Biotech Academy, KD has pursued a variety of experiences at sea including a trip from Indonesia to Singapore on a research vessel and spent a lot of time in small boats. She studied and passed exams for her 50-ton credential and, as soon as she passes her sail endorsement exam, she will be qualified to take *Ardelle* out on her own.

Last winter Mary Kay helped KD and I apply to the MCC for another Traditional Arts Apprenticeship Grant. We were very grateful to find out that we had been awarded the grant in January. This time KD is named as my apprentice for the *Sylvina W. Beal's* rehabilitation.

Beyond giving KD an opportunity to learn from someone who is passionate about their craft and cares deeply about her, I hope that this grant will also help to provide formality and legitimacy to this alternative form of education. Where this might take KD I do not know, but she has been excelling in alternative learning environments since she was 14 years old.

As she always does, KD has taken things a bit further than anyone could have anticipated. She got herself some work as an educator at the Essex Shipbuilding Museum under the guidance of her old teacher Dave Brown. So true to her form, KD will again be learning and teaching at the same time.

Oh yeah, I almost forgot, KD will be doing a series of public presentations on Zoom about of what she is learning from 7-8pm on the second Thursday of each month between now and June hosted by the Essex



Shipbuilding Museum. If you are interested in getting notices about this you can go to the Essex Shipbuilding Museum website.



The *Beal's* New 183-Year-Old Sternpost

Throughout the fall I have been busy cutting a lot of pine for bulkheads and staging as well as small oak and locust logs for framing. I've been working my way through the log pile in order to get at some the larger oak logs we will use for the *Beal's* backbone. A few weeks ago I reached one of the big logs I've spent the fall anticipating and on January 22 we put a large white oak log on the mill from which we hoped to get a couple of sternposts for the *Beal*.

This log was 16' in length, 4' at the butt and about 2'6" at the small end. As far as the weight goes, if we figured it was 3'3" in the middle and do the whole $\pi r^2 \times l$ thing, we see that $D=3.25'$ so $r=1.625$ so $r^2=1.625' \times 1.625'=2.64' \times 3.14=8.29$ square feet $\times 16'$ long = 132.64 cubic feet $\times 63$ lbs per cubic foot = 8,356lbs, +/- . Anyway, needless to say, it was a very heavy log.

I used the fire truck to drag it off the pile and up in front of the mill and managed to break a few chains along the way. Eventually, with the loader on the mill and the forklift working in tandem, I got it on the mill and then whittled it down with the chain saw. I was then able to make a few cuts with the mill and bring the log down to a size where the mill would go through it.

From there I was very relieved to not find any iron, rot or other surprises and was able to get all I hoped for out of the log. This included the two 12.5" by (more or less) 12"

posts, as well as three very wide 2" planks and one wide 2.5" plank.

One aspect of this log that spooked me a little before I cut it was that the bark looked a little different from the bark I see on other white oak logs. Interestingly, once I got the log up on the mill I noticed how close the growth rings were and I counted 183 of them. It was then that I realized that this is one of the oldest logs I have ever milled and somewhere in the back of my mind this accounted for the different looking bark



Plan Approval

My father was a physicist but he could caulk a boat and almost 40 years ago our friend John Drake needed his boat caulked. John is a geologist but can also do survey work and drawings and my father needed these for our Chapter 91 license. They struck up a neighborly deal to trade caulking for drawings but, although John was capable of doing the work and drawings, he was not a licensed Professional Engineer and the drawings needed an engineer's stamp. Fortunately John had a friend who was a licensed PE. After giving John's drawings a quick once over he saw that John knew what he was doing and affixed his name and stamp to them without a worry in the world. I think a bottle of Scotch might have factored into the deal.

When I was hired to build the schooner *Thomas E. Lannon* there was no adequate plan. When I brought my concerns about this to Tom Ellis he told me, "Build me anything you want." It was a weird way to start a design career but luckily I had help. My father was always encouraging and Tom had hired long time Essex resident and selectman Dave Folsom to help get the plans through the Coast Guard inspection process.

Dave had attended the Coast Guard Academy and later studied naval architecture. After a long career in the Coast Guard he knew what he was doing making vessels safe. Luckily for me Dave also knew what I was doing, which was trying to keep the Gloucester's schooner heritage and traditional Essex Shipbuilding techniques alive. Dave was never worried about getting credit for his work, but looking back I would say that without him the *Thomas E. Lannon* would have never been built and none of the good she has done for our area would have ever happened.

When I built the *Fame* over the winter of 2002-2003 Dave was again instrumental in that boat's success, taking my design and navigating it through the Coast Guard review

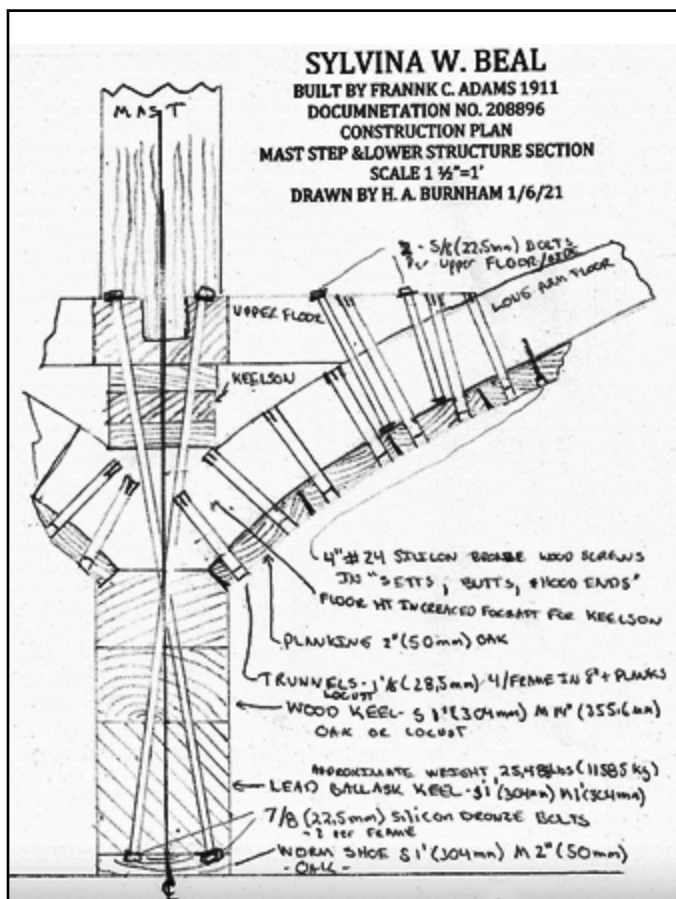
process. After Dave passed away in 2004, I hired David Wyman to help with design work on a few projects including the preliminary design for a great lakes schooner, the design for the schooner *Isabella*, the preliminary design for the gundalow *Piscataqua* and design work on the *Ernestina-Morrissey*. David also volunteered to help with the *Ardelle*. His early enthusiasm gave the project momentum when it needed it most and his well timed advice made her a better boat. For the past six or seven years I have been working with Tom Farrell who did the design work for the *Ernestina-Morrissey* among many other projects. While I have moved on from that project, I am glad he is still with it.

While at this point I know pretty well what I am doing, for me, working with Professional Engineers has never been just about the stamp. Two heads are better than one and I appreciate the input the PEs have given me as well as their help with the regulators.

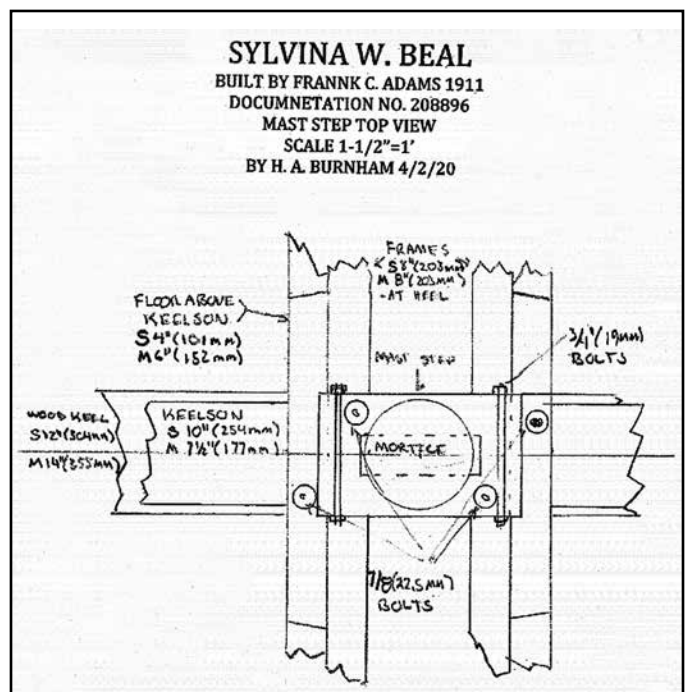
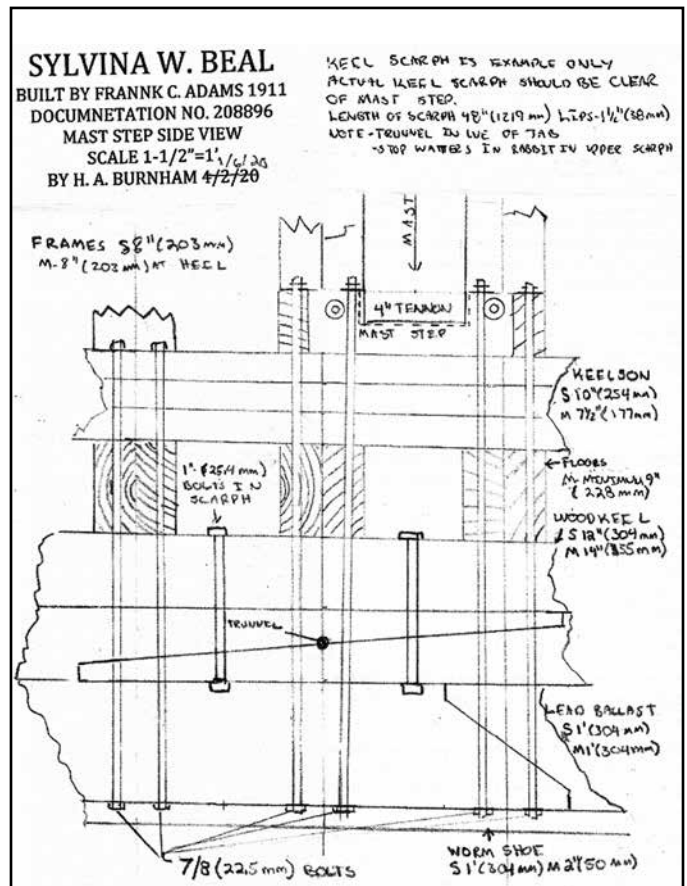
Still, I can certainly understand why legendary multihull designer Dick Newark was a bit miffed when a young state official explained to him that he was not allowed to work on boat design in the state of Maine without a degree and PE license. Dick was a pioneer with multihull designs and, as I understand it, the Coast Guard adopted his formulas as the basis of some of their regulations on multihulls. If this is true, he literally wrote the rules. I question who would be qualified to license him and what academic credential did he really need to do the work?

Anyone without a degree or license capable of designing a boat should be grateful that Dick did not choose to solve his problem with a bottle of whiskey as my father and John did. Instead, what Dick did, along with Phil Bolger and a lot of other outraged marine professionals, was to lobby the politicians to change laws in the state of Maine, removing the requirements for degrees and licensure to practice boat design.

Despite Maine's failed attempt to force licensure on our industry, the Coast Guard has never required it of those submitting plans for passenger boats. The truth is that there are simple ways to prove whether or not a boat is designed and built to be safe, regardless of who designs it. But still there are those (particularly in the academic community) who would like to force academia and licensure upon every industry if for no other reason but to justify their own existence. It seems to me that the only way to avoid this in our industry is if people without PE licenses continue to practice design and build safe boats. While I deeply appreciate all the help and advice my PE friends have given me over the years, I have decided (for now) to try to navigate as much of the regulatory river for the *Beal* as I can on my own.



I realize that this will be difficult and I am not too proud to ask my Professional Engineer friends for help if I get to a point where it just makes sense to do that (likely stability). For now, however, I am pleased to announce that I got a letter from the Coast Guard Marine Safety Center stating that they reviewed my plans and approved the hull structure. While I had no idea what to do at first and made mistakes with the process (not with the structure), the folks in the Coast Guard were excellent to work with and, like the PEs I worked with in the past, I greatly appreciate their direction and assurance that the *Beal* will be a safe boat. I will likely tell more about the story of the process of the review at a later date, but for now I will include some drawings I did of what will be the *Beal*'s rehabilitated lower structure and mast step.



The Buffalo Maritime Center has reopened again and there has been a lot of progress made on the boats being built or restored as well as some parts being made for the *Seneca Chief*, the Erie Canal Boat. This boat design is being called “officially” a Canal Boat rather than a Packet Boat, as most of us were taught in grade school here locally. What is the difference? According to the internet, a Canal Boat carried people and their belongings primarily (that westward migration thing) and Packets were used for goods, grain, stone, lumber, livestock and the like. My seventh grade New York State history teacher, Sister Mary Electric Chair, would differ strongly and use a 3’ map pointer across the back of my neck to make the case.

The *Trippe* is showing a lot of progress. John Lloyd is leading the group of volunteers for this build. The progress on this boat has come a long way since the last time I was at the Center, about a year ago. The decks, bulwarks, cabin, seating, bunks and much more are in and the project may get completed in the not too distant future. The *Trippe*’s mast is also built and part of the bowsprit is done. The bowsprit, like the mast, is fidded in two parts.

These are the *Trippe* currently and a drawing of what it will look like when complete.



Buffalo Maritime Center Spring 2021 Update

By Greg Grundtisc



The *Buffalo Wailer*, a somewhat scaled down trailerable version of the *Scajaquada*, the BMC’s flagship vessel, is also getting close to completion. The main part of the hull is done with a lot of the inside components completed also. The *Wailer* is currently getting covering boards (side decks) installed and some parts and pieces to finish the inside. Then the mast and spars will be made. Dick Weissen is heading up a crew of volunteers for this build. Unfortunately he and the building team were not present at the time I visited, but a lot has been completed and it appears to be in the final stages of the project.



Buffalo Wailer and side deck.

There are a few other boats that are being built, restored or repaired in the main shop, and in the school workshop area there are several skiffs being built with the volunteer “mentors” of the BMC’s Hand to Hand program with students from several area schools that have since opened.



Scajaquada having some annual maintenance performed.



Skiffs being built on molds.

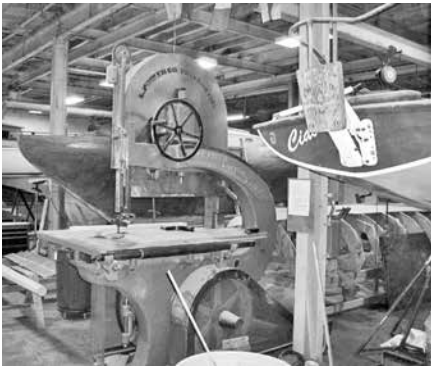


Sailboats boats being restored.

In the metal shop volunteers are making over 800 silicone bronze bolts for assembling the sawn frames and parts are being cast in the foundry and forge for other parts needed for the building of the *Seneca Chief* Canal boat project. All the actual boat building will be done in the Long Shed at Canal side on Buffalo’s downtown waterfront.



Bronze bolts.



9' tall bandsaw between boats being restored.



Skiffs of the Students Hand to Hand program

By the time this is read (May) the Canal Boat project should be well underway, unfortunately about ten months delayed due to the virus shutdown. This boat building will be done under the watchful eye of the general public. All are welcome to view the building progress during the times and days of operation. The Buffalo community is also invited to help with this once in a lifetime project. A safety course is the only requirement to be a volunteer. Experience not necessary. A dozen of us have taken that safety training and are also learning the operation of the new equipment that will be used for the build.

As always, the BMC is looking for those who want to take part in this and any of the other projects at the Maritime Center. Any questions or contact can be made through the BMC or their website, buffalomaritimecenter.org. There you will find a great amount of detail and information and dozens and dozens of photos of the past and present boat builds and such.



Progress on the *Seneca Chief*

Captain Phil Sullivan, Bill Thebault, Mark Frys, John Clause and occasionally a few others jumped in as a lofting crew on Walt Manalio's giant lofting table upstairs at the BMC. They were well along before covid struck and, with a push start in March, they have it nearly 98% complete. That's enough to begin producing the all important patterns required to start processing the big timbers for the bow and stern assemblies.

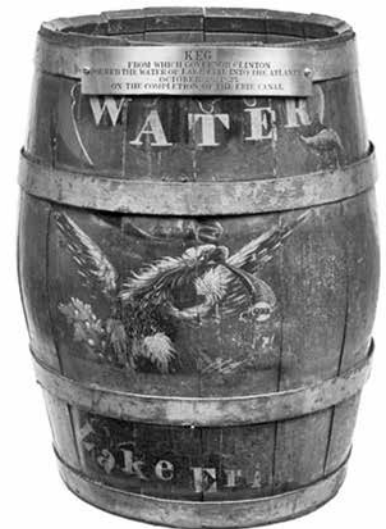
The oak stock for timbers and the cypress and larch for planking have been seasoning down at Fuhrmann Boulevard over the winter. A couple of days were spent stacking the wood, painting the ends and covering the wood to assure that it seasons as efficiently as possible.

In the meantime, we will be putting the stem and horn timber together. Bolt making is going on full bore at the BMC machine shop with several hundred custom made bronze bolts in lengths from 8" up to 3' being threaded, turned and headed.

The *Seneca Chief* carried two cedar kegs "painted green with gilded hoops and adorned with devices and descriptions." They were filled with water from Lake Erie which Governor Clinton emptied into the ocean at New York City in the formal ceremony referred to as the "Marriage of the Waters" or the "Wedding of the Waters." On Novem-

ber 4, Clinton emptied one barrel in front of crowds in New York harbor, then sailed out to Sandy Hook, New Jersey where the second barrel was emptied.

One of the two kegs is currently in the collection of the New York Historical Society. It is described as a small barrel, 16"x12" wide, with an eagle and the words "Water" and "Lake Erie" painted on the front and brass plaque with the inscription "Keg used by Governor DeWitt Clinton in pouring the water of Lake Erie into the Atlantic Ocean at Sandy Hook on November 4, 1825, as part of the ceremonies attending the completion of the Erie Canal on October 26, 1825." The location of the other barrel is unknown.



Imagine yourself spending the winter deep in the snowbound backwoods. Your solar panels harvest enough electrons from the shy winter sun to run the cottage's modest LED lights but nothing more. No TV and you never had internet. No regular job forces you out to scurry on the treadmill of the Rat Race. Once a week you hike down the mountain to go to town and collect the mail. Of course, there are chores. Hauling firewood and water, shoveling snow, baking bread. There are always chores.

In your free time you dream about and plan next season's boating adventures. I know you do or you would not be reading this. All the old boating books are taken down and thumbed through, which leads to thoughts of boats that might be fun to build someday.

This describes my situation so I'm sure you can understand my winter pastime, making tiny boats. For a boat nut with time to kill, this is a great and easily justified hobby. Making scale models of various designs is the best way to determine the difficulty of making the real thing, of comparing one design to the next and determining if you'd really like the full size version or not. This excuse actually does hold a grain of truth (as all the best excuses do) but the primary reason one gets away with it is because The Wife will tolerate cluttering up your study with little boats far better than she would cluttering up the yard with dozens of big boats.



A good day to find something to do inside.

I model ordinary, easily built boats because that's the kind I build for real. I'll leave the museum quality stuff to folks like the Tampa Bay Ship Model Society. What I know about model making I've gleaned from Payson's "instant" boat building books. Payson was inspired to make "construction models" like these by Weston Farmer, who used materials he had on hand to make models using the real plans of full size boats.



Posing by a display of my models at a local library.

Twelve From Two

By Robert Van Putten

Farmer and Payson recommended cutting your own model making stock and that's what I do, too. The material for all the models I made this winter came from a single scrap of Douglas fir 2"x6". I look for scraps that are free of knots and mostly sap wood because the heartwood can be a little brittle. I started with cedar from a tree I felled below my garden and chain sawed up into planks. The scraps went through my table saw and got me started making models. I discovered that I'm allergic to fine cedar sawdust so these days I use it only for thicker pieces that are carved to shape, like stems.

You do need a table saw. I borrowed one from an uncle for my first boat building project and now that I know how handy it is he's never getting it back! My 5kw generator just manages to power it. Slicing wood thin enough for model making takes a little practice. You'll find out fast if the saw blade isn't perfectly vertical and how good the fence is. I can get a little thinner than 1/16" with a sharp, thin kerf blade.

After sawing them out I lay the strips flat on a workbench and rub them down with #100 grit paper. This removes the saw marks and thins them down pretty good. The grain and beauty of these home cut strips is much nicer than store bought balsa or basswood and they are also stronger. I do have trouble making small sticks for chines, wales and framing. Three-sixteenths of an inch is about as small as I can reliably make square stock on the saw.

I used to split and sand cedar sticks down for wales and chines but this winter I finally broke down and bought a supply of basswood sticks 1/8"x1/16"x24" long. A pack of five runs \$2.50 and I like using them so much I'll probably go through six packs this winter.

The table saw is the very best device ever invented for cutting off fingers. Chainsaws, circular saws and meat cleavers don't even come close. Wooden "fingers" can be used to hold stock against the saw fence instead of your own easily removed digits and are easily made from a scrap of 1"x4".



Wooden "fingers" hold the stock against the fence of the table saw.

Not many other tools are really needed. I started with a pocketknife, whittling out the parts as best I could, then sanding them to final shape. Eventually my wife gave me one of her fabric rotary cutters and mat which is a great tool for cutting the thin planks. She lets me have all her old blades which I destroy beyond recognition. A small model maker's backsaw and miter box is handy. For a tiny

glue bottle I cleaned out an old eye drops bottle and drilled out the spout a bit. I use Titebond II glue which I like because it grabs fast. The trusty scale rule is essential, along with a mechanical pencil and a square. Everything else is scrounged up from around the cottage, paper clips, rubber bands, pins and tape. Last, we need boat plans, lots of boat plans



Tools of the trade and one side of Tortoise cutout.

I have a small pile of real boat plans that I've somehow managed to collect, but most of the plans I use are from books by Philip C. Bolger, Harold "Dynamite" Payson, Jim Michalak, Thomas Firth Jones and Gavin Atkins. You will need a magnifying glass and, of course, you can't use a scale rule on these tiny plans so some extrapolation is needed time to time.

I started off making models at a scale of 1/12" to 1". At this size good detail can be made with little fuss or special tools and it's great for learning how to build the full size boat. However, at this scale models start taking up shelf space fast. Some time ago I was inspired by an article in *Messing About in Boats* to make a model of Bolger's Sneak-easy. This motor launch is 26 1/2" long by only 4' on the bottom, talk about a long, narrow boat! She can slice along quietly, effortlessly, and with no wake at 12 knots with only a 7.5hp outboard.

If I were to build a motorboat, this would be the one. At a scale of 1/12" to 1" this model would be just under 40" long, too big for my shelves. I went all the way down to 3/4" to 1" for that one. It worked out well enough and I had fun steam bending the curve in the foredeck, but I did have to compromise on many of the details. I don't think I'll use that scale again. One inch to 1' is a good compromise, not too big or small, and works out well enough for the small boats I generally model.



Hard at work in the boatyard.

This winter I started off by designing my own boat. I told my wife that the next boat I built would be an outrigger canoe, something I could sail and she could paddle. I was inspired by the Wharram Melanesia which is

the prettiest little outrigger ever drawn and by a simple outrigger featured in the *Shed* magazine. Plans for the Melanesia cost more than I figured to spend on the whole boat and it doesn't sail to windward very well anyway.

The boat featured in the *Shed* was crude but it got me thinking. Many pages of notes, three preliminary cardboard models and some general brainstorming later, I solidified the design with a wooden model. I call her Dart and I think she's the best of her type that can be gotten out of two sheets of plywood. The 52sf spritsail is copied from Pete Culler's Sampan and the clip on leeboard from Bolger. The rig can be stowed in the canoe and so can the connecting beams and ama for cartop transport.

The design is very easy to build. Simple nail and glue construction, only three butt joints are needed, and internal chine logs are used. Like most any multi hull she should easily exceed hull speed, but the rig is modest. Dart is a comfortable cruiser, not a hot rod. Perhaps you'll read about the real thing in a future issue of *Messing About in Boats*!



Dart outrigger canoe.

I copied the clip on leeboard design from Payson's *Instant Boatbuilding*, the book that started the whole instant boat thing. When Dart was finished I got the idea that it might be fun to model the original instant boat fleet from the book, Teal, Elegant Punt, Surf, Zephyr, a kayak that apparently never earned a name, and the famous Folding Schooner. That would be a fun collection, but I wasn't sure about the schooner. I think I'd need to buy the real plans and it would take up over two and a half feet of shelf space! I guess I could display it folded.

I started with Bolger's Elegant Punt, Design #279. It was easily built and, indeed, surprisingly elegant for such a simple little boat. I couldn't resist shortening the straddle thwart and adding stern sheets. I've never needed a tender but I imagine it would be handy to have some clear floor space when stepping into one.

Next was Teal, Bolger's Design #310, the classic little double ender for sail and oar. She is indeed a masterpiece of efficient design. I can make side panels as long as needed but I put the butt blocks in anyway because they position the temporary molds that define her shape. Having done that, I figured I'd just leave the molds in place and use them as bulkheads so I could deck the ends for flotation. That's how I'd build the real thing. Jim Michalak wrote that he modified his Teal by beefing up the wales and eliminating the center frame to make room to sleep aboard.

Now I realized I'd made three models of boats that could be made with only two sheets of plywood. That sounded interesting, I wondered how many such designs there are and how many I happened to have the plans

for. I decided to model as many as I could and save the original Instant fleet for later.

I already had two such models in my collection. The first boat I ever built was David Beedes Summer Breeze, which is supposed to be a two sheet boat, only you need "something else" for the transom, and when I built her I could not cover the bottom with his ply layout. When bending plywood sides around a single midships mold they don't always come out the same and David's design has no room for any variation. To be fair, Summer Breeze was designed to win a two sheet contest. Thus, I deem it an Honorable Mention but not a true two sheet design. Some years back I'd modeled her at 1 1/2' to 1' with a cross plank bottom.

One of the first models I ever made was of Bolger's design #407, Eek! Also done at 1 1/2' to 1'. Found in *30-Odd Boats*, it was intended as a "disposable cruising canoe... to be risked in irresponsible adventures" and as an inexpensive way to try out a particular shape. It's an interesting design and certainly easy to build, but an 11 1/2' sailing canoe that needs 75lbs of ballast to be "not desperately dangerous to go alongshore in" may not be the most practical of boats. It does look just right for vampires to sleep in.



Start of a two sheet fleet, Summers Breeze, Eek! Dart, Teal, Elegant Punt.

The kayak was next, Bolger Design #284. The plans show no bevels anywhere except the end posts and no center mold to bend the sides around. Could that be right? The model went together easy as pie. I guess the angles are so small on this narrow boat that no bevels are needed. It has lots of built in flotation and a flat bottom. Despite being only 21" wide I wonder if an agile person couldn't board after a capsize and bail out the small cockpit. Only a sheet and a half of plywood is used for this 11 1/2' kayak. There are photos of one in the November 2020 issue of *Messing About In Boats*, page 10.

What else was there? Well, I remembered Bolger's tiny "chopping tray" Tortoise, Design #363, in Payson's book *Build the New Instant Boats*. I figured that's gotta be a two sheet boat. I built her as drawn, including plywood sides for the removable straddle seat that match the curve of the bottom. I wondered about that and think it wouldn't be very rigid so I looked it up in *Different Boats*. Bolger wrote, "I meant to have this filled with foam for use as a lifeboat but never got this done."

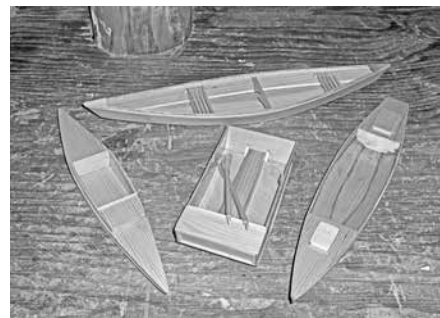
That makes sense. Filled with foam the three sided 1/4" plywood bench would be rigid. I bet most folk who build this design just frame the seat normally. Payson was fond of this design, probably because it reminded him of the first boat he ever built which was something similar. In *Instant Boatbuilding*

with *Dynamite Payson* (he didn't stray far when naming his books) he wrote, "Besides service as a load carrying tender she has been used for other purposes ashore. Because of her rockered bottom she makes a good cradle for kids. And when it's party time, tip her on her side and she makes an Instant Bar. How can you beat that?"

Then there is Bolger's Yellow Leaf canoe, Design #257 from his first book *Small Boats*. This is a disposable racing boat built as lightly as possible for a contest where it is carried as much as floated. I've come across references to this boat being built sturdily for use as a general purpose canoe, so that's how I built her, with seats, portage yoke, internal chine logs and spaced inwale. I found Yellow Leaf difficult to layout at this scale. Bolger shaped this simple boat quite subtly.

Digging through my pile of plans I found a set for Toto, a 13' two sheet "stitch and glue" double paddle canoe by Jim Michalak. I'd forgotten I had that. Once upon a time I sent a few bucks to Jim for his catalogs. More than half a year later they came with the explanation that he'd lost my letter and had unearthed it six months down the road, and included the plans as an apology. I figured his desk must look like mine!

This was the first time I'd modeled a stitch and glue boat and it was a pest! The planks are tortured into shape at the bow and I'd used stock that was thicker than ideal. Plus, I couldn't screw the planks to the temporary molds, of course, or stitch them together and made do as best I could with pins, tape and glue smeared fingers. I gave up and glued the forward mold in place and decked the front of the canoe. Per design the bow is left open but many have been decked on both ends so I don't feel too bad about this. I think she has an odd name. I'd have called her Shark because this lean boat has a sharp V bow one-third her length and from some angles she looks downright predatory. Jim writes that she is his most successful design and that he's slept in one many nights!



Yellow Leaf, Tortoise, Toto and The Kayak With No Name.

Next I got out Jim's book *Boatbuilding For Beginners and Beyond*, which contains plans for several small boats including Piragua, a pirogue with decked ends for dry storage and flotation which is built complete from two sheets of ply. I think Jim did a better job naming this one. It looks like a fun boat to me and I wish I'd built one 30 odd years ago when I was looking for my first canoe. About 24" wide on bottom amidships, she's narrow and low enough to use a double paddle while sitting on a cushion or a single paddle when kneeling. It's built with external chine logs and the model went together fast without any trouble at all. If I was going to sleep in a canoe I'd pick this one.

Looking through *Instant Boatbuilding with Dynamite Payson* I found another two sheet boat that I'd overlooked before because it's a "Tack and Tape" boat. That's the same as "stitch and glue" only without the stitches, which are not needed because the panels on these boats drop right into place. I typically don't do these but if I could handle Toto at 1" to 1' scale I figured I could build anything.

This is Bolger's Design #495 Payson's Pirogue, which is an odd name considering Payson wrote that he'd never heard of a pirogue but was honored to have her named after him anyway. She's really a 13' multi-chine double paddle canoe. This was a fun boat to model. Everything fell into place just as it should and produced a shapely little boat. She is undecked and frameless, relying on two thwarts and tapered, spaced inwalets to hold her shape. Payson built her of 1/4" plywood sheathed with fiberglass cloth and her weight was only 34lbs! Maybe that's no *Sairy Gamp* but it's pretty good for a rugged boat easily made from common materials. Payson used polyester resin instead of epoxy and I bet I could build one for about 250 bucks.

Unlike a kayak you can run her onto a beach, stand up and walk right out on the narrow, flat bottom which is about 10" wide where you sit and tapers to the bow. It's interesting to compare her to Toto. They are about the same size, capacity and use the same materials. The V bow and built in flotation makes Toto better for rough water while Payson's Pirogue is slimmer, lighter and a little more elegant. I think she would be a pleasure to cartop and at her best exploring quiet out of the way places, but I don't think anyone will be sleeping in her. Payson's Pirogue was a pleasant surprise and I think I might have to build one.

Another "Tack and Tape" boat is Bolger's Nymph, Design #425, which I found in *Build the New Instant Boats*. This one is a 7'9" pram tender. I found it surprising that this shapely boat, including the frames, comes from just two sheets of plywood. Again, this was a fun boat to model and everything just fell into place. Her bottom plank is only 2" wide and this does make her tippy until you sit down in her, but the multi chine hull means she handles a chop or swell better than the typical tender. I was so impressed with this boat that when next I went to town I looked up a YouTube video of the design in action. Lightly loaded she dances on the water. I'm convinced that if I ever need a small tender that might be fun to row some distance, this would be the one.

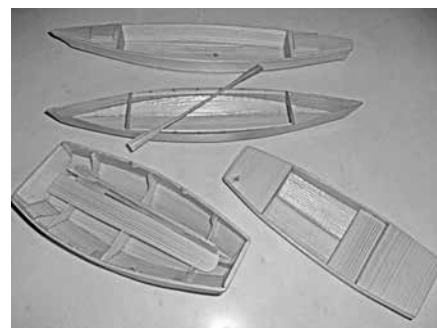
The last boat is Mouse from Gavin Atkins *Ultrsimple Boatbuilding*. This book got me started making boats when I found a

copy in my local library one fateful day. One of the boats in this book is David Beede's Summer Breeze which I built because it looked like a "real" boat and was easily laid out. Gavin uses X and Y axis coordinates on a full sheet of plywood to describe the shapes of his designs, which means he uses ten measurements to describe the shape of a simple frame instead of three like everyone else.

I never want to lay out another of his boats again! I drew the parts on a 4"x8" piece of stiff paper, then cut them out, only to find that at this scale there was just too much error and my templates were useless. I derived the shapes mathematically as best I could, re-drew the parts conventionally, then made them. Mouse is Gavin's most popular design and hundreds have been built so I guess his layout actually does work. It's an 8' long, low, wide, shallow-V "stitch and glue" hull decked at both ends and paddled like a kayak. I'm not sure if it's a tiny V-bottomed punt or a sailboat without the sail, but it does look perfect for messing about on small waters.

Unlike kayaks or canoes this boat is easily righted and boarded after a capsize, then bailed out at leisure. This makes it a safe boat for kids, which is what it was originally designed for, but it has plenty of capacity for adult paddlers, too. Like the Bolger kayak, Mouse is a "sheet and a half" boat and it's interesting to compare the two. Gavin has

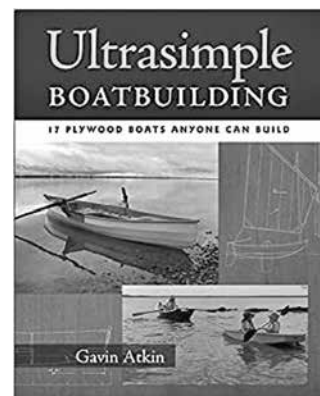
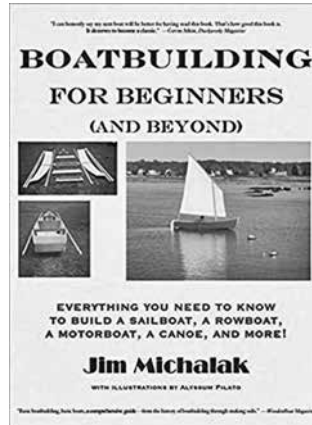
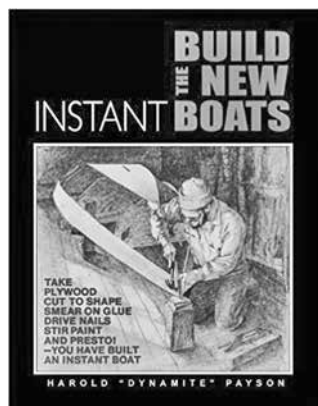
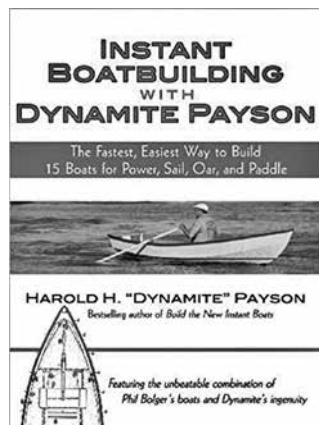
drawn many variations on the theme but this original remains the most popular and it certainly deserves a place in this collection.



Piragua, Payson's Pirogue, Nymph, Mouse.

So here we have a baker's dozen, each built from just two sheets of plywood. I bet there are more of them out there that I don't know about and I'd love to hear about them. It's very easy to get bitten by the "Bigger Boat Bug" but I often feel that "Less Is More" when it comes to enjoying time spent on the water. I think this little fleet has something to please most anyone and they are all useful and fun boats, perfect for simply messing about. Which one would you build?

"Twelve From Two" plus an Honorable Mention.



Build Your Own 16' (4.9m) ROWING SKIFF

*A little light exercise in the garage this winter could give you
a little light exercise on the water come the summer.
And Paul Gartside has just the design.*

Here's a manageable building project with a guaranteed outcome. By good fortune the order for this one came in just before we were struck by the pandemic. Working through it has kept me both busy and grounded through the first months of isolation. Doubly satisfying as this is very much my kind of boat: small, simple, low maintenance, low impact yet with the potential for adventures large and small. And it's double ended, what more can you ask for?

It was built for Bud Baker of Winston-Salem NC, farmer, tree planter and all-round interesting character who was looking for a boat to get himself and his wife out on the river and away from the world. Right now, that sounds like good plan to me. While Bud is neither a young man nor an experienced rower, I sense he has the crucial ingredient for an interesting life, a desire to keep moving and trying new things.

In choosing the model then, I have to be careful to strike the right balance between performance and stability. I would call this a middle of the road shape with enough bottom in it not to be overly tippy and hard to move around in but still narrow enough on the waterline to slide along well. More deadrise and a reduced waterline beam would make it faster but more demanding of crew balance. It will allow for a downwind sail

of modest area, which adds greatly to the potential without taking anything away from the prime purpose, rowing. Row out, sail home is a nice way to go boating.

The seat arrangement is one I have used many times that maintains fore and aft trim with a variety of rower/passenger configurations. The forward thwart is fixed while the aft thwart has two positions. For a single rower it is placed

forward in the centre of the boat; with two rowers it is moved aft and used in combination with the fixed forward seat. A single rower with passenger uses the forward thwart while the passenger sits aft on the air tank. A camping seat with cushion and backrest would be a useful accessory in that set up, perhaps the most socially enjoyable arrangement. The

rudder and yoke lines give everyone something to do and will help spread the blame in the event of accidental groundings.

Turning to the construction we find ourselves once again in search of those elusive qualities, light weight and low maintenance. The method I chose is shown in the drawings and photograph. It is planked in parallel strips of western red cedar, 1½" x ¼" (36 x 6mm), edge glued and sheathed inside and out. Parallel strips work well on a long skinny shape like this as long as the first one is allowed to go on with a natural wrap somewhere around the turn of the bilge as shown on

16' (4.9m) ROWING SKIFF SPECIFICATION

LOA: 16' (4.88m)

Beam: 4'9" (1.45m)

Depth amidships: 1'4½" (0.42m)

Weight: 135 lbs (61.3kg)

Sail area: 42 sq.ft (3.9m²)





Spades Edro Spade

NET	9' - 7 1/2"	OR BALL LENGTH
YARD	6' - 7 1/2"	"
BALL	0.83 oz	/YD DABOL

16 ft Row Boat

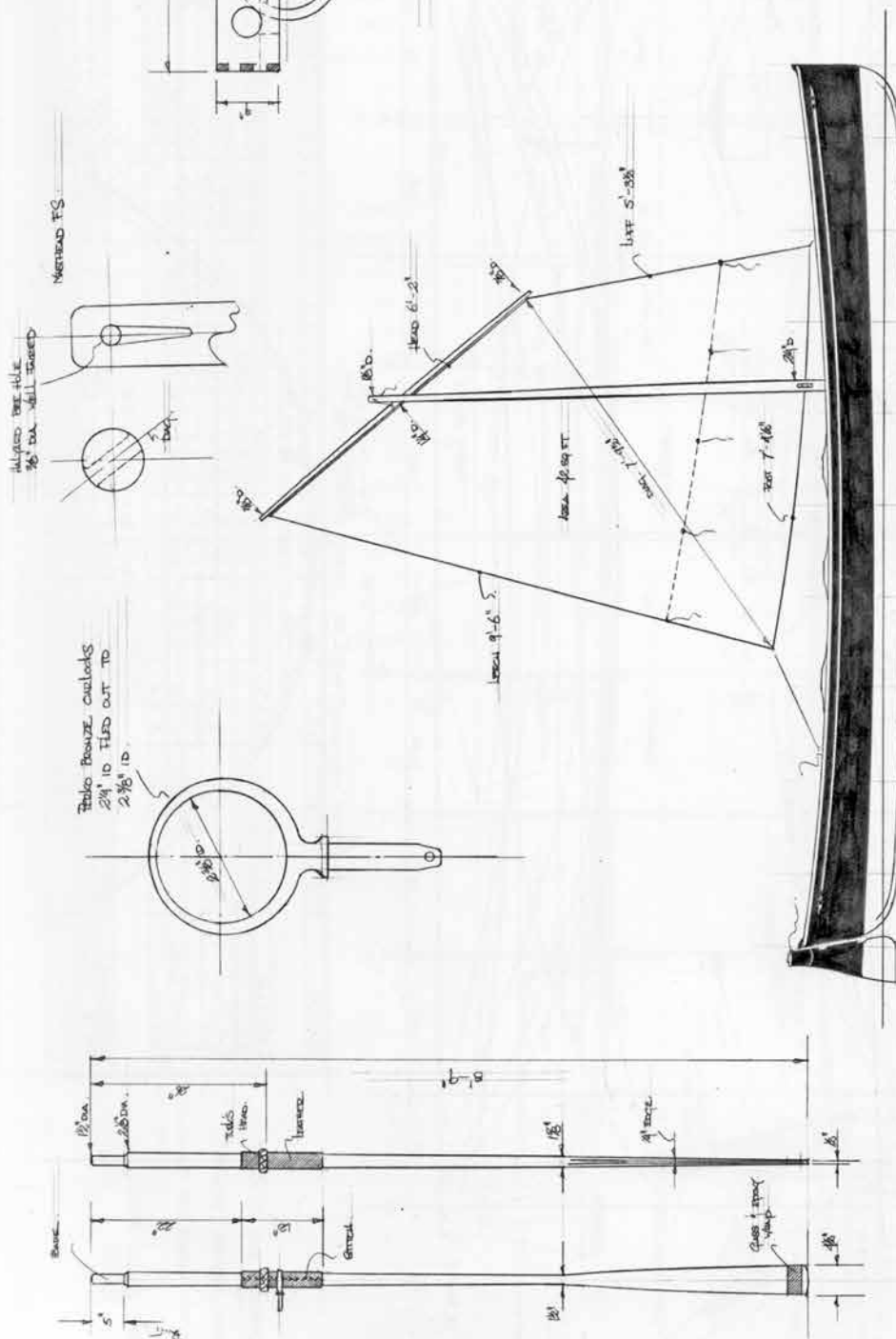
FOR: ✓ BUD BAKER

SHEET 248 / 1 DOWNWIND RIG

Scale: $1'' = 1'-0''$

Paul - GATESIDE AUGUST 2020

East Hampton, NY USA



INDELICIOUS:	
LENGTH OVERALL	16'-0"
BEAM	4'-9"
DEPTH AMIDSHIPS	1'-4 1/2"
SAIL AREA	42 SQ. FT.
WEIGHT	135 lbs.

DESIGN # 218 IRRAWADDI LST.
SHEET 218/1

1. IRRAWADDI LG.
2. LINES PLAN
3. CONSTRUCTION
4. BUILDING SET-UP.

one laminated w.r. cedar
1/2" = 1'-0"

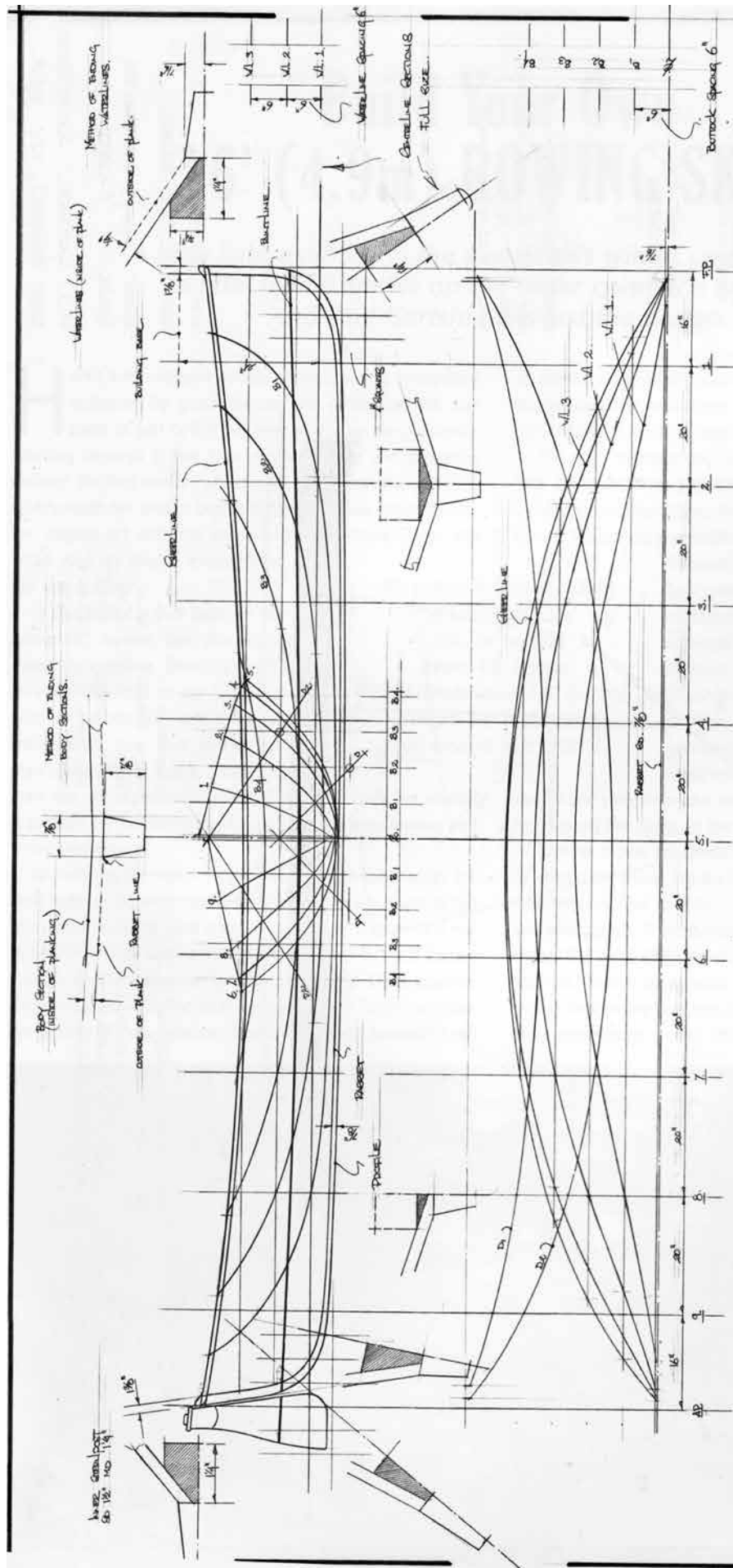


TABLE OF OFFSETS.

STATION	FP	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	AP
HEIGHTS ABOVE AND BELOW W.L. 1.											
SHEER LINE	1.77	1.55	1.33+	1.16+	1.06	1.02+	1.02	1.07	1.21+	1.41+	1.65
B. 4					0.103	0.83+	0.94				
B. 3					0.71	0.34	0.23	0.32			
B. 2					0.65	0.11	0.06+	0.15	0.07	0.60+	1.07
B. 1					0.91	0.01	0.24	0.32	0.34	0.30+	0.60+
DECK LINE					0.27+	0.35	0.40+	0.41+	0.41	0.37	
DECK LINE					0.37	0.44					
HALF BREADTHS											
SHEER LINE		0.84	1.47	2.14	2.25	2.22	2.22	2.00	1.72	1.41	1.05
V.L. 3		0.67	1.31	1.92	2.10	2.14	2.17	1.91	1.53	1.00	0.80
V.L. 2		0.47	0.91	1.50	1.83	1.96	1.90	1.60	1.00	0.44+	0.44+
V.L. 1		0.20	0.61	1.04	1.13	1.15	1.15	0.93+	0.60	0.15	
DIAGONALS											
D. 1		0.47	0.85+	0.110+	1.01+	1.04	0.117	0.105+	0.84	0.44	
D. 2		0.26	0.41+	0.86	1.112+	2.02	1.116	1.95	1.51	0.91+	

OFFSETS ARE GIVEN IN:
FEET, INCHES, EIGHTHS.
TO THE INSIDE OF PLANKING
LOFT FULL SIZE.

16 FT BOAT
FOR: BUD BAKER
SHEET 218/2 LINES PLAN
SCALE: 1/8" = 1'-0"
PAUL CARTERIDGE AUGUST 2020
EAST HAMPTON, NY USA

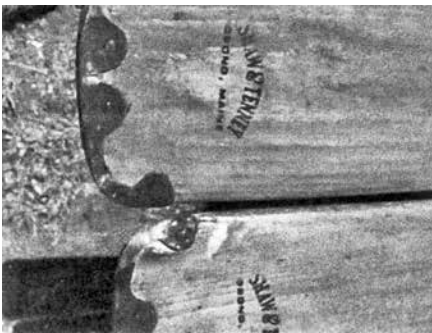
Welcome to Boat Building

The year was 1985, when the varnish on the mahogany was bright and the color of my beard was black. I lived in Blue Hill, Maine, part of the '70s back to the land movement, having escaped the middle class dream from Connecticut.

On Route 15 there was a quaint red barn upon which hung a sign, "Plastic Pete's Boat Shop." Living in Maine and surrounded by a fabulous 2,000-mile coastline punctuated by picturesque bays, it would be a sin to not have boat access to these havens. With \$250 in cash in my pocket I took it upon myself to enter "Plastic Pete's."

Hulls and molds were scattered about. The shop hung heavy with fumes from polyester resin. These environs had never seen an OSHA inspector but did have a 20" exhaust fan. Pete was affable yet I suspected that he had spent too many hours in the resin haze. I had a hard time following his dialogue. Perhaps it was just because I was from "away" and not fluent yet in the native tongue.

After a plethora of indecipherable Maine dialect, punctuated by a handful of "by gorries," he sold me a bare fiberglass hull fresh out of the mold. It measured 11'9" feet from stem to stern with a 40" beam. When I packed up and left Maine I strapped Plastic Pete's creation into the back of my 3/4-ton GMC pickup truck and drove it south to New York to finish it off as a rowing "peapod" type craft. A previous trip to Shaw and Tenney, preeminent paddle and oar makers in Orono, Maine, resulted in the purchase of two 7' spruce beauties which I adorned with copper tips and leathers.



I started out wanting just to row this craft and it was only later that the idea of sailing it also occurred to me. I used mahogany for the gunnels and the stem and stern breast-hooks. I also used mahogany for the rowing thwart. To mount the seat and add strength to the hull, I created two laminated mahogany frames that ran from gunnel to gunnel. To attach them to the boat, I drilled through the hull and fastened them with bronze nuts and bolts while the epoxy was still wet. This through drilling technique would come back to haunt me years later.

A Covid Restoration

By Ralph Szur

Reprinted from the John Gardner Chapter
TSCA Newsletter

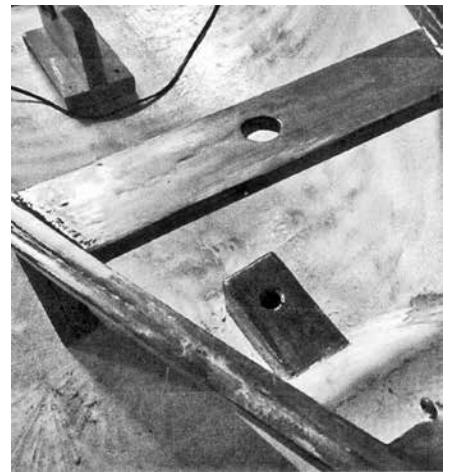


This was one of my first forays into boat building and resulted in a rather amateurish but substantial enough method of fastening. Over the years I have ignored these warts on the hull. It wasn't until recently, with the onset of the virus lockdown, that I decided to remedy the epoxy blemishes to bring about a more cosmetically appealing look.



Evolution of a Sprits'l Rig

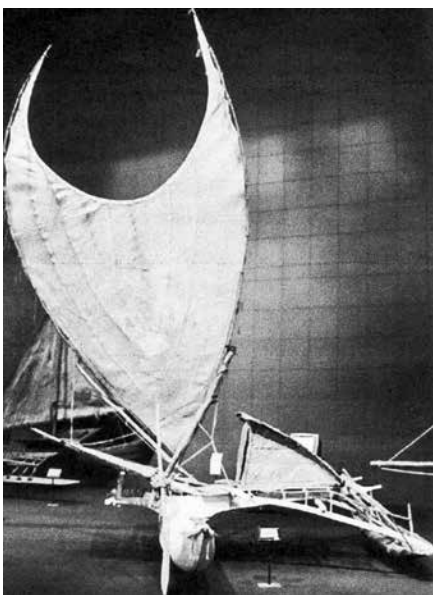
After spending a considerable amount of time getting to know my peapod and enjoying rowing it, I evolved a plan to add sailing features. Lumberyard spruce served to create a temporary mast which, to this day, has endured. It is anchored to the boat with a chunk of cedar 4"x4" mast step. A longleaf yellow pine mast partner that I reinforced by through riveting bronze welding rod stays the mast above. In order to maintain simplicity in the rig, I found that I could just reverse an oar in the oarlock and it would act as a sufficient rudder. Some oak thumb cleats on each gunnel served as friction points for tending my manila rope main sheet. After consulting numerous nautical tomes, I experimented with cutting sails from 6mil builders' plastic hemmed with duct tape. Two or three iterations of testing resulted in a workable sail.



One day, on my way to Norwalk, Connecticut, for a sail on Long Island Sound, I spied a white object on the interstate that was being run over by passing cars. It looked to me like it was a tarp or a sail. Not one to pass up an opportunity for free materials, I got off the highway, circled back, dashed through the interstate traffic and rescued it. It turned out to be a very good jib sail. It even had a plastic window in it. Using the 6mm builders' plastic as the pattern, I recut the jib to make my spritsail.

In researching options for this style of boat I found two intriguing sail rigs. I had contemplated using the batwing sail popularized at the turn of the century with decked sailing canoes. People like writer "Nessmuk," aka George Washington Sears, recounted adventures of 1,000 miles with

fully battened batwing sails. Another really great looking idea was the organic crab claw Polynesian sail.



Perhaps this is where I got the inspiration for a two-part bamboo sprit pole. The hollow bamboo minimizes weight aloft. It functions well as the main load on the sprit boom is one of compression which bamboo handles admirably.



I pondered various ways of increasing lateral resistance to maximize windward ability. Because of the size of the boat and its design, leeboards seemed to make the most

sense. A friend of mine had an old 18' Grumman aluminum sailing canoe from which I removed the two huge maple leeboards that were braced with bronze 90° brackets. The boards are very functional, allow me to change their lead angle and they also kick up in shallow water. I found that adding 30lbs of roofing slate in the bow helped to offset my weight in the stern.



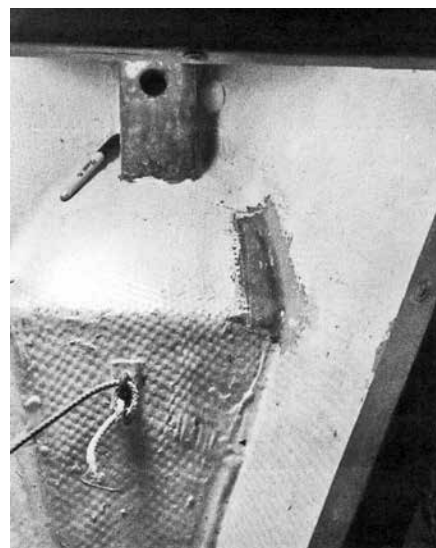
For those of you familiar with the leeboards, I'm sure the sharp eyed among you will notice that the boards in the picture are incorrectly aligned. They need to be flipped with the curved handles to the stern. The heavy mahogany crossbar attaches to the underside of the gunnels with two wooden clamps held by bronze thumb screws so it is easy to remove and transport. Another advantage to the weight of this rig is that it adds considerable stability to the boat. I have found that by changing the angle of the boards I can facilitate tacking.

Restoration

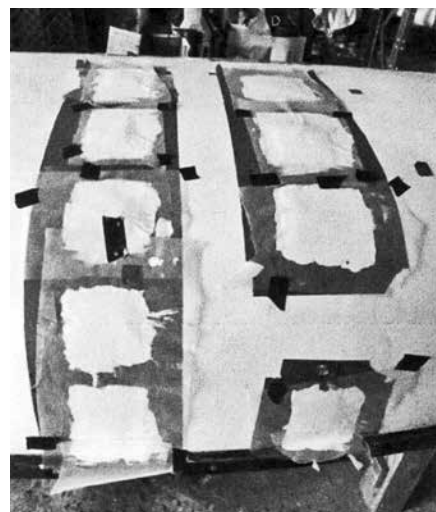
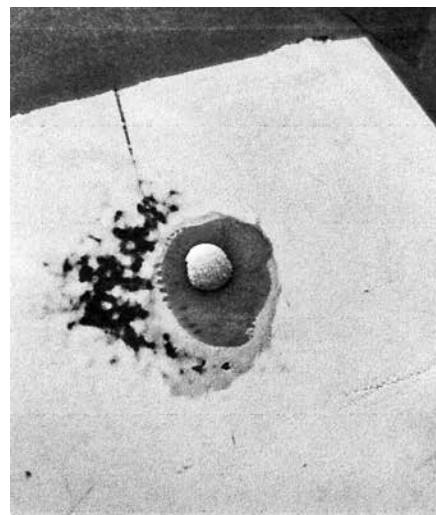
My peapod fell out of favor, pushed aside by various kayaks, sloops and dinghies. It languished for about 20 years underneath tarps that protected it from the elements. Winter after winter it called to me, yet I procrastinated restoring it to its former glory.

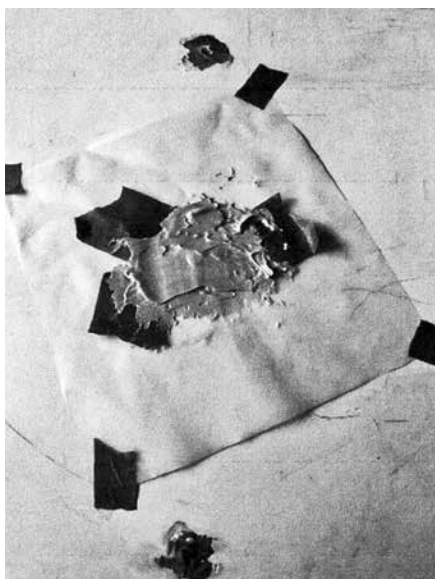
Two small cracks had developed in the compartments forming fore and aft sealed chambers. My knowledge of executing fiberglass repairs was cursory at best. However, fortified by numerous YouTube videos and researching fiberglass and epoxy repair, I took up the gauntlet. This newfound knowledge, combined with the forced covid virus lockdown, became an opportunity to finally tackle the restoration.

My wife helped me haul the boat into my heated garage/shop. It's a beautiful thing when I can turn up the thermostat to ensure appropriate temperatures for epoxy, paint and varnish work. Once positioned and well lit, a right angled grinder equipped with a wire wheel made short work of paint stripping and fiberglass preparation. Cloth bedded in epoxy made for a neat repair.



After finishing the fiberglass work I decided it was a good time to repaint the interior and also revarnish the brightwork. When I first built the boat I had covered the gunnels in epoxy which had yellowed over time as the varnish wore off. So the next task was to wood these areas and revarnish. After revarnishing all the brightwork, the next job seemed fraught with potential problems. It is much easier to build up fiberglass and fill in with gelcoat when there is a depression as opposed to trying to fair out bumps on an existing smooth surface.





I ground down the old epoxy encapsulated screw heads as far as I thought was reasonable so as to not lose holding capacity. The next step was to use fairing compound to build up smooth coverage prior to applying the gelcoat. The squares in the photographs correspond to each through hull fastening in the midship frames. I chose a polyester fairing compound because it was the most compatible with polyester gel coat. Masking off the area helped to delineate the amount of buildup I was trying to create.

Prior to applying the gelcoat I sanded down the fairing compound in order to blend in with the existing hull and gelcoat. I used a progression of sandpaper grit culminating with #400 wet sand grit. I tried to be careful to not remove the surrounding intact gelcoat and this blending was challenging. After a time I called it good enough and realized that if I continue to sand I would expose the fastening heads.

In order to blend in the new repair with the old hull color I used some brown pigment to tint the pure white gelcoat prior to mixing in the hardener. I purchased a gelcoat designed for bonding which did not contain any wax. Bonding gel coat allowed me to put on numerous layers with no hard surface set up in between. But in order to make the waxless gelcoat set up I needed to either create a

chemical barrier with the air on the surface or, in my case, use a wax paper covering. This technique worked and after hardening up I used a progression of wet sanding papers culminating with #800 grit.



One of the videos referred to using a buffing compound as a final step prior to waxing the hull. I borrowed a couple of compounds from friends and tried to do a final buff out with limited success. Again I decided to let go of my obsessive standards, call the job well done and wax the boat hull as the final step.

Like the 20' paint job that looks great from 20' away, I think that the hull looks fine at an oar's length away. Only someone like me, who did the actual work, could pick out the flaws in the finish. I have to remind myself that re gelcoating an old fastening job is purely cosmetic and has nothing to do with structure or function, just my own obsessive nature to "make it look right."



Working on the boat, I was reminded of all the myriad tweaks and experiments, some successful, some not, that culminated in this boat project. It was a stroll down memory lane.

Now the restoration is complete, I can look at my boat project with pride, however, the virus continues to linger on and my search for the next project begins again. "Time and tide wait for no man." Will I find another boat, or will this be the end of my boating adventures?



It's about time

Join Us

Kayaksailor.com

Kuvia llc PO Box 1470 Hood River, OR 97031 Ph 541.716.6262



Applying a Barrier Coat

By Richard Honan

Over the past 20 years I have built over a dozen small wooden boats from 8' Nutshell Prams to a 16' Gaff Rigged Melonseed. Two-thirds of these boats spend most their time, not on a mooring, but on a boat trailer or dinghy float. Even though these boats are not sitting in the water, most of them have developed small $\frac{1}{8}$ " diameter pits or cratering in the painted bilge area. The whole interior of these small dinghies or sailboats had been glassed and epoxied, sanded, wiped with solvent, followed by a couple of coats of a one part primer and finished with a one part marine urethane enamel such as Brightside, WetEdge or EZ Pox.

After some research, I discovered that moisture had been migrating up through the glass and epoxy. So, for the bilge area of my current build, a 13' Peapod, I decided to apply a barrier primer coat to the bilge area. We vacuumed out the bilge and wiped down the area with a wax and oil remover. I marked out the area and my granddaughter Anna proceed to mask out the area to receive the barrier coat. We were using Total Protect Primer and Barrier Coat. It is a two part 3:1 ratio mix.

A couple of things that I learned, a cordless drill with a small stirring attachment makes mixing easier, the roller covers must be solvent resistant, the roller pan must be clean/unused and I needed to have some of the 200 special thinner for this product for both thinning (it is very thick) and cleanup. Regular mineral spirits do nothing for thinning or for cleanup. Also, I needed good air circulation and ventilator masks with organic filters.

Mixing and application went along smoothly. We did have to thin the mixed product as it is very thick. And remember about the solvent resistant roller covers or, like me, you'll learn the hard way. Application of a barrier coat requires multiple coats to build up a thickness of 8-12 mils. The primer dries relatively fast and can be recoated within three to four hours. We applied four coats to the bilge area, the interior of the centerboard box, the centerboard, the rudder and even the floor boards. We will also be applying Total-Boat Primer-Barrier coat to the bottom of the hull prior to the application of anti fouling bottom paint.

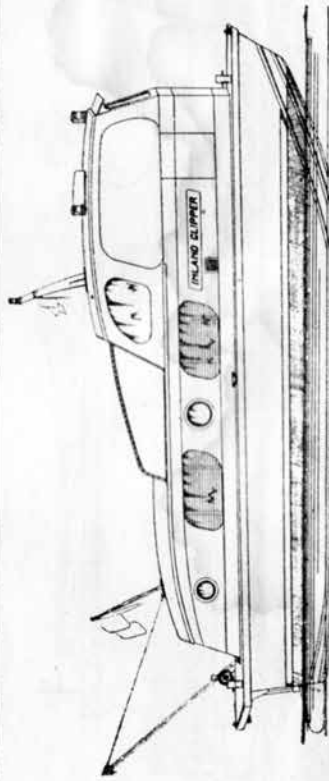
As with any painting project, preparation is the key, we don't want to mix up the 3:1 epoxy primer and then start vacuuming and masking off the area. Also, safety equipment, no paper masks, we needed a ventilator mask with organic filters, along with latex or nitrile gloves.



NEW SLIPS AVAILABLE!

The most stable floating docks around
Dockage, Bait, Tackle, Ice, Repairs, Fuel,
Mooring, Launch Ramp, Boat Storage,
Store, Fish Cleaning Station

info: 860-535-0077 www.dons-dock.com
228 North Water Street, Stonington, CT



INLAND CLIPPER, CRUISING HOUSEBOAT

Length overall 31 feet 10½ inches, beam 12 feet 5½ inches, draft 1 foot 2 inches.

To fill the need for a comfortable cruising houseboat, A. Mason was commissioned to design the Inland Clipper for THE RUDDER. He did a good job in providing exceptionally livable quarters for four people in a comparatively small boat.

All inland waters, with which this country is blessed, are suitable for this craft which has only 14 inches draft. The suggested power is a Universal "Utility Four" with 1¼-1 reduction gear. Other suitable power plants can of course be used.

The Inland Clipper has a spacious pilot house, open at the sides with controls to starboard. Flush deck hatch to ice box and to the engine compartment are located here.

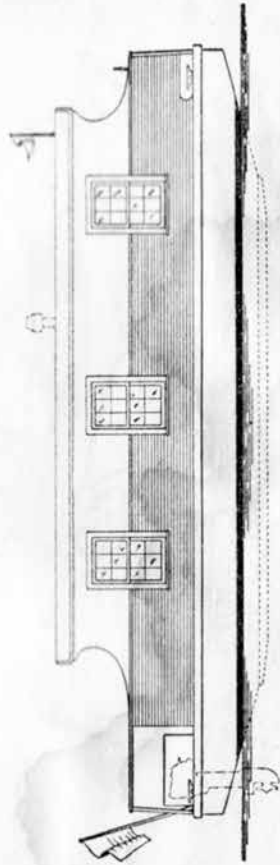
A few steps lead into the cabin, which has been designed for 'solid comfort. Usable galley against the forward bulkhead with stove, oven, ice chest, sink and ample lockers. Bookcases divide the galley from the main cabin which has a large studio couch which extends to form two berths. Drop leaf table, two chairs, small tea table are all shown.

Aft is a large toilet room with access to the after deck, next to it a double stateroom with an upper and lower, a bureau and clothes lockers.

The designer suggests a lifting boom aft for a heavy mushroom anchor and for handling a sailing dinghy which might be carried.

Complete blueprints and specifications.....\$15.00

THE RUDDER PUB. Co., 9 Murray St., New York 7, N. Y.

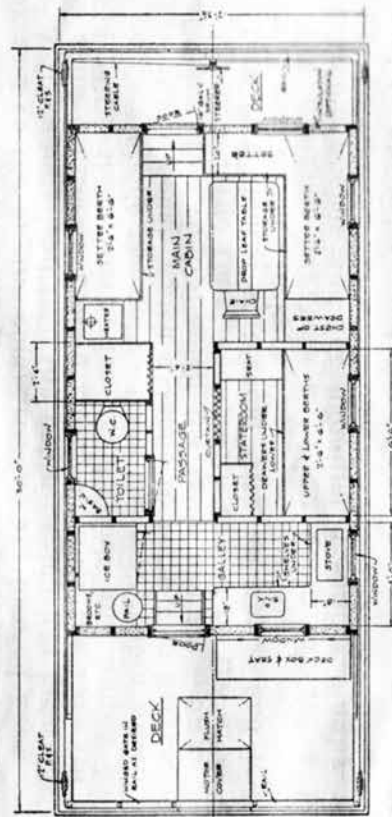


PLACIDA.

30 foot outboard powered pram bow houseboat.

This modern design by Robert M. Steward fills the need for a commodious self-propelled houseboat, inexpensive and easy to build. Lumber, hardware and windows are standard commercial sizes. Generous accommodations for four people with two quartered in a double stateroom. Real galley full width of the boat which is an ample 12 feet. Draft will vary with construction and equipment but shouldn't exceed 14 inches. Various power plants are suitable, with maximum speed of ten miles an hour.

Blueprints and specifications.....Price, \$10.00



THE RUDDER PUB. Co., 9 Murray St., New York 7, N. Y.

We were in three of our melonseeds, these boats are getting pretty old. My *Laylah* is 14 years old and this #4 is not far behind. Helen says I look pretty good for an old sailor man.



John was there in the houseboat he built here. It must be nice to be able to just drop anchor and take a nap or stay the night.



One of the boats had a leak in the drain plug that required some attention. Helen was having such a good time lounging around that I made her take over and do most of the sailing.



From the Tiki Hut

By Dave Lucas

Florida Sailing Winter 2021

Just in case you forgot why people come to Florida in the winter, we went sailing today, notice the lack of ice. We had some visitors in the Tiki Hut last night who had driven from Iowa for their son's wedding, there was a 90° change in the temp from there to here. It was -10° when they left and 80° when they got here. What a bunch of wossies we are.

She's really good at it and had us zip-ping right along.



Is she really that old? Here's a picture when I finished building *Laylah* with me and my granddaughter Laylah, she's getting her driver's license this year.

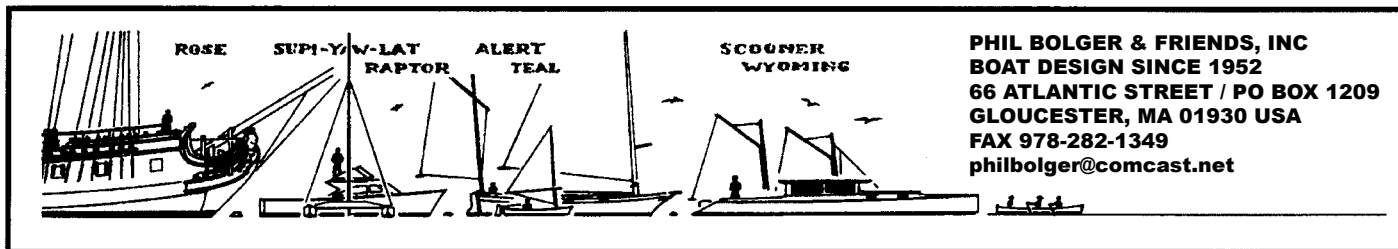


Simply Messing About In Boats
Shirts & Tote Bags

Featuring Ratty's Beloved Quote
from *The Wind in the Willows*

See our classified ad for
additional information

www.messingabout.com



Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

Design Column #559 in *MAIB* Design #590 Box Keel Garvey 15'6"x4'x6 15hp Outboard

It is good to prove ourself wrong just for the principle of it! In the April issue I wrote "next issue, after these three sequences of looking at three actually built boats with quite different stories, 29' Newfoundlander Catboat, 23' Dipping Lugger Seabird '86, twin screw Egg Harbor 31, we will settle back to looking just at designs, black lines on white paper, perhaps a photo or two if available for that set of plans. Perhaps even just a short discussion format of the type Phil cultivated early in his contributions to the pages of *MAIB*, not sure though that I could do that. We'll see."

Well, here a short piece on a plain, rugged, hard edged, planing workboat, a Box Keel Outboard Garvey, a design which appears to never have been published before, meaning it is about time!

Phil and I already knew each other by then but I had nothing to do with her whatsoever. She is intriguing in her cold, hard, indeed sharp edged rationality, measuring a full sheet width wide and two sheet lengths long, an unambiguous example of "Bolger at his best/worst." A simple proposal for rivers, lakes, ponds, tidal creeks, on 4' hull width easily trailered behind even a subcompact car.

She would be built primarily in 1/2" plywood and to a perfectly square mid section for stability and load carrying for that beam. Actually, make that double square since she features that (also) square box keel which will give this hull a stout structural backbone and indeed decent high speed directional stability.

On this design Phil offered an assembly sequence that suggested several approaches of execution. For self draining purposes of the sole, and foam and storage spaces in her sides, there are a number of hollow spaces in there usually taken care of by solid interior surfaces epoxy soaking and screw plates for inspection and ventilation.

As drawn, the cockpit sole measures about 2'8" wide, wide enough to actual lay two folks down in there, one each in each hull end. We should devote some of those side volumes left and right of her cockpit for positive buoyancy, meaning to put enough foam in those volumes to float her with outboard, gear, if not a person or two. How far we'd want to go is a personal decision. However, we'd also want to have storage in there, likely through hinged panels, such as for some emergency oars, a telescoping boathook, fishing rods, safety gear, phone or VHF.

I, for one, would actually be tempted to fully foam the bow keel and the volumes below the sole but only after, again, a rich soaking of epoxy to not start a rot farm in there. That much permanently enclosed volume would produce a lot of positive buoyancy right there, but better be balanced by enough in her sides to not have her turn turtle after a serious hull breach.

But there would also be the option to run several stout transverse frames to brace her topsides, to make those side decks much narrower and just run, say 2" of foam the full length covered by the inside upright panels to produce a wider sole. Of course, what we'll trade off in terms of her structural integrity versus a few more inches of sole width is to be carefully weighed. After all, what we'll be using her for will determine our choices.

Another choice is whether to put a slop well in there, an easy proposition of running a full height solid bulkhead across with an aft sloping well surface. As Phil drew her, the assumption was that the sole is high enough for her to be self draining at the mooring or float. For a good load, we'd want to trust two

of those patent one way valve drains installed in her transom.

Her sleek lines and that box keel/cut-water, offering better behavior in turns than a plain flat bottom garvey, might tempt folks to go with more than that 15hp outboard proposed as maximum. Before we know it she'd be set up with a long saddle type seating arrangement to seat much of the family in a row, one way to make those over powered jetskis look under performing after all. Water skiing? Again, that much power at our own risk.

First, however, it seems reasonable to explore her behavior in cautious throttle settings, loads and conditions. After all, she has not been built before. On the other hand, garveys have been around and outboard powered ones since, well, the first outboards.

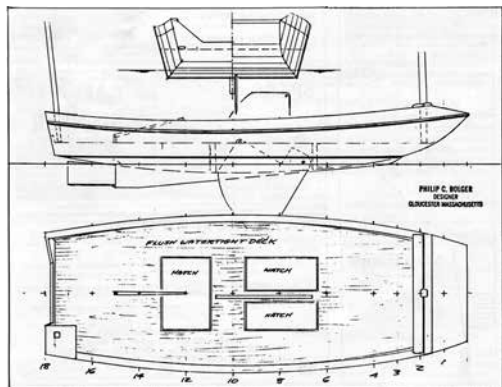
Some might just like her no nonsense utility to haul stuff, materials, provisions, people from there to beyond. Others may immediately see her as a fishing platform for two, comfortably perched on those mini fighting chairs fore and aft, tackle boxes right there, beer and lemonade, a gas grill mounted on her side decks ready for that fish, meaning a cooler full of provisions for the day. Add a telescoping ridgepole geometry and three folding A-frame pieces for support of that tarp and she ought to allow sleeping aboard her, two adults, each in their own end of the boat.

Seems like this thinking is just getting started, now that this design is beginning to see the light of day. Someone will just want her in a 11'6" length, doable. One immediate question would be whether we want to compress the space between all the stations on this plan or just design layout, or just do without the last 4' of her as designed. Your boat, your decision.

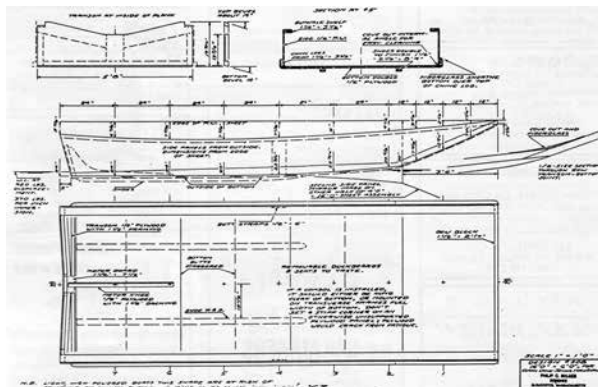
Plans on two sheets plus a building key to build one boat are \$60 sent Priority Mail. Check, money order or PayPal to philbolger@comcast.net should work fine.

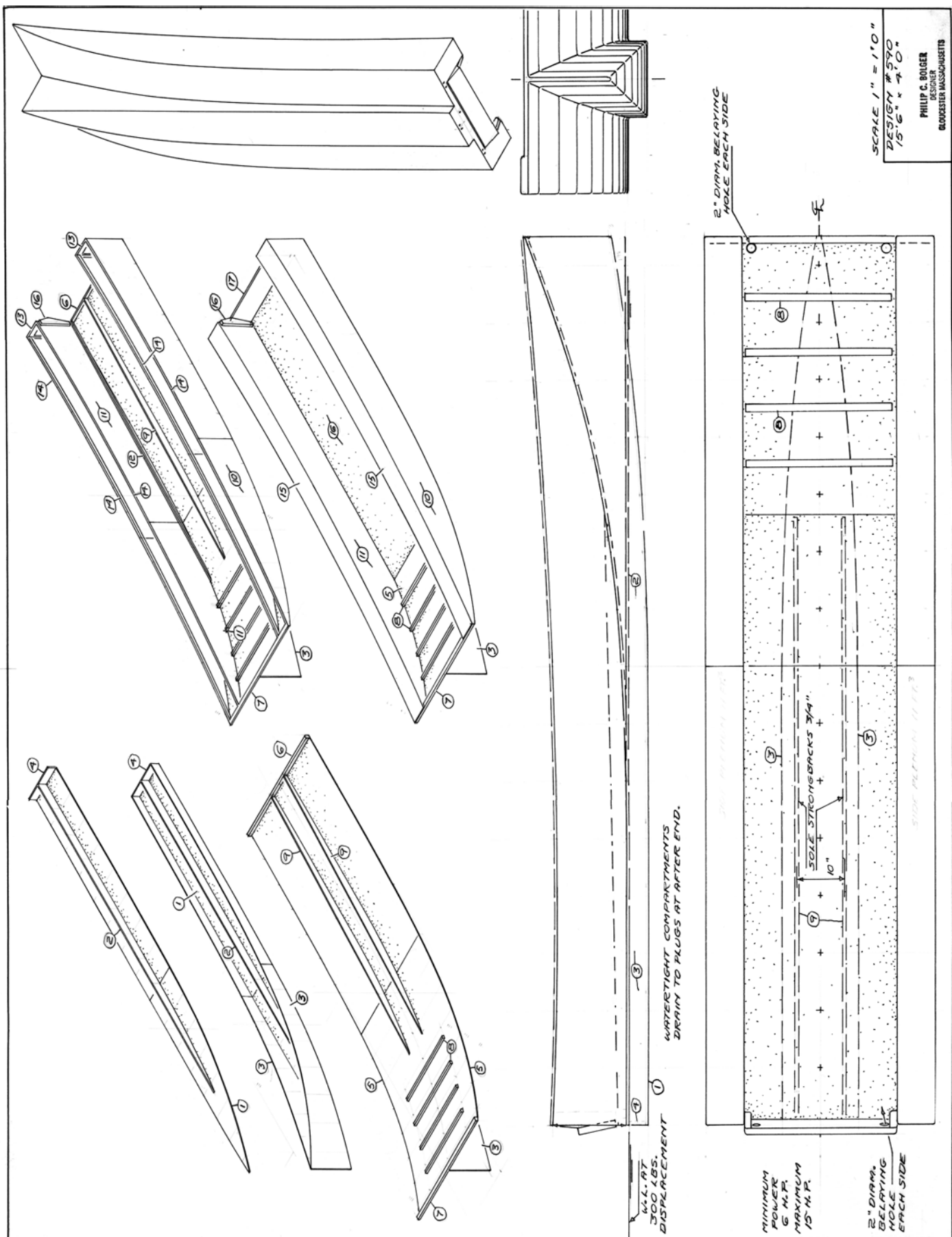
Two Other Bolger Garvey Designs

18' Garvey Daysailer in *MAIB* December 1995



16' Garvey Utility O/B in *MAIB* December 1996







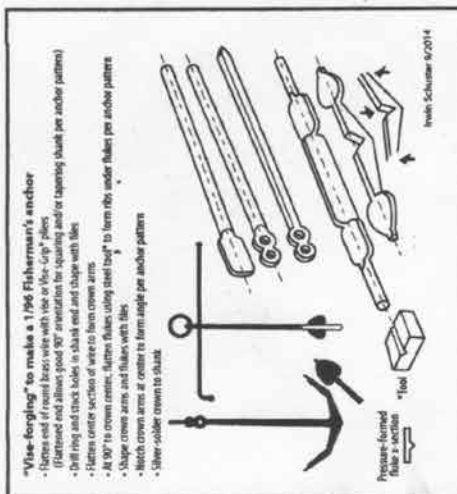
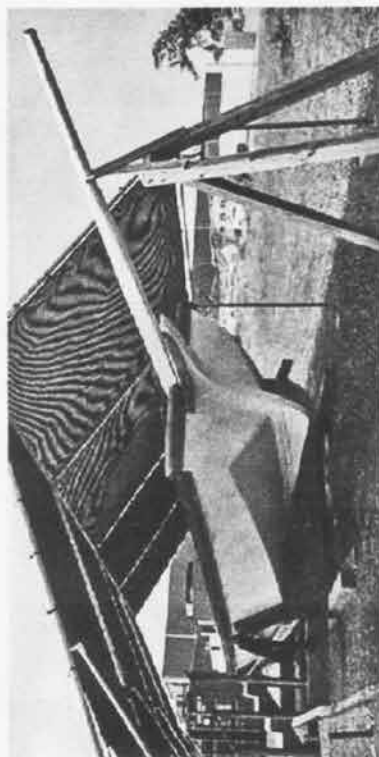
Show & Tell

I, Irwin Schuster, Sec/Ed, displayed a 1/96 Gulf Coast, "Butt Head" Scow Schooner: The lines of the prototype were taken off at Galveston in 1941 and published by Howard I. Chapelle. The vessel, said Chapelle, is typical of those plying the Gulf. This one measured 37'-7.5" x 11'-11.5", and V-bottomed.

Scows, schooner and sloop rigged were popular from Maine and Nova Scotia to California. Those around the Bay of Fundy were more likely to be flat-bottomed to safely take the ground in the huge tidal spans. They also usually deployed lee boards. I believe the reason was, they were built by farmers who saw no reason to put an unnecessary opening in a perfectly good hull.

I built this tiny model in 2014, which caught the attention of a fellow in Port Aransas, TX where they were planning to build one. He wanted it as a fund-raising tool. I did not want to sell it but proposed to build a second as a larger, half-model. Knowing it was to be shipped, I made it as light as possible, with a HDPU foam hull and sails printed on the field. I built it and it was safely shipped, via FedEx.

The tiny one has a basswood hull split vertically and at the waterline. Its paper sails are laced, because the drawings do not show the attachment method, and I reasoned that cordage would have been more available than hoops. In any case, easier for ME at that scale. On the larger version, I laced the booms and gaffs and used (half) hoops on the masts.



Above, the technique for making the anchor for the half.

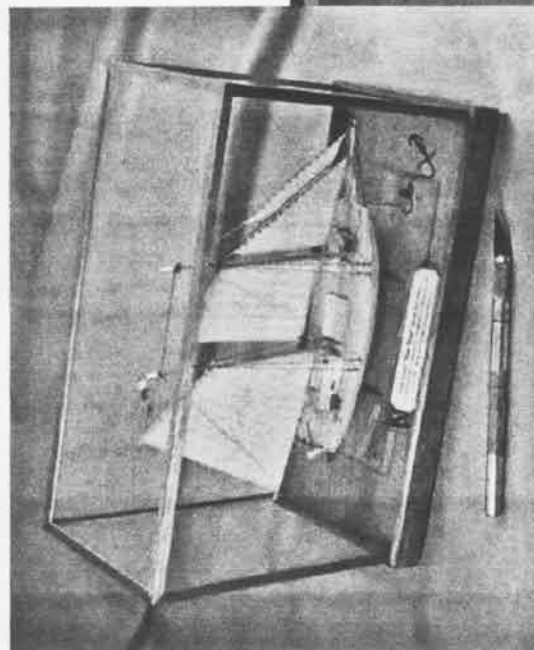
Vise-forging = cold-squeezing soft metals to deform.

Upper left, the current, full-size reproduction in Port Aransas, TX.

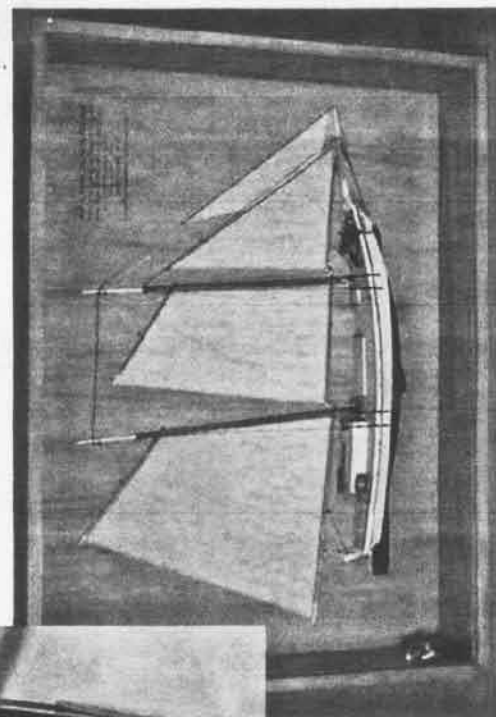
Left, my original mini, as displayed at the meeting.

Below, the larger half- version that lives in Port Aransas

(I'm hoping, but fear to ask).



Foam hull and printed sails reduced mass, on the theory that shipping shocks would minimize damage.





From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

When you call the Coast Guard for help, a question may be asked concerning the fuel on board. Most of us use gasoline, Diesel, bio diesel and now propane. If the reason for the call is a fire on board, they need to know the type of fuel to facilitate their response. While already in the commercial boating world, a new selection of fuels may be coming to the recreational side and such fires need to be extinguished in different ways. Both hydrogen and methanol are being considered by the commercial world as well as liquefied natural gas (LNG). And then there is the hydrogen fuel cell that will be coming to the market. Over time these alternatives will filter down to the recreational boating world and each will present a different problem in terms of firefighting options.

The concern with the hydrogen fuel cell is not the cell configuration as such. The concern is with the power cable(s) that run from the fuel cell(s) to the motor. Many years ago the local volunteer fire department gave a talk on their work to the members of the Apalachee Bay Yacht Club. The volunteers noted that one of the latest concerns (at that time) was the electric car and where the cables ran from the battery section to the motor. If they were trying to cut someone out of a damaged car, the location of those cables was a major concern until the battery connection to the motor could be disconnected at the battery. And every one of the vehicle models at the time had a different cable configuration. Where the cables run could be of importance on a boat in some cases.

When I was learning celestial navigation I had to deal with Greenwich Mean Time (GMT) which used the 24 hour clock. In addition, there was the time correction from GMT to my local longitude time (either Eastern Standard or Daylight Saving). While most of us work with the 12 hour clock, the 24 hour clock has some advantages because there is no need for the AM or PM following the time given. The abbreviations derive from Latin, AM = ante meridian meaning "before noon" and PM = post meridian meaning "after noon" in the 12 hour clock. With the 24 hour clock 0100 is obvious as is 1300. No concern about before or after meridian (local noon).

Removing (or putting) a mast on a sailboat can be a problem. One of the local marinas had a telephone pole mounted on the seawall with an arm sticking out with a block on the end of the arm. The line went from the winch on the pole through the block and back down. Moving the sailboat alongside the pole allowed one to either pick the mast up or put a mast down into place with little effort. The system deteriorated over time and was removed.

At that point, some of the sailors used a local bridge. The boat was brought up beside the bridge and, with the added height, it was possible to work on the masthead and/or remove/replace the mast. Not as easy but possible. I have also seen a deck mounted mast simply dropped over the side of the boat (with floats attached to keep the mast from sinking). A "cherry picker" has also been used to remove/replace a mast. The telephone pole with the winch was certainly missed.

A good thing that has come out of all the hardware and software upgrades to the web is the redirection of email. My yacht club changes officers annually either through new people or those in office changing positions. Thus, every year those of us who had to communicate with any of the officers had to update email addresses. The yacht club's current website (abyconline.org) has the redirect capability. Now there is a generic email address for each officer and the major committees. We send our email to the generic address and the software on the website re-sends the message to the proper person. Once a year the web master simply enters the new address for each officer and all is well. Now and then technology upgrades are wonderful.

You have left the float and headed out the channel when the engine started overheating. After returning to the float, the usual first step is to check the raw water filter and then the raw water pump. If both of them are fine and the vessel was moving at its usual speed for the indicated rpm, then nothing is being dragged under the boat (one assumes the bottom is clean).

The next step would be the heat exchanger (if there is one). On my two Sisu boats the excess raw water went over the side so I could check on the flow which told me if the raw water filter or pump might be the problem. If the engine has a clog in the exchanger, one might determine

if that was the problem by either pulling the exchanger or disconnecting the fresh water connections and using a garden hose (and house pressure) to push water back through the exchanger and see if there is a good flow or gunk comes out.

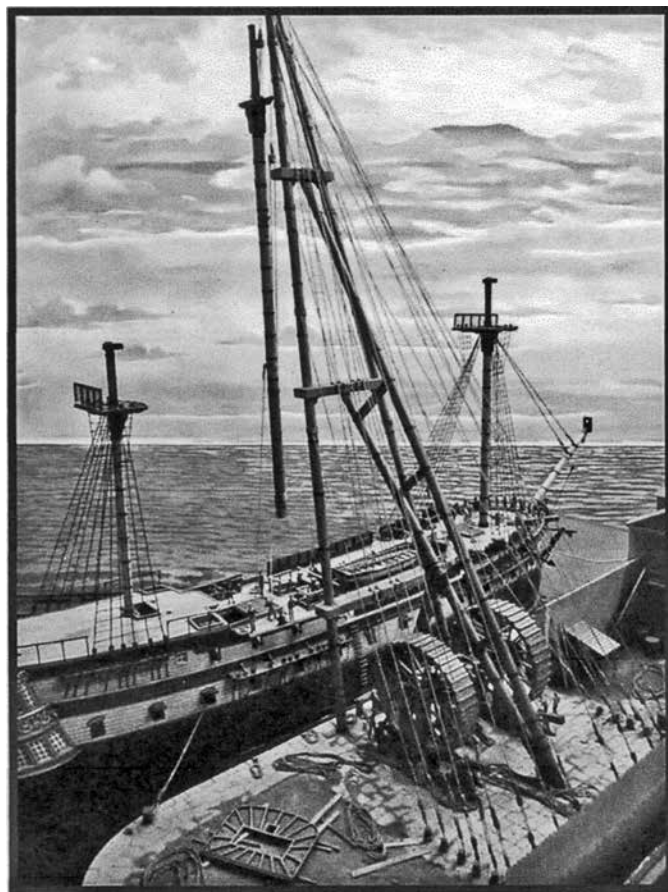
The final step in the process would be to check the thermostat to see if it is opening properly. On most engines, getting to the thermostat involves draining most of the fresh water (if there is an exchanger), disconnecting the hose to the device and then carefully removing it (have a spare gasket?). Most thermostats have the temperature at which they open embossed on the flap. You can then hang the thermostat in a container of water and start heating the water. Using a thermometer to measure the temperature of the water, you look to see if the thermostat starts to open when the water temperature reaches the setting on the device. With luck, the thermostat will be the problem and the fix is a replacement. If it opens at the stated temperature, more research is needed.

About Placing or Pulling a Mast...

From *Ship's Log*, journal of the Tampa Bay Ship Model Society, we have this illustration of how mast management was handled back in the day. Member Ed Brut reported:

"I found this quite interesting, a Masting Machine model on a fine scale modeler site: <http://csfinescale.com/fsm/m/online/1579748>.

Marco Quaglia of Arcore, Monza e Brianza, Italy, scratch built an 18th century masting machine and East Indiaman ship based on artwork by J.J. Beaujan and drawings by Fredrik Henrik of Chapman respectively. Marco spent about 800 hours on the 1/100 scale project."



Pert Lowell, Co., Inc.

**Custom
Small
Boats**



Builders of the famous Town Class sloop in wood or fiberglass as well as other custom traditional wooden boats since 1934.

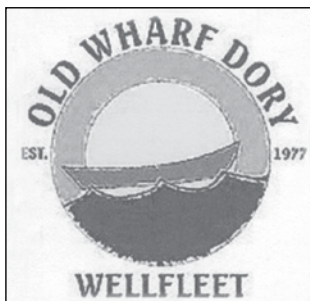


Mast Hoops

Mast Hoop Fasteners - Sail Hanks - Parrel Beads - Wood Cleats - Wood Shell Blocks - Deadeyes - Bullseyes - Custom Bronze Hardware

Pert Lowell Co., Inc.
Lanes End, Newbury, MA 01950
(978) 462-7409

Builders & Restorers



Wooden Boats Built to Order

Row, Power, or Sail - Phil Bolger Designs
Bare Hulls, Complete Boats
Lumber Yard Skiff Plans,
Shoal Draft Our Specialty
Check Out My Website

www.oldwharf.com

Or Give Me a Call at (508) 349 2383

Walter Baron, Boatbuilder

170 Old Chequessett Neck Rd, Wellfleet, MA 02667

EST. 1954 CAPE COD

AREY'S POND BOAT YARD



Custom Built Catboats

Sail & Canvas Loft

*Wood & Fiberglass
Restorations & Repairs*

Brokerage Boat Sales

Visit our website for more info
& photos!

(508) 255-0994

AreysPondBoatYard.com

Boatbuilders

20 ft. Celebrity Class Sloop



Southport Island Marine
207-633-6009

www.southportislandmarine.com

Boatbuilders



Southport Island Marine
207-633-6009

C. Stickney Boatbuilders Ltd.

15 Wiley's Corner Rd. St. George, ME 04860

207-372-8543

Custom Wooden Boat Building & Restoration



10/6" Yacht Tender Elegant

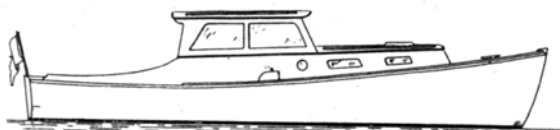
E-mail woodboats@msn.com

Blog

<http://blackguillemot.wordpress.com/>

Hadden Boat Company

Wooden Boat Construction & Repair



Launched September 2012

36' Vinnie Cavanaugh Replica

11 Tibbets Ln., Georgetown, ME 04548

(207) 371-2662

ARCH DAVIS DESIGN



Call or email

Arch Davis at 207-930-9873

archhdavis@gmail.com

37 Doak Rd. Belfast, ME 04915

www.archdavisdesigns.com

*Penobscot 13' sailing
and rowing skiff,
little sister to the
well known
Penobscot 14.
Glued lapstrake
construction.
12'9"x4'3".
120 pounds.
Rowing version
\$4,450.00.
Sailing rigs available.*

607-286-7099 **SHOP** **TOM KRIEG'S BOAT SHOP** 607-643-8492 **CELL**
PO BOX 1007
COOPERSTOWN, NEW YORK 13326

Hansen & Company
Builders of Practical & Impractical
Boats
 Gloucester Gull Dories & Other Small Boats
www.hansenandcompany.blogspot.com
 Dennis Hansen 207-594-8073
 P.O. Box 122 dgehanen@myfairpoint.net
 Spruce Head, ME 04859

YOUR AD HERE
\$6 / ISSUE
maib.office@gmail.com

Plans & Kits

300 Boats You Can Build!

Full size patterns and detailed instructions enable anyone to build their dream boat!

- Epoxy and fiberglass supplies
- Underwater & deck hardware
- Silicon Bronze nails & screws
- Books, DVD's and much more!
- Online catalog - Sail/Power/Row 6-55 ft



Send \$9.95 for hard-copy catalog with free dinghy plans

Glen-L Marine - (562)630-6258
 826 E. Park Ave.
 Port Townsend, WA 98368

Glen-L.com



Zip

14' Zip Runabout
Wood Parts Kit
NOW AVAILABLE!

Glen-L 14



Gentry Custom Boats

Plans and Kits



Unique, Ultralight, Inexpensive
and Easy to Build Sailboats,
Rowboats, Kayaks, Canoes
and more.

GentryCustomBoats.com

Robb White & Sons

Sport Boat

Handy, pretty, proven 16'x43" strip planked skiff will plane two adults with 4hp. Full size mold patterns, complete instructions. \$75 Photos & specs at www.robwhite.com.

Robb White & Sons
P.O. Box 561, Thomasville, GA 31799



WESTON FARMER

BUILDING PLANS & ARTICLE REPRINTS

BUILD A WESTON FARMER CLASSIC DESIGN. 15 plans available for the amateur boatbuilder from 10' launch IRREDUCIBLE to famous 32' blue-water ketch TAHITIANA. Send \$2 for catalog defining specs, plans, contents, prices, etc.

READ & ENJOY A WESTON FARMER BOAT STORY. We have 20 article reprints on small boat designs written through the years by E. Weston Farmer, N.A., considered by many to have been one of the outstanding marine writers of all time. Delightful reading for only \$1 per page. All articles include line drawings, offsets, etc. that you can use. Send \$2 for catalog listing.

WESTON FARMER ASSOCIATES
7034-D Hwy. 291, Tum Tum, WA 99034

TOTO



13' x 30" DOUBLE PADDLE CANOE
 TAPED SEAM PLYWOOD
 NO JIGS - NO LOFTING
 \$15 PLANS

\$1 INFO ON 18 BOATS
JIM MICHALAK

1024 Merrill St, Lebanon, IL 62254

CONRAD NATZIO

BOATBUILDER



A range of small craft plans for very easy home building in plywood

For details, visit the website:
<http://conradnatzio.firetrench.com>

or contact:
CONRAD NATZIO BOATBUILDER

15 Lanyard Pl
Woodbridge, Suffolk
IP12 1FE
United Kingdom
Tel +44 1394 383491
c.natzio@btinternet.com



Do You Have Plans or Kits For Sale?
This Advertising Space Has Become Available
\$30 per Issue

Contact Bob Hicks at maib.office@gmail.com

**SEAWORTHY
SMALL SHIPS**

WOODEN POND MODEL KITS



MODELS THAT REALLY SAIL

Rubber Band & Sail Powered Kits
Pre-Shaped & Drilled Parts
Brass, Copper & Stainless Hardware

Great Fun in Pool, Pond, or Sea • Order Yours Today

Order #800-533-9030 (U.S.) VISA/MC accepted
Other Kits & Plans Available, catalog \$1.00

SEAWORTHY SMALL SHIPS
Dept. M, PO Box 2863
Prince Frederick, MD 20678-2863

Visit our Home Page at
<http://www.seaworthysmallships.com>

BUFFLEHEAD

15.5'x33" plans
for experienced builders

**HUGH HORTON
SMALL BOATS**

SOLID COMFORT BOATS
8471 SW CR 347
Cedar Key, FL 32625
huhorton@gmail.com

21st century cruising sailing canoe for savvy sailors



It's Not Just Art, It's a Craft!

Unique Wood-Strip
Performance, Sea Kayaks

**Kits, Plans &
Finished Boats**

Send \$3 for a catalog to:
Nick Schade
Guillemot Kayaks
54 South Rd.
Groton, CT 06340-4624
ph: 860-659-8847

<http://www.KayakPlans.com/m>



H.H. PAYSON & COMPANY

Plans * Patterns * Articles * Books
Instant Boat Series * Downeast Dorries
Model Building

Visit our website www.instantboats.com
Call, write or email for information or
help with your project

H.H. Payson & Company
P.O. Box 122

Spruce Head, ME 04859

**Going Forward in the Spirit and
Tradition of Dynamite Payson
Just Do It!**

Dennis Hansen, Boatbuilder
(207) 594-7587

ATLANTIC WHITE CEDAR

Boat grade rough sawn flitches in stock.
Most are 16' long 4/4 to 8/4 thick.

New supply ready to ship.
Call or write for info.

J.D. ENGLAND CO.
1780 Remlik Dr., Urbanna, VA 23175
(804) 758-2721

**TRADITIONAL
MARINE STOVES**



CAST IRON
PORCELAIN ENAMELED
WOOD BURNING
HEATING & COOKING
COMPACT

**NAVIGATOR
STOVES**
409 Double Hill Rd.
East Sound, WA 98245
(360) 376-5161

Supplies

**Drawing and
Notecards of
Your Boat**

A pencil drawing of
your boat, suitable for
framing, and 50
notecards with the
drawing. Makes a
great gift! -\$150

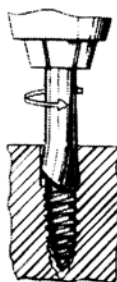
Scott Baldwin
Box 884 Killingworth
Connecticut 06419



See web page: www.baldwinstudio.us

**UNSCREW-UMS™
broken-screw
extractors**

Remove damaged
fastenings. Minimal
damage to wood.
Hollow tool uses
stub as guide. Sizes
to remove screws from No. 2
to No. 24, lags, nails, and drifts.



T&L TOOLS

24 Vinegar Hill Rd., Gales Ferry, CT 06335
Phone: 860-464-9485 • Fax: 860-464-9709
unscrew-ums@tltools.com
www.tltools.com

Atlantic White Cedar

Custom cut to your specifications from our own
logs which we bring up from Florida. Lengths up
to 24'.

Cypress and other species available upon request.

Woodcraft Productions Ltd.

P.O. Box 17307

Smithfield, RI 02917-0704

Tel (401) 232-2372 • Fax (401) 232-1029



Sail for a Canoe

Excellent quality and design

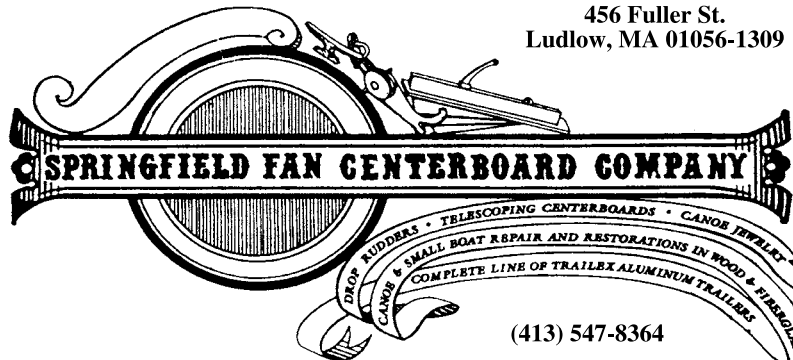
National Sailing Committee
American Canoe Association
<http://canusail.org>

Free rig plans

Newsletter: *Canoe Sailor* \$ 6
E-mail: marvogel@verizon.net

Pay to: C. Sutherland
Send to:
Chuck Sutherland
2210 Finland Rd.
Green Lane, PA 18054

456 Fuller St.
Ludlow, MA 01056-1309



SPRINGFIELD FAN CENTERBOARD COMPANY

TELESCOPING CENTERBOARDS • CANOE JEWELRY
DROP RUDERS • CANOE & SMALL BOAT REPAIR AND RESTORATIONS IN WOOD & FIBERGLASS
COMPLETE LINE OF TRAILER ALUMINUM TRAILERS

(413) 547-8364



Small Craft
Sails
by
Sew Tec

Any Sail , Traditional to High Tech ,
to 100 sq. ft.
Re-cuts , Repairs & Custom Canvas Work
In business since 1990 - sewtec.us
sewtec@hughes.net - 850-773-7929

GAMBELL & HUNTER
SAILMAKERS

Sails
and
Rigging



16 Limerock St., Camden, ME 04843
(207) 236-3561
www.gambellandhunter.net

MERTON'S
FIBERGLASS AND
MARINE SUPPLY

- Complete hand lay-up fiberglass supplies for light & heavy fiberglass or wood boat repair & construction
- Polyester, Epoxy, Vinylster Marine Grade Resins
- Marine Topside Enamels & Antifouling Bottom Paint
- Silicon Bronze & Stainless Steel Fasteners


Quality Brand Name Products
Competitive Pricing
All items in stock for immediate shipment

Online catalog
www.mertons.com
call 800-333-0314
P.O. Box 399
East Longmeadow,
MA 01028

**Supplying Quality Products
To Boat Owners,
Hull Finishers & Boatyards
for over 20 years.**


800-333-0314

DUCKWORKS
BOAT BUILDERS SUPPLY



- plans
- hardware
- custom sails
- epoxy/supplies
- sailmaking supplies
- tools and MORE

low prices, fast service
www.duckworksbbbs.com



RAKA EPOXY & FIBERGLASS

We have several types of epoxy resins with different mix ratios for coating, gluing, and composite construction. Our large fiberglass inventory includes many weights of standard woven materials as well as a good selection of biaxials and triaxials. Carbon and kevlar fabrics are also available. We offer the lowest prices and same day UPS shipping. Our normal store hours are from 9am to 5pm Monday to Friday. Write or call us or see our internet site for complete info and prices.

RAKA Marine
3490 Oleander Ave., Ft. Pierce, FL 34982-6571
Ph. (772) 489-4070 — Fax (772) 461-2070
www.raka.com

HANDMADE SEAMANS KNIVES
207-882-9820



CUSTOM DESIGNS
MUDD SHARRIGAN
WISCASSET, ME 04578

CLASSIFIED MARKETPLACE

BOATS FOR SALE



Eldridge-McInnis 25' Bassboat, Striper. Blt '54 @ Marblehead Yacht Yard. Mahogany on oak, bronze fastened. 220 Crusader V8 motor, new alternator, starter, new mixing elbows, runs well. Wheel steering, tiller in stern. Cuddy cabin, extended tuna pulpit. Nds some caulking, painting. Registered in CT, lost our mooring. Asking \$6,900. RANDY BELL, (860) 399-9619 (house), (860) 395-7646 (cell). (7)



Seaclipper 16 Sailing Trimaran, designed by John Marples. Launched 7/30/16, *Free Spirit's* hulls are constructed of 6mm marine grade okume plywood rated BS1088, covered w/4oz FG cloth & marine epoxy. All wood surfaces coated w/epoxy painted w/Valspar oil base paint. All hulls epoxy impregnated w/graphite below waterline for additional wear resistance. The amas (outrigger hulls) are mounted to main hull using swing arc design which easily allows them to be swung inward for ease of trailering. Forward portion of main hull has access through a plastic hatch for storage and an additional rectangular wooden hatch forward of the rudder. Each ama has 2 plastic access hatches for storage or maintenance/inspection purposes. Immediately aft of the after cockpit is a boom crutch which also serves as cradle for the mainmast when trailering. Steering is via pedals located within each cockpit. The motor can be raised while sailing and trailering. This is an excellent teaching craft as all controls, with the exception of the motor can be operated from either cockpit. She is fast and fun. *Free Spirit* will be in Kingsport, TN until sold. Delivery may be considered for a small charge. Call or text for additional photos & info. ED STEWART, Kingsport, TN, mobil call or text at (828) 342-9201. (7)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING INFORMATION

Classified ads are FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS for personally owned boat related items. Each ad will automatically appear in two consecutive issues. Further publication of any ad may be had on request.

A one-time charge of \$8 will be made for any photograph included with any ad. For return of photo following publication, include a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Non-subscribers and commercial businesses may purchase classified ads at 25¢ per word per issue. To assure accuracy, please type or print your ad copy clearly.

Mail to Boats, 29 Burley St, Wenham, MA 01984, or e-mail to maib.office@gmail.com. No telephone ads please.



19' 1906 Mullins Motor Boat, w/proper Mullins 3hp engine. Restored to concourse cond. Fully functional & well equipped. Shade awning & cockpit cover. Replica wooden trlr. Salvageable wood was saved, the rest replaced. Steam bent ribs & coamings. Offered at a fraction of cost. Located in CT. JIM, (860) 490-9201. (7)

Boats For Sale, sadly, a shed full of boats must be emptied! Jimmy Steele Peapod, Dynamite Payson Gloucester Gull Dory, Kaulback Adirondack Guide Boat, Rubens Nymph w/sailing rig, Auray Punt, Elegant Punt, 3-piece FG 8' Practical Pram, & more. All in fine condition, lightly used, carefully stored. Call for more info. WALT, Keene, NH, (603) 352-2292, lv msg. (7)

GEAR FOR SALE

There is nothing— absolutely nothing—

half so much worth doing



as simply messing about in boats.

Famous Quotation & Illustration from The Wind in the Willows

Join us in expressing Ratty's sentiment to the world. Tee Shirts, Long Sleeve Tees, Sweatshirts, and Tote Bags. Order on-line or by mail. Visit www.messingabout.com for more info or to print an order form.

THE DESIGN WORKS, 9101 Eton Rd, Silver Spring, MD 20901 (301) 589-9391 (voice mail only)



Leeboards/Rudder Set, from long gone sailing inflatable, varnished plywood, gd cond, can use refinishing but useable as is. Leeboards 36"x14"/5"x1/2", rudder 39"x10"x3/4". \$50 + shipping or pick up. BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (978) 774-0906, maib.office@gmail.com (7)

Anchors, 30lb Herreshoff 3-piece anchor, by Merriman, \$250. 30lb SS Northill folding seaplane anchor, \$250. WALT, Keene, NH, (603) 352-2292, lv msg. (7)

GEAR WANTED

1 Small Outboard Motor (3-15hp). Due to the number of spam calls lately, please call & leave a message and I will call you back. DALE JENSON, H: (608) 884-4142, Cell: (608) 921-6088. (7)

BOOKS & PLANS WANTED

SAILS & RIGGING FOR SALE



52sf Spritsail Rig, Dabbler made, 10' 11-1/2" mast and sprit are clear Doug Fir. \$400 obo. Will consider selling sail separately. BRUCE COVAULT, Crescent City, CA, (707) 460-1954. (7)

BOOKS & PLANS WANTED

Plans and/or DVD, for Tom Hill's 11' 6" ultralight boat CHARLOTTE. BOB WADON, (781) 963-2036, rew2127@yahoo.com (7)

Shiver Me Timbers *By: Robert L. Summers*

Gotta have it...



messing
about in
BOATS

29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906

**PRSR STD
US POSTAGE PAID**

PERMIT

521/621

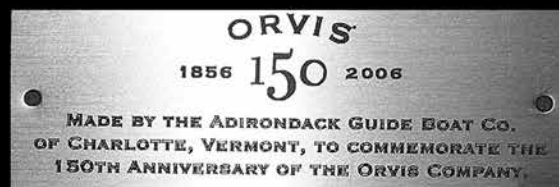


www.adirondack-guide-boat.com

6821 Rt 7, N Ferrisburgh VT 05473

(802) 425-3926

guideboat@agbboats.com



The man standing in our Vermont Fishing Dory is Perk Perkins. At the time he was the CEO of Orvis. We chanced

upon him at a fly fishing show at The American Museum of Flyfishing in Manchester, VT. We got to chatting with Perk and asked if he'd like to try one of our boats. One thing led to another and we ended up selling quite a few boats to and through Orvis. The rep to whom we were assigned was vexed, he couldn't find a way to make our boat better. Leather seat back straps? Already have that. Cherry gunwales? Check. Cherry oars? Included. The only thing we could find was ... gold plated oarlocks...but we all stepped away from that, just too stupid. Talking to Perk is Steve Kaulback, the man who designed that dory and all of our other boats. Check out our website or give us a call for current inventory.

